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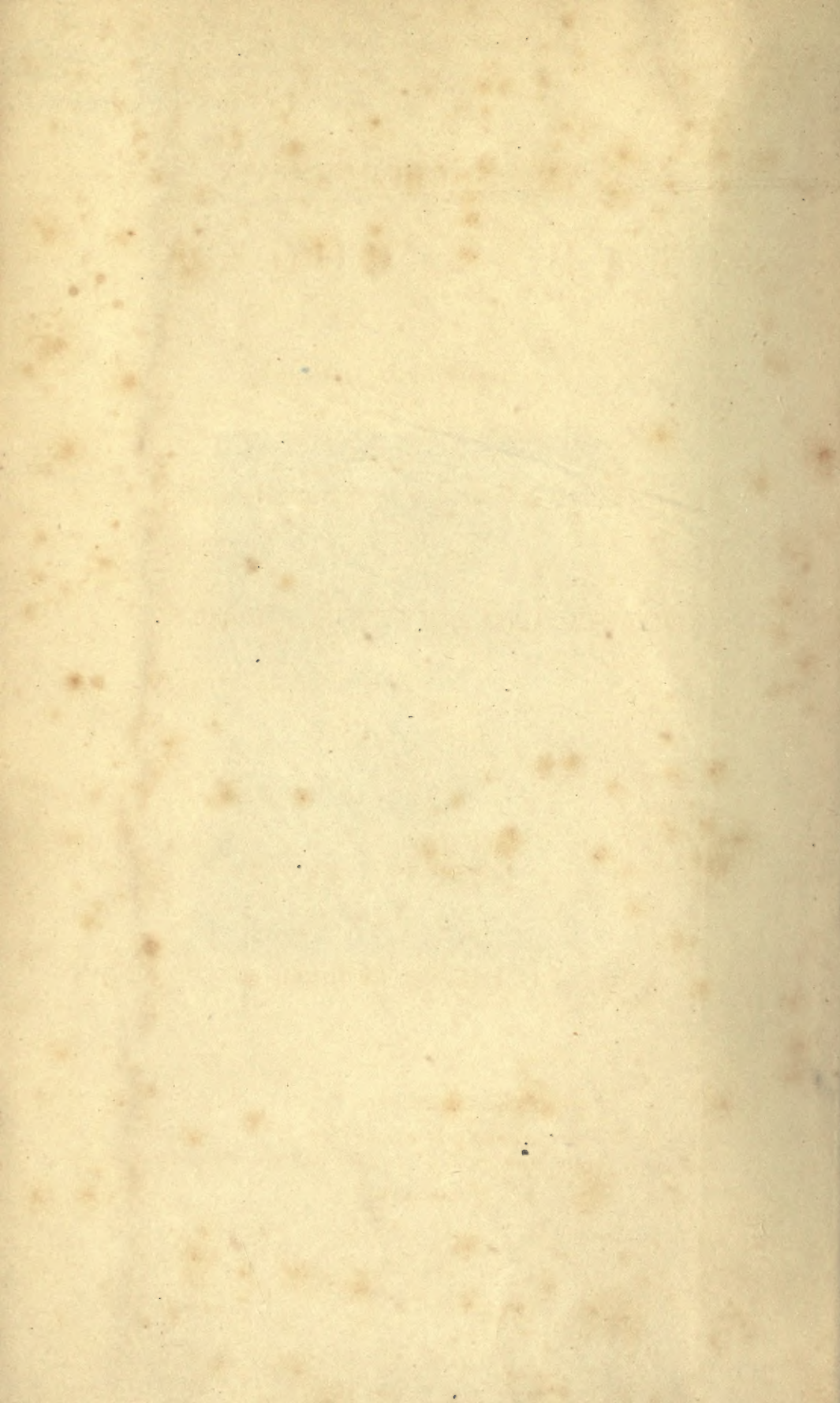
J. J. Buckley 1926





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THE BORDERER'S  
TABLE BOOK;  
OR,  
GATHERINGS  
OF THE  
*Local History and Romance*  
OF THE  
ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH BORDER.

BY  
M. A. RICHARDSON.

---

IN EIGHT VOLUMES,  
ILLUSTRATED BY UPWARDS OF NINE HUNDRED WOOD-CUTS.

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VOL. VII. LEGENDARY DIVISION.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne :

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, AND SOLD BY  
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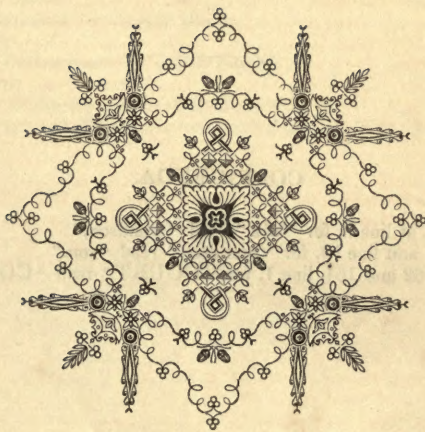
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#### CORRIGENDA.

Page 56, at line 8, for "son" read "grandson,"  
 and line 10, for "grandson" read "son."  
 Pages 162 and 164, line 1, for "COURT" read "COUT."

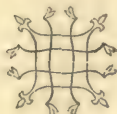






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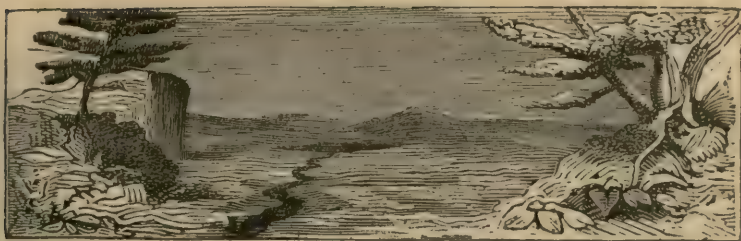


TABLE BOOK  
OF  
TRADITIONS, LEGENDARY POETRY,  
    &c., &c.

---

CUDDY ALDER'S GOOSE PYES,

*A Tradition of Weetslett.*



ANY of the legendary tales with which we have presented our readers relate to events which have long since passed away, leaving no trace behind them, beyond the interest they may afford in the narration or perusal, and the insight they give us into the rude manners of a half civilised age. It is otherwise with the tale with which we commence our present volume. While we hope it will not fall far short of its predecessors in interest, it will at the same time be seen that the transaction which it commemorates has left real and substantial good fruits behind it.

The parish of Long Benton, in the county of Northumberland, has only been fortunate enough to obtain one permanently endowed charity. The circumstances in which this benefaction originated are peculiar and worth recording. Early in the last century, Mr. Cuthbert Alder, a gentleman of some consideration, living in a very secluded residence on his own property,\* at Low Weetslett, had about the festal season of Christmas, made his usual provision for good cheer, and the exercise of hospitality. Among the viands thus stored up was a goodly range of Goose Pyes.

\* An estate now belonging to the family of Mr. Ekins, the late rector of Morpeth.



The year 1710 was remarkable for the occurrence of a somewhat serious disagreement between the keelmen of the Tyne and their employers, which ended in a *steek* of long continuance. The keelmen were reduced to considerable difficulties by their long abandonment of their occupation, and many were fain to procure sustenance by pilfering, at first, on a small scale, but at length by a series of depredations, increasing at once in number and enormity until they assumed an aggravated and violent character. A party of the least scrupulous of these marauders, whether concluding from the known hospitable character of Mr. Alder, that his house would yield at this season an ample booty, or guided (as from the sequel appears more probable) by the local knowledge of a confederate, selected the well-stored larder at Weetslett as an object of their plunder. The house as far as regarded numbers was not deficient in its garrison; for Mr. Alder with an equally wise regard to the conservation of the integuments of the outward man as for the well provisioning the inner, had retained the services of a party of tailors; and they were pursuing their operations in the way of making or mending by day, and there took up their quarters at night. But in this, as in many other cases, the strength of the defence consisted not in numerical force. On the first alarm of the burglars the knights of the shears took to flight. They to whom, in the successful exercise of their daily vocation, the goose is so useful an ally, had no stomach for a nocturnal skirmish in defence of goose pye. In fact the tailors sought refuge from danger some in one quarter, some in another, and one it is said did not disdain the warm aperture of the chimney flue as a refuge from the warmer work which already was going on within the invaded domicile.

Thus abandoned by the masculine (but not manly) portion of his garrison, Alder still made good his defence, and was worthily seconded by the amazonian heroism of a female servant. Like another "Trulla" \* she hurried to the rescue, and thinking foul scorn

- \* A bold Virago, stout and tall,  
As Joan of France, or English Mall :  
Thro' perils both of wind and limb,  
Thro' thick and thin she followed him  
In ev'ry adventure h' undertook,  
And never him or it forsook :  
At breach of wall, or hedge surprise,  
She shar'd i' th' hazard and the prize ;  
At beating quarters up, or forage,  
Behav'd herself with matchless courage,  
And laid about in fight more busily  
Than th' Amazonian dame Penthesile.

HUDIBRAS.

that the savoury goose pyes, in whose construction she doubtless had borne a share, should fall a prey to the swart navigators of the Tyne and grace the \* huddock of a keel, she so stoutly dealt about her as to draw upon herself the main violence of the attack. At length in the scuffle her arm was broken, and thus was she rendered *hors de combat*. The scale of victory now inclined to the side of the assailants.

Alder being at length overpowered, there seems little reason to doubt that the ruffians exasperated by his long protracted defence, would have added murder to robbery, but for a transient manifestation of good feeling in the breast of one of their party. This man had been either in Alder's service, (in which no one could live without acquiring some degree of attachment to him), or he had in some way or other, either in his own person, or that of some of his kindred, experienced good offices at Alder's hands, and touched by some compunction for the treachery which he had already manifested in this transaction, by pointing out a way of access to the larder, he now interposed to rescue at least the life of his aged benefactor, and in this he succeeded. Probably too the villains were seized by some apprehension at this stage of the affair, lest the alarm should reach the hinds and male servants, who were known to be sleeping in a detached outhouse, and they thought it wisest to decamp with their savoury spoil while the coast was yet clear.

The sensation created by this affair as soon as it became known was most extraordinary; every effort was used to obtain a clue to the detection of the perpetrators, and a handsome reward offered for their apprehension. For some time however they baffled every effort of the magistrates. Difficult of access at all times, and fenced by their amphibious mode of life, it is more than probable that they were screened on this occasion by the members of the powerful and compact fraternity to which they belonged, it was therefore no easy matter for the inefficient police of that day to ferret them out of their haunts. But at length when all hope of fixing the charge on the individuals concerned had well nigh been abandoned, a clue to their detection was obtained in an unexpected and most extraordinary manner, and this by the very individual who had sustained the assault.

Mr. Alder having received some silver, in exchange for a guinea, at a shop on the Quay, at Newcastle, recognized in one of the pieces a coin, which either from being marked, or from some peculiarity, he was enabled to identify as part of the property stolen from his house

\* Huddick or Huddock, the *cabin* of a keel or coal barge. Dutch *hut*, steerage.—  
Brockett's Glossary, 1829.



on the night of the burglary. He anxiously questioned the shopkeeper whether she could say from whom she had received it and fortunately the mistress of the shop was able to fix on the individual. The slender clue thus obtained was carefully followed, other circumstances gradually transpired, the suspected parties were apprehended, searched and confronted by an overwhelming body of evidence.

To make a long story short, they were transferred to the authorities to be dealt with according to law, and the result was their execution for the burglary, and personal violence of which they had been guilty. The stout and protracted though unsuccessful defence which Mr. Alder had made elicited expressions of the universal approbation of his neighbours, and to him also of right belonged the reward which had been offered for the conviction of the criminals. But with a noble sense of delicacy he did not feel it right to appropriate a sum of money thus acquired. He regarded it as the price of blood, and determined to devote it to charitable purposes; accordingly, he purchased therewith a close of land, about four acres in extent, known as Dacre's Close, which is situate in the township of Murton and parish of Tynemouth, which by his will\* he devised to the vicar and churchwardens of Long Benton in trust for the uses of the poor of that part of the parish, know as the township of Weetslett, for ever.

Such is the source and origin of this charity. It only remains to



LONG BENTON CHURCH.

\* Dated May 23, 1736. See Parliamentary Report on Charities.—Northumberland p. 434.

be said that Mr. Alder, having attained a good old age, honoured and respected by all his neighbours, departed this life on the 27th of November, 1736, at the age of 88 years.\* He lies buried on the west side of the porch of Long Benton church, where his monument is still remaining. But a monument yet more enduring exists in the periodical recurrence of those comforts which his benefaction (now yielding a yearly rent of twelve pounds) is the means of diffusing. The churchwarden of the township receives and distributes the amount usually during the coldest months of winter, and thus at the very season of the year when Alder's house was broken into, the evil disposed may receive a wholesome warning from the sure though tardy punishment of the keelmen, while the memories of the poor are refreshed on the subject of Alder's goose pyes!

The attention of the public had been too strongly attracted to this foray upon the Weetslett larder to allow of its being speedily forgotten. Indeed among the lower orders in Newcastle, no topic was so frequently resorted to, within the memory of numbers now living, for the purpose of bantering a keelman. The quiver which supplied these piercing jokes seemed inexhaustible, and they seldom failed to hit; for there was not a subject upon which this class of persons were so susceptible; the most distant allusion to it at once aroused the choler of their irritable race.

They appeared indeed about that period to stand as a prominent butt for the jokes of the more humorous among their fellow operatives; for in the next year, or not long after, these navigators of the Tyne became involved in another transaction of a similar predatory character. At the season of lamb dropping, in the early spring, very considerable losses were sustained by the proprietors of flocks along the river banks. There was scarcely a farmer whose pastures adjoined the river on whom some loss had not fallen. Continual alarms were excited, fresh complaints were repeatedly poured forth as new instances of lamb stealing successively became known. And what was the more provoking they disappeared in a manner unexplained and apparently inexplicable, leaving no trace behind them.

From the frequent instances of loss, and the amount which in the aggregate became considerable, the affair began to wear a somewhat serious aspect; still every attempt to obtain a trace of the perpetrators was baffled. At length as a farmer, himself a sufferer from these depredations, was traversing his grounds near the river, his thoughts doubtless busily employed on the spoliation committed upon

\* Mr. Alder, in 1681, married Elizabeth Rea, who died in 1722, aged 63. Their son Edward, died April 10, 1775, aged 80.



the lambs, his eye unconsciously lighted upon the usual dingy flotilla of keels as it dropped quietly down the river with the ebb tide. While gazing thus scarcely conscious of the object that was passing, a sound, as of the bleating of a lamb smote upon his ear. He gave at first but little heed to a sound which under the circumstances of their losses always rung or seemed to ring in the ears of every owner of a Tyne-side flock. The sound was repeated—he listened, doubted and listened again till he became at length convinced that this was no delusion of fancy—that it really was the bleating of a lamb. But it appeared to proceed from the mid channel of the river. This like every other feature of the mysterious lamb stealing seemed to baffle explanation. There remained no doubt of the sound, the difficulty lay in the direction from whence it proceeded. But this problem was not long unsolved; the key to the mystery at length presented itself. The dingy vessels upon which his eyes so long had gazed recalled the memory of the transaction with which the navigators of those vessels were so generally associated—the affair of the goose pyes.

His suspicions were at once awakened. There was no good reason why the same tastes which led to the appropriation of goose pye at Christmas might not also be anxious to indulge in the luxury of lamb in Spring. At all events our meditative farmer resolved to hazard a search. He took to his aid sufficient force (which the hope of throwing light on the mystery would soon bring round him) and boarded the keels. The event justified his suspicions, for from forth of the huddock of one of them he brought to light a lamb.

Thus was the rich expectation of a festival to conclude the labour of the day spoiled for the keelmen on that occasion, and the owners of the sheep, now knowing the quarter from whence their flocks were plundered kept too strict watch to admit of future indulgences of this kind. No doubt the individuals immediately concerned were punished in due course of law; but the keelmen as a body, the amateurs of roasted lamb in general, were themselves now roasted by the incessant banter of their fellow operatives on shore. They found as it were a second battery opened—a second fire turned upon them: on the one hand the gently whispered enquiry “Hou div ye like Alder’s gyusse pye?” and on the other the loud broad question “Hev ye ony lamb iv yor huddock?”

Pestered and pelted with taunts and sarcasms such as these, the keelmen for many a year afterwards had cause to rue the iniquities of their forefathers. Sometimes they were driven amid the jeers and laughter of the idle bystanders to hide their diminished heads in the deep recesses of a huddock. But more frequently the

keelman if he had any number of his brethren at hand to back him was not slow in putting to silence the curiosity of enquirers by a sound threshing, and the impertinence of the dwellers on *terrâ firmâ* was taught the prudence of avoiding collision with men trained by the hardy management of their long and ponderous oars, and however convenient a place it might once have proved for secreting casual spoil, many a one was taught the lesson by experience of their manly spirit that something *less gentle* than lamb might occasionally be found within the huddock.—*Compiled from communications of various residents of Weetslett.*

## THE KING AND THE TINKLER.

### A Border Ballad.



HOUGH the following ballad is well known *by name* to the Antiquary, and has for years been an established favourite at the feasts and hoppings in the north, I have not been able to meet with a copy in print. My friend Mr. Rimbault, the Secretary to the *Percy Society*, informs me, that he has searched in the British Museum, and in other places, for a *printed* copy, but without effect, and does not believe that such a thing exists. I have inquired of Pitts, Catnach, Batcheler, and other London ballad printers, and strange to say, they *all know the song by name*, but none of them ever saw it in print.

Last September, in Wharfedale, I met with Francis King, the Skip-ton Minstrel, mentioned in Hone's Table Book, and from that votary of the fiddle and the ale jug, I obtained a version of the ballad, which, however, was so *glaringly incorrect* in some parts, that, as the saying is, I could hardly make head or tail of it. On my road homewards, I called on an antiquarian friend, who had resided some years on the Border, and had often heard the ballad sung. Though he had no MS. or other copy, he remembered so much of the composition, as to be enabled to correct several of old King's *variorum readings*. My copy is therefore compiled from the above two sources, and I question, (unless a *printed* copy can be discovered) whether a more correct one will be obtained. I must state however, that my friend says, he thinks James the First of *Scotland*, and not England, is the

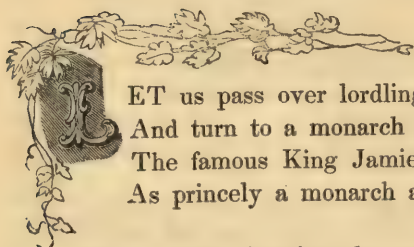


monarch intended. However this may be, the ballad is a *Border* ballad, and until, by finding an *old* PRINTED copy, we can settle the *side* of the border, we have a right to consider it as belonging to the ENGLISH BORDER, and more so as the style and language are *English*. The air too is English, and Mr. Chappell intends to give it as such, in a forthcoming Number of his admirably edited *Old English Songs*.

Tollington Park, Middlesex,  
Nov. 21, 1842.

J. H. DIXON.

### The King and the Tinkler.



ET us pass over lordlings, and knights, and the rest,  
And turn to a monarch of infinite jest ;  
The famous King Jamie, the first of our throne,  
As princely a monarch as ever was known.

As he was a hunting the swift fallow deer,  
He dropt all his nobles, and when he got clear,  
In hope of some pastime, away he did ride,  
Till he came to an ale-house, hard by a woodside.

And there with a tinkler he happen'd to meet,  
And him in kind concert so freely did greet ;  
"Pray thee good fellow, what hast' in thy jug,  
Which under thy arm thou dost lovingly hug?"

"By the mass," quoth the tinkler, "its nappy brown ale,  
And for to drink to thee friend I will not fail,  
For altho' thy jacket looks gorgeous and fine,  
I think that my two-pence as good is as thine."

"By my soul! honest fellow, the truth thou hast spoke"  
And so he sat down with the tinkler to joke :  
They drank to the king, and they pledg'd to each other—  
Who'd seen 'em had thought they were brother and brother.

As they were a drinking, the king pleased to say  
"What news honest fellow? come tell me I pray,"  
"There's nothing of news, beyond that I hear  
The king's on the border a chasing the deer."

"And much do I wish, I so happy might be,  
Whilst he is a hunting, the king I might see ;  
For altho' I've travell'd thro' many long ways,  
I never have yet seen a king in my days."

The king, with a hearty good laughter replied,  
"I tell thee good fellow, if thou canst but ride,  
Thou shalt get up behind me and, I will thee bring  
To the presence of Jamie thy sovereign king."

"But he'll be surrounded with nobles so gay,  
And how shall we tell him from them sir, I pray."  
"Thou'lt easily ken him by this I declare,  
The king will be covered, his nobles all bare."

He got up behind him, and likewise his sack,  
His budget of leather, and tools on his back ;  
They rode till they came to the merry green wood,  
His nobles came round him, bareheaded they stood.

The tinkler then seeing so many appear,  
He slyly did whisper the king in the ear,  
Saying "they're *all* cloth'd so gloriously gay,  
But which amongst *them*, is the king, sir, I pray."

The king did with hearty good laughter reply,  
"I tell thee good fellow it's thou, or 'tis I,  
The rest are bareheaded, uncover'd all round"—  
With his bags and his budget he fell to the ground.

The king craved his name, "I am John of the dale,  
A mender of kettles, a lover of ale"  
"Rise up Sir John, great honour thou'st wear,  
I make thee a knight of three thousand a year."

Sir John of the dale he has land, he has fee,  
At the court of the king who so happy as he.  
Yet still in his hall hangs the tinkler's old sack,  
And the budget of tools which he bore at his back.



## NESHAM.—“DRUNKEN BARNABY.”



HE village of Nesham, in the county of Durham, in connection with which we take occasion to introduce a notice of the celebrated Richard Braithwaite, is situated four miles south-east from Darlington, and where the Tees, after sweeping by Hurworth, shoots rapidly southward towards Sockburn. Richard Braithwaite was the second son of Thomas Braithwaite, of Warcop, near Appleby, in Westmoreland. In the year 1604, he was matriculated at Oxford as a gentleman's son, and a native of Northumberland, and at the age of sixteen, became a commoner of Oriel college. "While he continued in that house" says Wood, "which was at least three years, he avoided as much as he could the rough paths of logic and philosophy, and traced those smooth ones of poetry and Roman history, in which at length he did excel." He afterwards removed to Cambridge, and on returning to the north he became "a captain of a foot company in the trained bands, a deputy lieutenant in the county of Westmoreland, a justice of peace, and a noted wit and poet." His publications, both in prose and verse were numerous; the titles are enumerated by Anthony à Wood. Braithwaite, however, is now proved, on incontrovertible evidence, to be author of "Drunken Barnaby;" and that very original and unique production will alone rescue his memory from oblivion. It is a facetious poem, which in doggerel Latin and English rhymes, placed in opposite columns, contains the itinerary of an inveterate tippler through the north of England. His arrival at our little sphere is thus recorded:—

"Thence to Nesham, now translated,  
Valleys smiling, bottoms pleasing,  
Streaming rivers, never ceasing  
Deck'd with tufted woods and shady,  
*Graced by a lovely lady.*"

This lovely lady was Miss Frances Lawson, a descendent of James Lawson, to whom Henry VIII. in the year 1540 had made a grant of the possessions of Nesham nunnery; she ultimately became his wife, though it is to be hoped that the account of his nuptial evening is *only spoken in character*.

“Thence to Darlington, where I boused,  
 Till at length I was espoused;  
 Marriage feast and all prepared,  
 Not a fig for th’ world I cared:  
 All night long by th’ pot I tarried,  
 As if I had not been marry’d.”

About the year 1644, he became possessed, on the death of his wife’s nephew, of half the family estate at Nesham. He seems to have lost his first wife, and the property along with her; as he is said to have removed in the latter part of his life, to Appleton, near Catterick, in Yorkshire, upon what his biographer calls “an employment, or rather a second marriage.” He lived to an advanced age, and dying there, May 4, 1673, was buried at Catterick, leaving behind him the character of a well bred gentleman, and a good neighbour.”—*Guide to Dinsdale*.

The author of that curious production, Drunken Barnaby, is now fully ascertained to be Richard Braithwaite, of Burnishead, in Westmoreland, esq. author of various other works, not anonymous. He is here at least relating a piece of his own history, for he was married at Hurworth, May 4, 1617, to Frances daughter of James Lawson, of Nesham abbey, esq. by Jane, daughter of sir John Conyers. He out-lived his wife, and wrote her epitaph.

“Near Darlington was my dear darling borne,  
 “Of noble house, which yet bears honor’s forme,  
 “Teese, seated Sockburn, where by long descent  
 “Conyers was lord.”

*Sharp’s Bishoprick Garland.*

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## LISTON.

When this popular actor was performing in the company of Mr. Stephen Kemble, a dispute arose between the manager and the performers, respecting the arrangements adopted by the former for playing on alternate nights at Newcastle, Shields, Sunderland, &c., by which the latter were much harassed. A rebellion being likely to ensue, Mrs. K. was understood to have said, that the company might leave as soon as they chose, “for there were actors to be got on every hedge.” Shortly after, Liston and some others, walking along the road from Newcastle to Shields, perceived a post-chaise at some distance behind them, which they knew was conveying Mrs. K. to the place of their destination. Immediately, Mr. Liston clambered among the bushes to the top of the hedge; and when the chaise came



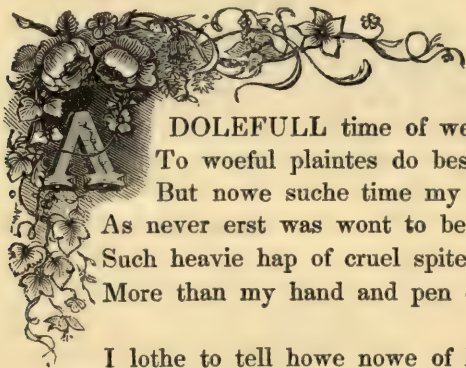
up, Mrs. K. astonished at seeing him in such a situation, cried out, "Mr. Liston, what are you doing there?"—"Looking for actors ma'am," replied he, "but I can't find a single sprout." It is needless to add that he was instantly invited to enter the chaise.

On another occasion, as he was walking between Newcastle and Sunderland, he was overtaken by one of the coaches which ran on that road (then and long after proverbial for the slowness of their motion), when the driver asked him if he was for a ride? "No, I thank you," said he, with all the quaintness which he can so happily assume, "I am in a hurry."—*Northern John Bull.*

### Fragment of Verses,

ON THE GIVING UP OF THE EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND TO  
QUEEN ELIZABETH.

BEING "THE COPIE OF A RYME MADE BY ONE SINGLETON, A GENTLEMAN OF LAN-  
CASHIRE, NOW [1572] PRISONER AT YORK FOR RELIGION."



DOLEFULL time of wepying tears  
To woeful plaintes do best agree,  
But nowe suche time my song requires  
As never erst was wont to bee.  
Such heavie hap of cruel spite  
More than my hand and pen can write.

I lothe to tell howe nowe of late  
That cruell Scotland hath procurde  
The slander of their realme and state  
By promise broken most assurde:  
Which shameful act from mynde of man  
Shall not departe, do what they can

The noblest Lord of Percie kinde,  
Of honour and possessions faire,  
As God to him the place assigned,  
To Scottishe ground made his repaire;  
Who, after promise manifolde,  
Was last betrayed for English gold.

Who shall hereafter trust a Scott,  
 Or who will do that nation good,  
 That so themselves do stayne and blott  
 In selling of such noble blood,  
 Let Lords of this a mirror make  
 And in distresse that land forsake,

Their lordes and limmors are forlorne,  
 Their people cursd of each degree,  
 Their faith and promise all to-torne,  
 And rumor ring it to the skie,  
 How they for money sold their gest  
 Unto the shambles like a beast.

Loughlevin now is lost for aye,  
 Sithe Duglasse did so fowle a dede;  
 Thus will all men hereafter saye:  
 When we are gone they shall it nede,  
 That Scotland is a cursed ground,  
 The like I know cannot be found.

The Pearcie's stocke, an ancient foe  
 To Scottish lowndes in fielde,  
 Yet did he still relieve their woe  
 If once the man did yeilde  
 Unto his prince and contrie's praise,  
 As noblemen have noble ways.

O cruel envie with thy stinge,  
 O great desire of heapes of golde,  
 Yet shulde before have weighd this thinge,  
 The cause of mischiefe manifolde;  
 For envie makes men doe amisse;  
 Croked covetise did all this.

The Scottes have done the worst they maye,  
 And now did frame some grief therefore.  
 But whatsoever they thinke or saye

\* \* \* \* \*

*MS. Cotton. Calig. B. IV. p. 343.*

Tesmond, a Sadler in Yorke, cut of a pece of y<sup>e</sup> Earle of Northumberland's bearde after he was executed and wrapt it up in a piece of papier and with these words followinge—  
 The heare of y<sup>e</sup> good Earle of Northumberland & Percie.  
 This is y<sup>e</sup> heare of y<sup>e</sup> bearde of y<sup>e</sup> good Earle of Northumberland.



## STAWARD PEEL.



F the hosts of travellers and tourists who hurry up the banks of the Tyne from the eastern to the western part of the island, how few are there who are even aware of the existence of this most romantic and secluded spot ! And yet it may be safely asserted that the whole north of England, that rich land of promise to the southern tourist, does not comprise a scene of more singular beauty, independent of its associations with the troubled history of the past. Leaving the Tyne at Haydon Bridge the traveller proceeds on the road towards Whitfield and Alston, passing close by Langley castle a stronghold of the once potent earls of Derwentwater. After gaining the summit of the hill which terminates the pleasing wooded ravine which has hitherto conducted him, he enters upon a flat dreary waste which offers an unpromising prelude to the scenes that are to follow. Having however traversed this he approaches the steep hill of Cupola bank, which forms the eastern side of the river Allen. But the traveller who descends that hill without casting one wondering gaze at the scene suddenly disclosed beneath his feet may certainly resign all pretensions to a love of natural beauty. It is a prospect of the most charming description. On the west, the streams of the east and west Allen issue from the wild heathy mountains which bound the distant horizon, and after pursuing their devious course for many miles, from sources not very remote from each other, they unite near the foot of the hill upon which the traveller is supposed to be resting. The course of the latter stream is seen for some distance winding through the well wooded and pleasing vale of Whitfield, which in itself forms a very attractive picture. Soon after the union of the streams, the banks of the river Allen on both sides become much more abrupt, more richly wooded, more rocky and more singular in their character. Immediately beneath, the river is seen pursuing a most varied course at an immense depth, between banks, the summits and sides of which are covered with the most luxuriant wood. But the view down the river towards the north is the most particularly striking. The eye follows with delight the ever changing and ever beautiful course of the Allen to its junction with the river Tyne, a few miles distant, and at length reposes upon the distant and singularly

formed rocks of Sewing Shields. A long deep winding ravine, filled with this beautiful forest, occasionally permitting the exposure of rugged rocks and bold projections, through which the river sometimes hurries on in noisy ripples, and sometimes winds slowly round a circular valley, resembling the bed of some ancient lake, but now covered with green and forming a beautiful relief to the darker landscape around.\*

But the most attractive feature in the scene is the ruined remnant of Staward Peel [or Fort]. Situated on a bold escarpment of the right bank, and exposing its old grey ruin, and the wall which now encloses a verdant space, the gaze of the spectator is at once arrested, and he is carried back to the stirring events which caused its erection. This was not the fortress of the strong and the proud, from whose massive portals the border Baron issued upon his ruinous and ruthless raid. It was the castle of the weak and the poor. Let it not on that account lose one of its charms in the mind of the spectator. Subject to the constant incursions of the ruthless Scots for so many generations, the inhabitants of Tynedale and the Borders were compelled to adopt in their daily habits and pursuits, and in their most permanent arrangements relating to their property, a regularly organized system of defence. Holding their lands by a species of military tenure they were legally leagued together in perpetual union for the purposes of mutual protection. The far distant *need-fire* or beacon light proclaimed the approach of foes long before the havoc could begin.

“A sheet of flame, from the turret high,  
 Waved like a blood flag on the sky;  
 All flaring and uneven;  
 And soon a score of fires, I ween,  
 From height, and hill, and cliff, were seen;  
 Each with warlike tidings fraught;  
 Each from each the signal caught;  
 Each after each they glanced to sight,  
 As stars arise upon the night,  
 They gleamed on many a dusky tarn,  
 Haunted by the lonely earn;  
 On many a cairn’s grey pyramid,  
 Where urns of mighty chiefs lie hid.”

\* In wandering about this interesting spot which changes its forms with every devious step, the continental traveller cannot fail to be reminded of the romantic ravines of the Tyrol, or the wooded gorges of the Pyrenees. It is not wonderful that the Swiss peasant who, some years ago, accompanied his master through this country, should on the first burst of the view from Cupola bank, be irresistibly called back to the scenes of his native country, and exclaim with uplifted hands, “Ah! my Fatherland, my own Fatherland.”



Thus warned of the coming danger, the Border proprietors and inhabitants hastened to place their property in the appointed places of security, there to remain till the storm should be exhausted. Certainly, of all such places Staward Peel must have been at once the most unassailable and the most striking. Placed upon the point of a high angular cliff of great extent which was flanked on the right and left by most precipitous ravines, and communicating with the main land only by a narrow ridge which afforded the greatest facilities for defence, and which even now demands the caution of the tourist, this place of refuge might in these days be well deemed to be impregnable. Here then from far and wide were gathered, often in trembling haste, the valuable effects of the assembled people. How often must this now peaceful valley have echoed with the lowing of cattle, the bleating of the lamb, the cries of tender children, the sounding bugle and the din of war ! On, on over the creaking drawbridge,—amidst distant murmurs of coming foes and the clash of shields and spears, have swept, in continuous array, the anxious crowds of harassed and breathless people, eager to save their cherished and often cumbrous treasures from the hands of the spoiler. What alternations of hope and despair, of gladness and grief, what happy reunions after hours of doubt and dismay, what feats of manly prowess, deadly struggle, and daring skill, of generous courage and stern revenge, this rock must so often have witnessed. These days of desolation, like the resisted foes, are happily departed. But spots like these in the contemplation of those capable of living awhile in the Past are rescued from oblivion and neglect—and though history cannot claim such scenes as the theatres of her great events of national triumph or defeat, upon which hung the destinies of an empire or a world, yet it will not be forgotten that they attest in vivid colours the character of a bygone age, that they relate in touching language “the simple annals of the poor,” and that they associate the most beautiful expressions of natural beauty with the appropriate and eloquent memorials of the Past.

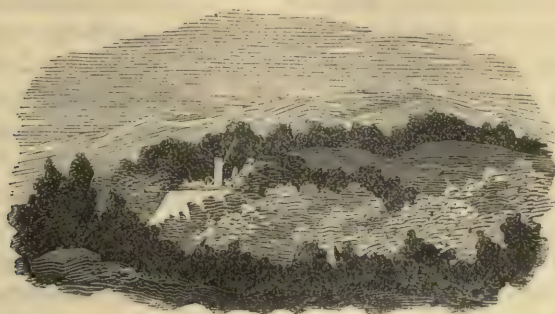
Grey Street.

W. B.

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It is natural to suppose that in the vicinity of Staward Peel it should still be a popular belief that many treasures, hastily concealed in the ground by their owners, should never have been recovered and may still excite the industry or the cupidity of the adventurer. There are accordingly several traditions of the discovery of gold and silver by means of dreams and visions, which are too marvellous to relate in this sober age of reason and reality.

It would appear also that a more modern freebooter asserted the right to exercise his vocation in the ruins of the Peel. The following is a tradition on the subject, by which it seems that the art of robbing, like other arts, is capable by the proper application of genius, of progressive adaptation to the exigencies of an altered state of society.



STAWARD PEEL.

### Dickey of Kingswood.\*



IN the early part of the last century there lived in Staward Peel a marauder, popularly known by the appellation of "Dickey of Kingswood." He was a gentleman who prided himself in being able to accomplish his purposes of robbery more by cunning, than mere brute force and bloodshed. And whilst he boasted that he was afraid of no man, he took credit to himself for being able to exact contributions without bodily harm to himself or his victims. One instance of his tact is as follows:—

On passing a farm-house at Denton Burn, near Newcastle, a pair of fat oxen in an adjoining field particularly attracted his attention, and he was resolved to become their possessor, if the thing could be done comfortably. Accordingly, skulking about until night, he entered the field and drove them off. The farmer on discovering his loss the following morning set off in pursuit—but being put upon a false track, travelled toward the Tweed without being able to fall in with them. Dickey had in the meantime taken a western route and on arriving at Lanercost, in Cumberland, met with an old farmer, who greatly admiring his cattle, bought them. Dickey was very glad to meet with such a customer—partly for thus ridding him of a charge

\* Communicated by Mr. W. Patterson, Bishopwearmouth.



that he could not have kept much longer with safety, and partly on account of an excellent mare which the purchaser rode. He accompanied the old gentleman home, and after partaking of his bottle, asked him to sell his mare. "My mare! no!" was the reply "not for all Cumberland would I sell her—her like is not to be found." "I cannot blame you," replied Dickey, "but I would recommend you to keep her close, as unlikelier things have happened—than, that your stable should be empty some morning." "Stable sir! God bless you—she sleeps in the same house with myself—close at my own bed-foot—I keep her at her manger—and no music can be so sweet as to hear her grinding her corn all the night long close by me." Dickey recommended his caution, though he inwardly cursed it—as placing startling difficulties in his path, towards the acquisition of the favourite. "But I hope you have got a good lock," was his next feeler. "You shall see it," replied the simple farmer. This was exactly what was wanted, so after a careful survey of the lock—and pronouncing it to be the real thing—just such a one as it ought to be—and one it would be impossible to pick, Dickey partook of another cup—shook hands with his customer and departed.

The old farmer (who was a bachelor), after fastening his mare to her accustomed post betook himself to rest. He awoke towards morning, shivering with cold, and was astonished to find himself without covering of any kind. Arising and providing himself with a light he found his blankets spread upon the floor towards the door, which he found open. Turning towards his bed—the stand of his mare was empty—his favourite was gone! The daring thief had picked the lock—stripped him of his covering—which was spread down to prevent any noise being heard, and had flown with his prize. He roused his servants—commenced a pursuit—but in vain—no trace could be seen beyond a few yards from his own door—so after venting curses innumerable upon the impudent thief, he was obliged to content himself. In the mean time, Dickey (for his was the deed), after clearing the neighbourhood, directed his flight to the East, and such was the speed of his mare that by the break of day he flattered himself that he was safe from all pursuit. On crossing Haltwhistle Fell he was met by a person whom he recognized as the owner of the oxen he had stolen. The honest farmer it appeared had not the slightest knowledge of his real character, enquired if he had seen a yoke of oxen in his travels, describing them most minutely; Dickey, without the slightest hesitation said he had, and directed him to the very place where he had sold them. "You ride a good mare," said the farmer, "and I am completely knocked up with tramping on foot, will you sell her." After much chaffering, a bargain was struck, the money paid, and

the farmer and Dickey parted; the former to seek his stolen property from the owner of the stolen mare, on which he was riding—and the latter to where ever his genius might direct him. The farmer on arriving at Lanercost, instantly recognized his oxen grazing in a field, and rode up towards an elderly person whom he supposed to be the master. "I say friend these are my cattle in your field, how did you come by them?" "And I'm d—d," replied the other "but that is my mare, how did you come by her?" On each describing the person from whom they had purchased their property they discovered that they had been duped by a rogue of no common order. So ludicrous did the whole appear, even to them who were the sufferers by it, that they joined in a loud peal of laughter on the subject, after which they set about putting matters to right. There was evidently no way of accomplishing this but one, seeing that Dickey was not there to refund the cash he had got, so a fair exchange took place, and so overjoyed was each at the recovery of his property, that in the storm of joy, Dickey was forgotten, and quietly allowed to pocket the price of both mare and oxen.

### INTEGRITY.

JOSEPH ATKINSON, of Sunderland bridge, in the neighbourhood of Durham, worked, in his younger days, as a cabinet maker in London. He was one day sent for to mend a bureau, of very curious workmanship. Before he set about his work, he asked the gentleman, who employed him, if he had left nothing of value in the drawers. The gentleman told him, he had taken every thing out of the drawers; he however, opened them before him, and then left him to his work. Atkinson judging, from the appearance of the bureau, that there were many private drawers in it, and knowing, as a workman, where to look for the most secret, came at last to one, which the owner (who had not been long in possession of the bureau) had overlooked. It was full of gold pieces, so closely packed, that they could not be discovered by any motion of the bureau. Atkinson seeing the treasure, instantly broke into a prayer, that he might be able to resist the temptation, and ran to call the master of the house. He came and was not more rejoiced than surprised at the discovery which Atkinson had made. He rewarded him with a handsome present. But his best recompence, he says, has been the heart-felt satisfaction, which he had, through the course of a long life, (he is eighty seven years old) from the consciousness of having resisted a temptation to dishonesty, which no human witness could have betrayed.—*Pennington's Moral Annals*, 1793.



## LORD BEICHAN.

## A Border Ballad.



N Jamieson's "Popular Ballads and Songs," vol. II. p. 117. and 127, are two ballads, the one called "Young Beichan and Susie Pye," and the other called "Young Bekie." They are both given as "From Tradition," and are versions of the well-known Northumbrian Ballad, "Lord Bateman." Jamieson says that the two ballads "are given from copies taken from Mrs.

BROWN's recitation, collated with two other copies procured from Scotland, one in MS; another very good one printed for the stalls; a third in the possession of the late Rev. Jonathan Boucher, of Epsom, taken from recitation in the north of England; and a fourth, about one third as long as the others, which the Editor picked off an old wall [query *stall*?] in Piccadilly." The Scottish copy "printed for the stalls," would probably be either the *Berwick* or *Stirling* broad sheet ballad of *Lord Bateman*, both of which vary but slightly from the English broad sheets with the same title, printed by Hoggett, Durham; and Pitts, Catnach, and others in London. Jamieson remarks, that "it has been suggested that the names should not be Beichan, &c., but Buchan; but as he found them as here given in all the copies," [MS. I presume, for I never met in print with the name otherwise than *Bateman*, except in Jamieson's book and copies from it.] "and as they appeared to him to be *English* Ballads slightly tinctured with the Scottish dialect," [all *Border Ballads* are so] "he has chosen to leave the titles as he found them." Had Jamieson enquired of any of the border peasantry, the *English* origin of the ballads, would have soon been put beyond a doubt, and he might have been informed, as I have, that the hero's name should be neither Beichan, Bekie nor Bateman, but *Bertram*, one of that ancient Northumbrian line, of whom it might at one time have been said, with very little hyperbole, "that half Northumberland belonged to them." In a collection of *Scottish Ballads*, edited by Robert Chambers, esq., and published by Tait, *Edinburgh*, 1829, is a version under the name of "*Young Bekie*;" it is from a collation of Jamieson's two ballads, and Mr. Chambers does not appear to have examined the broadsheets. The following version is formed from a collation of *several* broad sheets, with the two ballads in Jamieson's book, and I have endeavoured to make it as correct as possible, by carefully expunging everything which looked like modern interpolation, and

wherever I could avoid it, abstaining from *conjectural* emendations. Whenever I had any doubt about the true reading, from there being a variation in the copies before me, I have adopted that which seemed to be most in character with the ordinary style and language of ancient English Ballads, of which old *printed* copies have been handed down to our times. Although convinced that *Bertram* is the proper name of the Hero, I have adopted "*Beichan*" from Jamieson's copy, not having met with the name of *Bertram* in any printed copy. All the broadsheets read "*Bateman*," but it is so thoroughly *un-Northumbrian* that I could not think of perpetuating the name in the Table Book, and have therefore chosen the more euphonious one of *Beichan*. While, however, I have in one instance rejected the authority of the broadsheets, I have in another chosen to abide by it, for the name of the Turk's daughter is certainly more likely to have been *Saphia* or *Sophia* than *Susie Pye*, as given by Jamieson! It might be curious to enquire, supposing the hero's name to have been *Bertram*, how it got corrupted to *Beichan*, *Bateman* and *Bekie*. In the word *Bertram*, the letter R occurs twice, a letter which many of the Northumbrian peasantry have great difficulty to pronounce in conversation, and which they have still greater difficulty to articulate when singing—this circumstance might have induced the itinerant minstrels of the North, to select a name to which they could give freer utterance. The ballad of Lord Bateman has given birth to two modern specimens of literary waggery, viz: "**The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman**," with plates and annotations, by George Cruikshank\* [being a copy of the common English Broadsheets, but turned into the vernacular dialect of Cockaigne], and the *Burlesque Drama of Lord Bateman*, produced at the Strand theatre, London, and in which, a series of *tableaux vivans* after Cruikshank, never fails to convulse the audience with laughter. The Editor of Tait's Magazine, took to task the authors of the above productions, and thought their wit might have been expended in a more becoming manner, than in ridicule of a ballad, which, notwithstanding the corruptions of its *worst* copies, and the absurdities contained in those, which we may consider to be the *best*, has ever delighted, and will continue to delight, the lovers of the simple unadorned strains of our country's ancient "minstrelsie." The proper air to which the ballad is sung, is given by Cruikshank, though with one or two burlesque *cadenzas*.

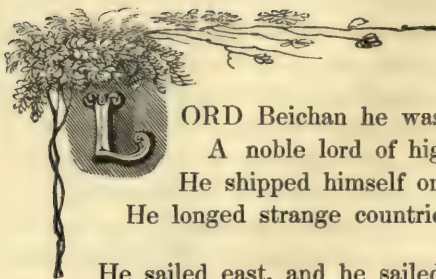
Tollington Park, Middlesex. Dec. 3, 1842.

J. H. Dixon.

\* Published by Tilt, London. Cruikshank in this work conjectures that the name of the heroine was suggested to the author, by the mosque of *Santa Sophia* at Constantinople—no doubt of it.



## Lord Beichan.



ORD Beichan he was a noble lord,  
A noble lord of high degree;  
He shipped himself on board a ship,  
He longed strange countries for to see.<sup>1</sup>

He sailed east, and he sailed west,  
Until he came to proud Turkey;  
Where he was ta'en by a savage moor,  
Who handled him right cruellie.

For he viewed the fashions of that land;  
Their way of worship viewed he;  
But to Mahound, or Termagant,<sup>2</sup>  
Would Beichan never bend a knee.

<sup>1</sup> Var. "Some foreign country he would go see." *Common English Broad Sheet Ballad of Lord Bateman.*

<sup>2</sup> *Termagaunt* was a *Saracenic* deity worshipped by the Turks, before, and for some time after, the introduction of Mahomedanism. In an old Norman MS. romance preserved in the Bodleian library, but of which the title is destroyed, the names of Tervagan (i. e. *Termagant*) and Mahun (i. e. *Mahomet*) are placed in juxtaposition. The same thing occurs in *Le Roman de Roncevaux*. The old English writers frequently make their *monsters* swear by Termagaunt, as Chaucer does in his "rime of Sire Thopas"

"ther came a gret geaunt,  
His name was Sire Oliphaunt  
A perloous man of deed;  
He sayde, childe, by *Termagaunt*, &c., &c."

In the British islands, long after the Gods of Scandinavia had ceased to be worshipped, the inhabitants, though they were converted to christianity, believed the old deities to exist as *evil spirits*; and so it was in the east—for many years after the introduction of the Mahometan faith, its professors firmly believed, that the old gods of their country, (of whom Termagaunt was one of the chief,) had an existence as evil spirits. This superstitious notion was embraced by the Crusaders, who added to it the belief, that such evil spirits were *worshipped* by the Mahometans, and aided them in the battle field! Ignorant, also, that the religion of Mahomet was strictly *Unitarian*, and forbade the worship of any but the true God, they believed that the Mahometans not only worshiped *evil spirits*, but that they paid divine honours to their *founder*! Such appears to have been the general opinion of the authors of the old romances above alluded to, and such, we may presume, was the idea entertained by the author of 'Lord Beichan,' when he represents his hero as refusing to "*bend a knee*" either to "*Mahound or Termagant*." The origin of the word Termagant as applied *now* to a scolding woman, may be easily deduced from the above remarks

So on each shoulder they've putten a bore;  
 In each bore they've putten a tye;  
 And they have made him trail the wine  
 And spices on his fair bodie.<sup>1</sup>

They've casten him in a donjon deep,  
 Where he could neither hear nor see;  
 For seven long years they've kept him there,  
 Till he for hunger's like to dee.

And in his prison a tree there grew,  
 So stout and strong there grew a tree,  
 And unto it was Beichan chained  
 Until his life was most weary.<sup>2</sup>

This Turk he had one only daughter—  
 Fairer creature did eyes ne'er see;  
 And every day, as she took the air,  
 Near Beichan's prison passed she.<sup>3</sup>

[And bonny, meek, and mild was she,  
 Tho' she was come of an ill kin;  
 And oft she sighed, she knew not why,  
 For him that lay the donjon in.<sup>4</sup>]

O so it fell upon a day,  
 She heard young Beichan sadly sing,  
 [And aye and ever in her ears,  
 The tones of hapless sorrow ring.<sup>5</sup>]

<sup>1</sup> Jamieson's copy reads—In *every* shoulder they've putten a bore;  
 In *every* bore they've putten a *tree*;

I have substituted *each* for *every*, and *tye* for *tree*—the meaning I take to be, that a bore (i. e. a ring formed from the perforated trunk of a tree) was placed on each shoulder, to which were affixed *tyes* or ropes. In fact he was harnessed, and made to do the work of a horse.

<sup>2</sup> *C. Eng. B, S. Lord Bateman*—This verse is sadly mutilated here, and the rhythm wholly destroyed.

<sup>3</sup> *Jamieson's copy*—This *Moor* he had but ae daughter,  
 Her name was called Susie Pye.

In "Young Bekie," *France* is the scene of the captivity, and the heroine is called '*Burd Isbel*.'

<sup>4</sup> This verse was added by Jamieson.

<sup>5</sup> Added by Jamieson.



“ My hounds they all go masterless ;  
 My hawks they flee from tree to tree ;  
 My younger brother will heir my land,  
 Fair England again I'll never see,”

And all night long no rest she got  
 Young Beichan's song for thinking on ;  
 She's stown the keys from her father's head  
 And to the prison strong is gone.<sup>1</sup>

And she has ope'd the prison doors,  
 I wot she opened two or three,  
 Ere she could come young Beichan at,  
 He was locked up so curiouslie.

But when she came young Beichan before,  
 Sore wondered he that maid to see—  
 He took her for some fair captive—  
 “ Fair Ladye I pray of what countrie ? ”

“ Have you got houses ? have you got lands ?  
 Or does Northumberland 'long to thee ?  
 What could ye give to the fair young ladye  
 That out of prison would set you free ” ?<sup>2</sup>

“ I have got houses, I have got lands,  
 And half Northumberland 'longs to me—  
 I'll give them all to the ladye fair,  
 That out of prison will set me free.

Near London town I have a hall,  
 With other castles, two or three ;  
 I'll give them all to the ladye fair,  
 That out of prison will set me free.”

<sup>1</sup> Lord Bateman's song for thinking on,  
 All night long no rest got she,  
 She stole the keys of her's father prison  
 And swore Lord Bateman she would set free. *Scotch B. S.*

<sup>2</sup> O have ye any lands she said  
 Or castles in your own countrie ? *Jamieson's copy.*

"Give me the troth of your right hand,  
The troth of it give unto me;<sup>1</sup>  
That for seven years ye'll no ladye wed,  
Unless it be along with me."

"I'll give thee the troth of my right hand,  
The troth of it I'll freely gie;  
That for seven years I'll stay unwed,  
For kindness thou dost shew to me."<sup>2</sup>

And she has brib'd the proud warder,  
With golden store and white monie;  
She's gotten the keys of the prison strong,  
And she has set young Beichan free.

She's gi'en him to eat the good spice cake;  
She gi'en him to drink the blood red wine;<sup>3</sup>  
And every health she drank unto him—  
"I wish Lord Beichan that you were mine."  
And she's bidden him sometimes think on her  
That so kindly freed him out of pine.

She's broken a ring from her finger,  
And to Beichan half of it gave she—  
"Keep it to mind you of that love  
The lady bore that set you free."

O she took him to her father's harbour  
And a ship of fame to him gave she;  
"Farewell, farewell to you lord Beichan,  
Shall I e'er again you see?"<sup>4</sup>

Set your foot on the good ship board,  
And haste ye back to your own countrie;

<sup>1</sup> Truth. *Jamieson's copy.*

<sup>2</sup> This, and the verse preceding it, are complete nonsense in both the English and Scotch Broad Sheets. I follow Jamieson's copy.

<sup>3</sup> "And gave to him the best of wine." *C. Eng. B. S.*

<sup>4</sup> "O she took him to her father's harbour,

And gave to him a ship of fame;

Farewell, farewell to you Lord Bateman,

I'm afraid I ne'er shall see you again." *C. Eng. B. S.*



And before seven years have an end,  
Come back again love and marry me."

Now seven long years are gone and past,  
And sore she long'd her love to see ;  
For ever a voice, within her breast,  
Said " Beichan has broken his vow to thee."  
So she's set her foot on the good ship board,  
And turned her back on her own countrie. <sup>1</sup>

She sailed east, she sailed west,  
Till to fair England's shore came she ;  
Where a bonnie shepherd she espied  
Feeding his sheep upon the lea.

" What news, what news, thou bonnie shepherd ?  
What news hast thou to tell to me ?"  
" Such news I hear ladye," he said—  
The like was never in this countrie."

There is a wedding in yonder hall,  
[I hear the sound of the minstrelsie,]  
But young Lord Beichan slights his bride,  
For love of one that's ayond the sea." <sup>2</sup>

She's putten her hand in her pocket,  
Gi'en him the gold and white monie ;  
" Here take ye that my bonnie boy,  
For the good news thou tell'st to me."

When she came to Lord Beichan's gate,  
She tirl'd softly at the pin ;  
And ready was the proud warder  
To open and let this ladye in.

When she came to Lord Beichan's castle,  
So boldly she rang the bell—

<sup>1</sup> She pack'd up all her gay cloathing,  
And swore Lord Bateman she would go see." *Ibid.*

<sup>2</sup> In Jamieson's copy, we are told that the wedding "Has lasted thirty days and three." But this does not agree with the porter's saying in a subsequent verse, "This is the day of his weddin." I have therefore inserted the passage in brackets to make the story more consistent.

“ Who’s there, who’s there, cried the proud porter,  
 “ Who’s there, unto me come tell.”

“ O is this lord Beichan’s castle,  
 Or is that noble lord within ? ”  
 “ Yea he is in the hall among them all,  
 And this is the day of his weddin.”

“ And has he wed anither love—  
 And has he clean forgotten me ? ”  
 And sighing said that ladye gay,  
 “ I wish I was in my own countrie.”

And she has ta’en her gay gold ring,  
 That with her love she brake so free ;  
 “ Gie him that ye proud porter,  
 And bid the bridegroom speak to me.

Tell him to send me a slice of bread,  
 And a cup of blood red wine,  
 And not to forget the fair young lady  
 That did release him out of pine.”<sup>1</sup>

Away, and away went the proud porter,  
 Away, and away, and away went he,  
 Until he came to Lord Beichan’s presence—  
 Down he fell on his bended knee.  
 “ What aileth thee, my proud porter,  
 Thou art so full of courtesie.”

I’ve been porter at your gates—  
 Its thirty long years now and three,  
 But there stands a ladye at them now,  
 The like of her I ne’er did see.”

For on every finger she has a ring.  
 And on her mid-finger she has three ;

<sup>1</sup> *Pine*—Saxon, *grief*.

“ Well I wote that in this world gret *pine* is.”

*Chaucer. The Knight’s Tale*, line 1326.

“ who coude suppose

The wo that in min herte was and the *pine* ?

*Chaucer. Wif of Bathe*, line 6369.



And as much gay gold above her brow  
 As would an earldom buy to me :  
 And as much gay cloathing round about her  
 As would buy all Northumberlea.”<sup>1</sup>

Its out then spak the bride’s mother—  
 Aye and an angry woman was she—  
 “Ye might have excepted the bonnie bride,  
 And two or three of our companie.”

“O hold your tongue ye silly frow,  
 Of all your folly let me be ;  
 She’s ten times fairer than the bride,  
 And all that’s in your companie.

She asks one sheave of my lord’s white bread,  
 And a cup of his red, red wine ;  
 And to remember the ladye’s love,  
 That kindly freed him out of pine.”

Lord Beichan then in a passion flew,  
 And broke his sword in splinters three ;  
 “O well a day” did Beichan say,  
 “That I so soon have married thee—  
 For it can be none but dear Saphia,  
 That’s cross’d the deep for love of me.”<sup>2</sup>

And quickly hied he down the stair,  
 Of fifteen steps he made but three ;  
 He’s ta’en his bonnie love in his arms,  
 And kist, and kist her tenderly.

“O have ye taken another bride,  
 And have ye quite orgotten me ?  
 And have ye quite forgotten one  
 That gave you life and liberty.”

<sup>1</sup> Northumberlea—this is for the sake of the rhyme. In the ballad as *originally* written I think it probable that *all* the verses terminated in such syllables as *lea*, *ie*, *ee*, &c. &c. This verse was a particular favourite with the late Allan Cunningham, who would often quote it to his friends ; he has introduced it in his beautiful prose tale of “Gowden Gibbie.”

<sup>2</sup> “I will give all my father’s riches,  
 That if Sophia has cross’d the sea.” *C. Eng. B. S. Lord Bateman.*

She looked o'er her left shoulder,  
To hide the tears stood in her ee ;  
"Now fare-thee-well young Beichan," she says,  
"I'll try to think no more on thee."

"O never, never my Saphia,  
For surely this can never be ;  
Nor ever shall I wed but her  
That's done and dreed so much for me."

Then out and spake the forenoon bride,  
"My Lord your love it changeth soon ;  
This morning I was made your bride,  
And another's chose, ere it be noon."

"O sorrow not, thou forenoon bride,  
Our hearts could ne'er united be ;  
Ye must return to your own countrie,  
A double dower I'll send with thee."

And up and spake the young bride's mother,  
Who never was heard to speak so free—  
"And so you treat my only daughter,  
Because Saphia has cross'd the sea."

"I own I made a bride of your daughter,  
She ne'er a whit the worse can be,  
She came to me with her horse and saddle,  
She may go back in her coach and three."

He's ta'en Saphia by the white hand,  
And gently led her up and down ;  
And aye as he kist her rosy lips,  
"Ye're welcome dear one to your own."

He's ta'en her by the milk white hand  
And led her to yon fountain stane ;<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> By "*fountain stane*" is meant one of those natural rocky basins, which the early British christians consecrated as baptisteries, and dedicated to the Virgin, or some of the saints. Converts from heathenism were not allowed to enter the churches, unless the rite of baptism by immersion had been previously submitted to at these sacred wells. The "*Ladye wells*" mentioned in the first volume of the Table Book, were of the same description.

Her name he's changed from Saphia,  
And he's called his bonnie love Lady Jane.

Lord Beichan prepared another marriage,  
And sang with heart so full of glee,  
"I'll range no more in foreign countries,  
Now since my love has cross'd the sea."

## THE VICAR OF WOODHORN.

(FROM THE "IMPERIAL MAGAZINE.")

"They are not there ! by the dear hearth  
That once beheld their harmless mirth.  
Where is the glow it used to wear ?  
'Tis felt no more—they are not there !"



THE village of Woodhorn stands near the sea-shore, on the coast of Northumberland. The vicarage of this parish, half a century ago, was the residence of the Rev. Mr. LATTON and his family. My mother was then a young girl, the daughter of respectable parents ; but the youngest of a numerous family, and not above holding the situation of child's-maid in a clergyman's house.

On being married, she lived to preside long as a help-meet to her pious husband, at the head of their own numerous household,—was placed over many servants,—and after having set an example to hand-maids, she became also a model for mistresses. Having tended some of the vicar's children in their infancy, and been the companion of their elder sisters ; and being kindly regarded by them and their parents in return, she felt ever after much interested in their history, and retained a fond recollection of the spot which had been the scene of many an innocent gambol in the season of juvenile hilarity. I also have felt an interest in their history, for that mother's sake ; and have visited Woodhorn upon no other errand than to see the parsonage house, where she was once an inmate, and peep into the window of the church where Mr. Latton used to preach, and try to identify the pew in which his family sat, well knowing that my mother had been



there. I have ranged among the tombstones,—read the epitaphs she used so often to read,—and noticed some of a later date than 1777, which are now looking old and green, though they had not been erected at the period to which I refer.

The reader will excuse this apostrophe to the memory of an excellent parent ; and in resuming the thread of our story, in reference to the clergyman of Woodhorn, and his rural congregation of fifty years ago, our charitable feelings might lead us to adopt the glowing language of a female writer (Mary Anne Browne, author of “*Mont Blanc*,” &c.) of much pathos and fluency, who has already furnished us with a motto :—

“Where are they then ?—Oh ! past away,  
Like blossoms, withered in a day !  
Or, as the waves go swiftly by,  
Or, as the lightnings leave the sky :  
But still there is a land of rest,  
Still hath it room for many a guest,  
Still is it free from strife and care ;—  
And ’tis our hope that they are there !”

How short and uncertain is the tenure upon which human life is held ! What a train of important changes takes place within the period we have named ! How small the remnant who now survive of the cheerful population of Woodhorn half a century ago ! The young of that day, who may yet be living, how altered ! whilst of the old it may be asserted, that, without exception, they have gone down to the grave, or have been engulfed in the ocean. Some of the Vicar’s family are amongst the survivors, though long since removed from the scene of their youthful enjoyments. I have been gratified by a correspondence with one of his daughters, though scarcely less altered in circumstances by misfortune, than changed in person by the lapse of time. Her letters are now before me, in some of which she feelingly alludes to the period of juvenile and innocent pleasure, spent under the roof of indulgent parents, and amid the endearments of an affectionate family.

“There” she says, “how often, on a fine evening, have I enjoyed from the vicarage windows, the soothing prospect of a tranquil sea, with a fleet of merchant ships sleeping on its breast ;—or the orb of night rising from her oozy bed, and shedding her mild lustre on the glowing main ; and at other times, sauntering on the beach, have marked the flowing or receding tide, and have been pleased with the rippling of the murmuring waters.” And when at other seasons, as would frequently be the case, the watery element, roused by storms, put on a frowning aspect ; and the yawning deep engulfed the

hapless mariner, or the resistless billows dashed his little bark upon the rugged shore ;—when the neighbouring beach presented to the agonised view of humanity the appalling prospect of wrecked vessels and dead carcasses ;—these disasters afforded an occasion for the exercise of hospitality towards survivors, and sympathy for suffering fellow-creatures : thus whilst the father was endeared to his family by acts of beneficence, home was rendered more than usually comfortable, by contrasting with an exposure to the boisterous elements, the snug enjoyments of the parsonage-house.

The vicar was descended from an ancient and honourable family ; his ancestors were amongst that band of warriors who assisted in placing William of Normandy on the throne of England ; and in the church of —, in Surrey, where most of them have been interred, a number of their monuments may still be seen. His father, about the year 1752, was ambassador from this country to Algiers ; a bishop stood sponsor at his own baptism ; and the living he afterwards enjoyed was in consequence of a promise made at his christening !

Though vicar of Woodhorn, and minister of St. Michael's, Felton, Mr. Latton's situation, considering the rank of his family, might be deemed humble enough ; and his not enjoying more of the affluence in which he had been brought up, was owing to his having forfeited his father's good-will by marrying without his consent, and in consequence losing his fellowship at college, and ruining his prospects of dignity in the church.

A minister in the established church is a highly influential character. What comes from the accredited clergy of the country, is accompanied with a sanction which the best disposed ministers out of the pale of episcopacy cannot command. They may always be respected ; and if inclined to do good, almost uniformly useful.

But unfortunately Mr. Latton was one of those, who, whilst they give moderate attention to their official duties, and secure the good-will of their parishioners, indulge in worldly amusements to an extent which is inconsistent with their sacred functions. Often have the horse and hounds waited at the vicarage gate, whilst the master went through his morning devotions ; and in greyhound coursing, the elder daughters were sometimes permitted to accompany their father, and participate in the sports of the field. Hunting was not the only amusement in which the vicar delighted ; he was also unhappily fond of horse-racing.—Newbiggin-near-the-sea is within a mile of Woodhorn ; and, as may be inferred from its appellation, lies close to the ocean. On the moor adjacent to the former village, Newbiggin races used to be held ; and it was here that poor Mr. L. literally “ finished his course,” for whilst, accompanied by some of his family, he indulged



in a visit to the turf, he was either knocked down on the race-course, or seized by a mortal disease: the former I believe was the fact, and a very few days terminated his existence.

Mrs. Latton long survived her lamented husband; but under different circumstances from those to which she had been accustomed. No longer the mistress of the parsonage house, with an ample provision for her numerous family, she occupied a less congenial habitation: and though by no means destitute, felt herself more dependent upon her friends, and was destined to bear an accumulation of personal affliction, and the infirmities incident to old age, during a lengthened widowhood. Yet it was in this period of her life that she had the satisfaction of proving more than ever, the unbounded affection of her eldest daughter.

Whilst her other children, one after another, were married, and settled at a distance from the paternal roof, Sarah Latton remained the constant nurse, and only guardian, of her beloved mother;—and that mother was at once the subject of corporeal and mental affliction, being blind and infirm in body, and also visited with imbecility and aberration of mind! There is something peculiarly affecting in that last sad stage of human life which is called dotage, and which may be termed second childhood. So utterly helpless was Mrs. Latton become, as to require the incessant attendance of her affectionate daughter, and so much was she the prey of mental disease, as sometimes to forget her relationship to her own child, and even to call her “mother!”—at length she expired in her arms.

When this event took place, Miss Latton found her utmost exertions necessary to accomplish her mother’s request to be buried by the side of her husband; for the place was distant. She, however, availed herself of an occasion for visiting the spot where the dust of her ancestors had been deposited,—and while viewing their pompous monuments, felt the contrast between their former circumstances and her present condition;—but she enjoyed the grateful reflection that she had impoverished herself in supplying the wants, or in augmenting the comforts, of an aged parent:—she felt also, that she was the last of the LATTONS,—and the name, as regards that family, has now become extinct!

Reader, thou hast been perusing a tale from real life; expect not, then, a romantic catastrophe. Nothing perhaps very wonderful attended the subject of my story, yet certainly enough to furnish some useful morals. We have already had occasion to contemplate human life as precarious; we may also be led to view old age as calamitous; and when we see (as I have seen) the grand-daughter of a British Ambassador, and the child of a beneficed clergyman,



reduced to a state of almost destitution, one may learn not to be too much in love with the transitory honours of this world, "nor trust in uncertain riches."

JOSEPH RIDLEY.

Hexham, Oct. 17th, 1829.



LUMLEY CASTLE, EAST FRONT (1840).

### The Lumley Family.

THE antiquity of the Lumley family is very great: according to Camden, Dugdale, and other writers, it has descended from Liulph, a nobleman of high rank in the time of Edward the Confessor. King James being once on a visit at Lumley castle, a relation of the house proceeded to give his majesty a genealogical detail of Lord Lumley's progenitors, and attempted to deduce their origin from a period so remote as to exceed all credibility. The king, whose patience was quite exhausted, stopped short the genealogist by saying, "O mon, gang no farther; let me digest this knowledge I ha' gained; for, by my saul, *I did no ken that Adam's name was Lumley.*"

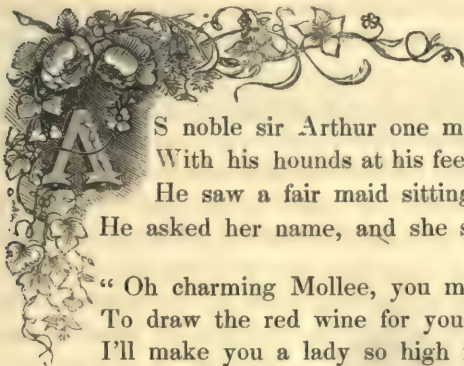
The motto of the house of Lumley is worthy of a race of undoubtedly remote descent: *Murus aneus conscientia sana*;—a guileless conscience is a wall of brass.—*Rose's Top.*

## SIR ARTHUR AND CHARMING MOLLEE.

## A Northumbrian Ballad.



THE following ballad has been obligingly communicated to our pages, by Robert Chambers, esq., of Edinburgh, one of the editors of "Chambers' Journal," and author of "Traditions of Edinburgh," and several other deservedly popular Antiquarian works. It was taken down by his sister, from the recitation of a Northumberland lady. Our correspondent, Mr. James Henry Dixon, of Tollington Park, Middlesex, is of opinion that the composition is not older than the time of the Commonwealth, and that the "Sir Arthur" is no less a personage than Sir Arthur Haslerigg, the Governor of Tynemouth Castle, and of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, during the protectorate of Cromwell. The "sword by his side," seems to imply that the hero was a *military* personage. As Sir Arthur was one of the 'Bray' school of politicians, it is not improbable, (if Mr. Dixon's conjecture is correct), that *after* he turned Royalist, some of his old Cromwellian friends, well acquainted with his private life and amours, may have written the ballad as a *jeu d'esprit*.



S noble sir Arthur one morning did ride,  
With his hounds at his feet, and his sword by his side,  
He saw a fair maid sitting under a tree,  
He asked her name, and she said 'twas Mollee.

"Oh charming Mollee, you my butler shall be,  
To draw the red wine for yourself and for me!  
I'll make you a lady so high in degree,  
If you will but love me, my charming Mollee?"

I'll give you fine ribbons, I'll give you fine rings,  
I'll give you fine jewells, and many fine things,  
I'll give you a petticoat, flounced to the knee,  
If you will but love me, my charming Mollee?"

" I'll have none of your ribbons, and none of your rings,  
None of your jewells, and other fine things,  
And I've *got* a petticoat suits my degree,  
And I'll ne'er love a married man till his wife dee."

" Oh charming Mollee lend me then your penknife,  
And I will go home, and I'll kill my own wife ;  
I'll kill my own wife, and my bairnies three,  
If you will but love me, my charming Mollee."

" Oh noble sir Arthur, it must not be so,  
Go home to your wife, and let nobody know ;  
For seven long years, I will wait upon thee,  
But I'll ne'er love a married man till his wife dee."

Now seven long years are gone and are past,<sup>1</sup>  
The old woman went to her long home at last ;  
The old woman died, and sir Arthur was free,  
And he soon came a courting to charming Mollee.

Now charming Mollee in her carriage doth ride,  
With her hounds at her feet, and her lord by her side :<sup>2</sup>  
" Now all ye fair maids take a warning by me,  
And ne'er love a married man till his wife dee."

<sup>1</sup> This line occurs in the ballad of " Lord Beichan," from which we may infer that that ballad was popular, and well known in Northumberland, when " Sir Arthur and Charming Mollee " was written.

<sup>2</sup> It should probably be " with her *dogs* " meaning Blenheim or King Charles's spaniels. In the reign of the " merry monarch " one of the distinguishing marks of aristocracy was to be attended by two or three of these beautiful little creatures which were then first introduced into this country from Spain, and fetched an immense price.





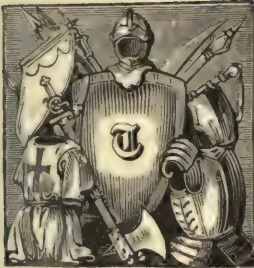
## LEGENDS OF KING ARTHUR

AND OF

## SEWINGSHIELDS.

Lone caves, yet rife  
 With airy images, and shapes which dwell  
 Still unimpaired though old.—

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE, CANTO III. ST. V.



THE days are gone by, when tales of enchantment and of dark mystery held an unbroken sway over the mind. "They live no longer in the faith of reason." The extension of a brighter knowledge has narrowed the sphere of their influence, and compelled them to forego the bondage in which they enchained the faculties of all. But their vestiges are not yet effaced. They still linger in those sequestered haunts, whose very loneliness and absence from human abodes, appear from the awe they impress upon rude minds, to have concurred to the production of their marvellous and wild incidents. There they still survive, and though divested of much of their ancient power over the human intellect, they impart to the desolate scenes, round which the memory of the exertion of more than mortal agency yet hangs, a darker and more solemn tone.

A "gloomy presence saddens all the scene,  
 Shades every flower, and darkens every green,  
 Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,  
 And breathes a browner horror on the woods." \*

The same genial cause which has dispelled the darker features of those popular tales, has also contributed to extract their malignancy. No longer surrounded by the universal imbecility of an uncultivated age they brood as an incubus of terror over the minds of the abject and enslaved, or serve as powerful instruments for designing men to rivet the fetters of ignorance and superstition. They have higher purposes to fulfil in the ameliorated influence they exercise over the imaginations of those who still own their power to fascinate and gratify. Under this aspect they may be compared to the hoar-frost, that in the diminished temperature of the evening has fallen within the

recesses of the hills, which if enveloped by a rigorous atmosphere, blights and chills the plant which its elegant chrySTALLIZATION seemed to ornament and beautify, but if touched and gently dissipated by the cheering sunbeam, it "leaves a saving moisture at the root," to quicken and refresh. In their native sites they form the stirring theme, with which the swain strives to diversify his unvaried round of labour

——— "and make the destined road of life  
Delightful to his feet."

They are the tales "to childhood dear," at which the youthful imagination "lights its lamp"—and by whose animating incentives, the spirit of unquenchable research is aroused, which will neither flag nor tire, till the more than magical wonders of literature and of science, unfold their "silver lining" to the light—the high results of its ardour. From them genius has drawn some of her finest inspirations—to them poetry has owed most exquisite effusions. They have come over the mind "like a happy breeze touching the wires of an Æolian harp, and calling forth the most ravishing melody!"\*

At the head of the array of legends that owe their celebrity to their supernatural machinery, stands that of King Arthur. The popularity which the romantic details of his actions—the feats of his chivalrous courtiers—and the improprieties of his faithless queen, obtained in ages, in which we are apt to imagine the intercourse between different nations very unfrequent; is such as appears scarcely credible. According to Alanus de Insulis, who was born in 1109, the fame of Arthur in his time had become unbounded. "Who does not speak of him," "he says," he is even more known in Asia than in Britain, as our pilgrims returning from the east assure us; both east and west talk of him; Egypt and the Bosphorus are not silent; Antioch, Armenia, Palestine, celebrates his deeds."†

But the fame of the mighty acts of Arthur was more than equalled by the extraordinary mystery in which his death was involved. Fatally wounded, it is said, in battle, with his rebellious subjects, headed by his ungrateful nephew Modred,—the fairy Morgana, who had long cherished an attachment to him, had him conveyed into Fairy-land, there to re-infuse the fast-ebbing stream of life, and win by her attentions, his grateful affections. Thence at some indefinite period, when the whole land shall groan under oppression;—

"And through the realm gaunt kings and chiefs shall ride,  
Wading through floods of carnage bridle deep;"‡

\* Robert Heron. † Apud Turner's History of the Anglo Saxons, Vol. 1.

‡ Finlay's Wallace.

she shall again restore him at the head of the "dark warriors" of the Cymry, to avenge the wrongs of Britain.

This tale so well fitted to ensure the approbation of the people, to whom the vast labours his energetic mind had surmounted, had appeared more than mortal, seems to have been propagated soon after the assigned era of his life \* Taliessin the chief and most learned of the British Bards, who flourished in the sixth century, warmed while he sung the captivating strain. It opened to him visions of the future glory of the country he loved so well, and unfolded retributive vengeance poured upon the ruthless Saxon invaders, the progress of whose irresistible torrents, bravery, patriotism, and military skill, strove ineffectually to withstand. Myrzin the Caledonian in his prophetic song announced "the coming again of Arthur, monarch of the warlike host." The Welsh clung to the tale for ages, with that fond affection towards the renown derived from past events, which misfortune leads nations as well as individuals to cherish. "If you do not believe me," says Alanus de Insulis, speaking of the popular view of the matter, "go into Bretagne, [a colony of the ancient Britons] and mention it in the streets or villages that Arthur is really dead like other men, you will not escape with impunity; you will be either hooted with the curses of your hearers or be stoned to death." †

While such was the interest attached to Arthur's fate, it became an essential enquiry, as to the region in which he and his faithful followers lie slumbering under the protracted night of enchantment,

————— "a mournful company  
Their features full of life though motionless" ‡

and in what scene posterity shall behold his reanimation,—and the august array of the warriors of other times, issuing to conquest and triumph. This, however, is almost as shifting as the many-coloured legend to which his renown has given birth. Giraldus Cambrensis, indeed relates, that in 1189, the bones of the hero were sought for and discovered, in the Abbey of Glastonbury. But tradition has paid little regard to a fact of which it appears the historian might say "magna pass fui." § The name of Arthur had been too long a household word in the various sections of the island; he had become the actor in too many a localized tale of enchantment, to be supplanted by the

\* The era which Turner prefers is one not before 528.

† Vide Turner's History of the Anglo Saxons, Vol. I. whence the preceding information is principally derived.

‡ Rogers's Italy.

§ "Part of which I was." Giraldus, it seems, was present at the exhumation, and beheld the wondrous disclosures made. See Turner's Hist. Ang. Sax. and the Gentleman's Magazine for 1842.



story of a monk who lived six centuries after his reputed death, from the haunts on which his revered presence had conferred a portion of his own glory. Indeed, it would be a matter somewhat difficult, to account for the many different localities that bear witness to this hero's charmed fate. One reason of their number may be, that the fiction of enchantment was not new, as respects him. It may have formed the basis of some more ancient tale, of which his surpassing excellence usurped the fame and disinherited the actors. In this manner Thomas of Ercildoune became the representative of Merlin's prophetic skill, while in some parts of Scotland, Peden the covenant-er, as yet an unpoetic name, has cast both into the shade. The legend is too extensively diffused to be otherwise regarded, than as the fragment of some pre-existing opinion. The marked coincidence between the tale of Arthur, and those of other lands, is sufficient to testify to its remote original. We find the whole circumstances of the narrative in the marvellous account of the "seven men who sleep, and long have slept, in a den, under a cliff of ocean, in the uttermost parts of Germany, where there is snow all the summer-time, and in the winter, though men see the light of the sun, yet the sun is not seen ! All men may see them there ; they are sound in body ; their colour is not changed ; neither do their garments wax old ; and therefore the people hold them in great worship and reverence. A covetous wretch once attempted to strip one of them of his clothing, and his impious arm was dried up in the attempt." \* There is also a wonderful resemblance between the story of Arthur's future appearance, and an opinion prevalent among the early Christians, respecting a very different character—the detestable Nero. It is told by Lactantius. "The Tyrant, as he was dispossessed of the Empire, so he disappeared all of the sudden, nor is there so much as the least remembrance left of the burial place of that brutal prince. But some have from hence taken up a very foolish imagination, of his being translated, and of his being preserved alive in some other region ; which they found on some words of the Sybil, that mentions a murderer of his mother that had fled away, but that should return again ; and they fancy, that as he was the *first*, who *persecuted the Christians*, so he shall be likewise the last of their *persecutors* ; and that he is to appear again immediately before the coming of *Antichrist*, and they judge \* \* \* likewise that *Nero* shall appear as the forerunner of the *Devil*, who must make way for him, who is to bring a strange desolation upon earth, and destruction upon all mankind." † This being the general

\* Annual Review for 1804.

† A Relation of the Death of the Primitive Persecutors, written originally in Latin by

belief in such statements, we need not admire, that in the native country of Arthur, assisted by the strong tendency of mankind to connect those events that give an extraordinary exercise to their sympathies, with the scenes of their passing existence, the locality of his final history became widely and variously assigned. We may allow to the Welsh, the merit of the original draft of the story, provided they claim no monopoly. The legend has been well portrayed. "In the cavern under the hazel tree on Craigy Dinas, king Arthur and all his knights are lying asleep in a circle; their heads outward; every one in his armour, his sword and spear and shield by him; ready to be taken up whenever the Black Eagle and the Golden Eagle shall go to war, and make the earth tremble with their affray; so that the caverns shall be shaken, and the bell ring, and the sleepers be wakened and come forth."\* Again, we find his warriors, each beside his coal black steed, immured in "Eildon's caverns vast." Leyden has sung of them. Scott had written of them before *Waverley* saw the light.† "Some reliques of the ancient lay," are referred to the dreary dungeon over which Fast Castle (the presumed Wolf's Crag of Romance) frowns in solitary and desolate grandeur, and

"eternally  
Holds its blind visage out to the lone sea."

On the coast of Northumberland, which is more immediately our present theme, it is not unknown on "Dunstanborough's caverned shore," but the more particular details of its history have settled down upon the ruined strength of Sewingshields, and mingled their interesting bewitchery with the shadows of its basaltic crags, in whose pillars, the evidence of the exertion of a power even more gigantic and dreadful, than the utmost prowess of enchantment, stands for ever memorialized.‡

The Northumbrian legends on the topic of Arthur vary in several interesting particulars, but all of them are accompanied with such strong features of affinity, that they may be easily reduced to one primeval type, which time, accident, and the opposite characters of relators have contributed to diversify. They bear the most fraternal likeness to the German and Welsh narratives already cited, and to those variations of the tale preserved in other districts, to which reference has been made. An outline of the scene, which in traditionary record they have rendered famous, will serve to place those legends in

L. C. F. Lactantius. Englished by Gilbert Burnet, D. D. Amsterdam, printed by J. S. 1687. Chap. 2. p. 59. 60.

\* Annual Review for 1804 of Sir W. Scott's *Sir Tristrem*.

† See the Introduction to the later editions of *Waverley*.

‡ The allusion is to the volcanic nature of basalt and other trap rocks.



their most favourable point of view, and will the better exhibit their more prominent characteristics.

Sewingshields lies between the Roman Wall and the military road, near the 28th mile-stone from Newcastle, and at the western extremity of Warden parish. Of Sewingshields castle, Mr. Hodgson informs us,\* “a square, low, lumpy mass of ruins, overgrown with nettles, still remains. Its site is on the end of a dry ridge, and overlooked from the south by the basaltic cliffs, along the brow of which the Roman Wall was built. There are also some traces of trenches near it; and on one side it has a sike, and on the other, flat, swampy ground extends a long way to the east; but to the north and west, the surface is thrown into dry gentle hills and ridges, with intervening bogs.” “Near the farm-house of Sewingshields, several basaltic columns rose very proudly and remarkably in the front of the high and rugged cliff that The Wall has traversed, and one of these in particular, was called by some, *King Arthur*, and by others *King Ethel’s Chair*.† It was a single, many-sided shaft, about ten feet high, and had a natural seat on its top, like a chair with a back; but was most wantonly overturned a few years since by a mischievous lad, well known in the neighbourhood, but unworthy of punishment by the mention of his name. Vulgar malignity loves to torment the orderly and ingenuous, by destroying works which time has sanctified and rendered objects of their veneration.

“Though the history of Sewingshields castle is blended with legends of British days, its size never entitled it to a higher name than a

\* Hist. Northd. Pt. ii. Vol. III.

† Others of the natural curule seats of monarchs in former times may be here alluded to. On the summit of a green hill in the vicinity of the unpretending hamlet of Humbleton near Wooler, there is pointed out an eminence whereon a king sat, and viewed his army fighting in the valley below, for adds the legend it “was the custom for king’s in those days to sit.” A similar chair exists on Twinlaw, one of the Lammermuir range, in Berwickshire—a hill celebrated in the tradionary annals of fraternal discord. (Statist. Acct. of Scotland, Parish of Westruther). The unfortunate James IV. of Scotland, occupied a kindred position during a part of the fatal day of Flodden-field, and posterity, with true attachment to a theme so melancholy, still “offer to the passing stranger’s gaze,” the *King’s Chair*. “It is,” says Wallis (Vol. ii. p. 471) “a natural rock, on the highest part of Flodden hill, from which he had a good view of his own, and of the English army, and of the country round him.” Arthur’s seat near Edinburgh, has also its tradition of this class. But on this subject it would be prosaic to insist. It has been “married to immortal verse.”

“A king sate on the rocky brow  
Which looks o’er sea-born Salamis;  
And ships, by thousands, lay below,  
And men in nations:—all were his!  
He counted them at break of day—  
And when the sun set where were they?” BYRON.



tower, of which description of border strengths many were much more formidable than this.\* But as its tale belongs to times nearer the Romans, than these degenerate days, we will enshrine it here within the sound of Roman trumpets, and in sight of the armies of the Mistress of the World, as they make their well-defended marches from sea to sea. For the broad outline of the story, I am indebted to the enquiries and graphic pen of Miss Carlyle, of Carlisle: for parts of its detail and colouring to old inhabitants of the neighbourhood.

"Immemorial tradition has asserted that king Arthur, his queen Guenever, court of lords and ladies, and his hounds, were enchanted in some cave of the crags, or in a hall below the castle of Sewingshields, and would continue entranced there till some one should first blow a bugle horn that laid on a table near the entrance into the hall, and then, with "the sword of stone," cut a garter also placed there beside it. But none had ever heard where the entrance to this enchanted hall was, till the farmer at Sewingshields, about 50 years since, was sitting knitting on the ruins of the castle, and his clew fell, and ran downwards through a rush of briars and nettles, as he supposed, into a deep subterranean passage. Full in the faith, that the entrance into king Arthur's hall was now discovered, he cleared

\* The picture which the survey of Sir Robert Bowes, and Sir Ralph Elleker, in 1542, (Hodgson's Northd. Part iii. Vol. II.) gives of Sewingshields, and the neighbouring territory is too curious, and too strikingly illustrative of the uncivilized, lawless, and unsettled state of that part of the country, at the period to which it relates, to be here omitted. The castle was then the property of John Heron of Chipchase, and was found "in great decaye both in the roofes and floores." While the peel-house was thus dilapidated, the extensive grounds of the attached demesne, (fitted says the record "eyther for corne or pasture") to which it might have afforded a protection, were in an equally deserted and unoccupied condition. "Both the said house and groundes lye waste and unplenyshed at this presente." And there was sufficient reason for both remaining "dyssolate and waste." For such was the lamentable state of that "wylde" country, that the "true poore men that got their lyvinge, eyther by labour in husbandrye, or by pasturage of their cattall," had so great dread of the "thieves" of Liddisdale and Tyndale on the one hand, and of those of Gilsland and Bewcastle on the other, who made this district "a Goole (qu? open, from *goulet* Fr. a strait, a hole?) passage, and common entry" to their spoil, that none of them could be induced to "aventure theyr lyves, bodies, and goodes in suche remote houses where small relefe can come to them in theyr extreme necessityes." To give warning of these inroads, and for the better preservation of the whole Border from "thieves and spoylles," Sir Cuthbert Radclyffe, deputy warden of the East Marches "devysed" a watch to be "suerly kepte endlonge all the mydle marches." Amongst other places of more conspicuous merit, two watchmen were appointed to "stand at the Sewynge shealles cragge," from "the sonne sett untill the sonne aryse," "upon payne for every defaulte to forfeite vj<sup>s</sup> viij<sup>d</sup>." And in order that no one should protect his own or his neighbours property unremunerated, each man's services were rated "at a iiij<sup>d</sup> for a nyghte." Whether from this wise measure, it resulted that this "troubulous quarter" was "stablyshed in better order," the document does not specify.

the briary portal of its weeds and rubbish, and entering a vaulted passage, followed in his darkling way the thread of his clew. The floor was infested with toads and lizards: and the dark wings of bats, disturbed by his unhallowed intrusion, flitted fearfully around him. At length his sinking faith was strengthened by a dim, distant light, which, as he advanced, grew gradually brighter, till all at once, he entered a vast and vaulted hall, in the centre of which a fire without fuel, from a broad crevice in the floor, blazed with a high and lambent flame, that showed all the carved walls, and fretted roof, and the monarch, and his queen and court, reposing around in a theatre of thrones and costly couches. On the floor, beyond the fire, lay the faithful and deep-toned pack of thirty couple of hounds; and on a table before it, the spell-dissolving horn, sword, and garter. The shepherd reverently, but firmly, grasped the sword, and as he drew it leisurely from its rusty scabbard, the eyes of the monarch and his courtiers began to open, and they rose till they sat upright. He cut the garter; and, as the sword was being slowly sheathed, the spell assumed its antient power, and they all gradually sunk to rest; but not before the monarch lifted up his eyes and hands, and exclaimed,

“O woe betide that evil day,

On which this witless wight was born,

Who drew the sword—the garter cut,

But never blew the bugle horn!”

“Of this favourite tradition the most remarkable variation is respecting the place where the farmer descended. Some say that after the king’s denunciation, Terror brought on loss of memory, and he was unable to give any correct account of his adventure, or the place where it occurred. But all agree that Mrs. Spearman, the wife of another and more recent occupier of the estate, had a dream, in which she saw a rich hoard of treasure among the ruins of the castle; and that for many days together she stood over workmen employed in searching for it, but without success.”

The version of the story that has fallen under our notice, has less of the “pomp of sceptred State,” than the preceding, and has evidently inherited from a baser original, but its verity is not the less to be depended upon.

A shepherd one day, in quest of a strayed sheep, on the crags, suddenly had his attention aroused, by the scene around him assuming an appearance he had never before witnessed. There seemed to be about it a more than wonted vividness, and such a deep solemnity hung over its aspect, that its features became as it were palpably impressed upon his mind. While he was musing on this unexpected occurrence, his steps were arrested by a ball of thread. This



he laid hold of, and pursuing the path it pointed out, found it led into a cavern, in the recesses of which, as the guiding line used by miners in their explorations of devious passages, it appeared to lose itself. As he approached, he felt perforce constrained to follow the strange conductor, that had so marvellously come into his hands. After passing through a long and dreary vestibule, he was ushered into an apartment in the interior. An immense fire blazed on the hearth, and cast its broad flashes with a wild—unearthly glare, to the remotest corner of the chamber. Over it was placed a huge caldron, as if preparations were being made for a feast on an extensive scale. Two hounds lay couchant on either side of the fire-place, in the stillness of unbroken slumber. The only remarkable piece of furniture in the apartment was a table, covered with green cloth.\* At the head of the table, a being considerably advanced in years, of a dignified mien, and clad in the habiliments of war, sat, as it were fast asleep, in an arm-chair. At the other end of the table lay a horn and a sword. Notwithstanding these signs of life, throughout the chamber there prevailed a dread silence, the very feeling of which made the shepherd reflect that he had advanced beyond the limits of human experience, and that he was now in the presence of objects that belonged more to death than to life! The very idea made his flesh creep. He however had the fortitude left, to advance to the table and lift the horn. The hounds pricked up their ears most fearfully, and the grisly veteran “started up on his elbow,” and raising his half unwilling eyes, told the staggered hind, that if he would blow the horn and draw the sword, he would confer upon him the honours of knighthood, to last through time. But such unheard of dignities from a source so ghastly, either met with no appreciation from the awe-stricken swain, or the terror of finding himself alone in the company it might be of malignant phantoms, who were only tempting him to his ruin, became too urgent to be resisted, and therefore proposing to divide the peril with a comrade, he groped his darkling way, as best his quaking limbs could support him, back to the “blessed” daylight. On his return with a reinforcement of strength and courage, all traces of the former scene had disappeared; the crags presented their usual cheerful and quiet aspect; and every

\* This piece of domestic garniture, perhaps now confined to the “pauperum tabernas,” was once deemed not inappropriate to statelier abodes. In the inventory of Sir William Hilton, of Hilton, Knt., 7 Oct., 1600, at Hilton, we are presented with the following gratifying glimpse of the detail of a very important department in the mansions of those times. “In the Parlour: one olde large table, with a *grene clothe*; xviii buffit stooles; an olde chare; three litle formes of firdale; 4 tables with armes: a litle liverie cupborde; a pair of virginals.” (Surtees’ Durham, Vol. ii. p. 34.) This was the sum total!



vestige of the opening of a cavern was obliterated. Thus failed another of the repeated opportunities, for releasing the spell-bound king of Britain from the "charmed sleep of ages." Within his rocky chamber, he still sleeps on, as tradition tells, till the appointed hour, or if invited by his enchantress to participate in the illusions of the fairy festival, it has charms for him no longer. "Wasted with care," he sits besides her—the banquet untasted—the pageantry unmarked,

—————"by constraint  
Her guest, and from his native land withheld  
By sad necessity."\*

The groundwork of this legend, says Sir Walter Scott, "is a tradition common to all nations, as the belief of the Mahomedans respecting their twelve Imaums demonstrates. It is found with several variations, in many parts of Scotland and England; the scene is sometimes laid in some favourite glen of the Highlands, sometimes in the deep coal-mines of Northumberland and Cumberland, which run so far beneath the ocean. It is also to be found in Reginald Scott's book on Witchcraft, which was written in the sixteenth century. It would be in vain to ask what was its origin. The choice between the horn and sword may, perhaps, include as a moral, that it is fool-hardy to awaken danger before we have arms in our hands to resist it."

J. HARDY.

\* Cowper's *Homer's Odyssey*.



THE

## MATCHLESSE MAYDE OF MORPETH.

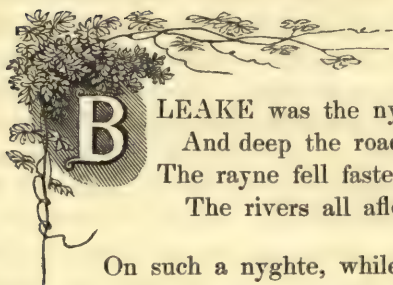
BY GEORGE SAVILLE CAREY.



GEORGE SAVILLE CAREY the author of the following poem, was son of the celebrated Harry Carey, a successful comic writer in the earlier part of the last century; who, though often in great distress, and the author of many convivial and festive songs, never employed his Muse in opposition to the interests of morality. It has been long understood, that Harry Carey was author of the tune and words of "God save the King." This was mentioned by the late Dr. Arnold, and no person has ever laid claim to this popular composition. He was the avowed author of the words and air of the well-known song "Of all the Girls that are so smart," which Incedon and other singers brought again into vogue. Poor Harry Carey, like many who have no regular profession, and devote themselves to the Muses, was at last reduced to such distress, that he did not wait for Nature to relieve him from the burthen of life, and when he was found dead, had only a half-penny in his pocket. How much it is to be regretted, that the man whose song has so often afforded pleasure to loyal and patriotic hearts, and which has at length become the chief national strain, should himself have fallen a victim to poverty and despair!—George Saville Carey, who was a posthumous child, inherited the misfortunes of his father; but he inherited also his talents in a great degree, though they took another direction. He inherited too his moral qualities; for, though he wrote a vast number of Lyric compositions, they are all intended to awaken patriotic, generous, and amiable emotions. He was at first a printer; and attempted the stage early in life, but did not display such abilities as encouraged him to persevere in theatrical pursuits. He afterwards, for more than forty years, supported himself, in a most precarious manner by his writings and by giving lectures on elocution, mimicry, &c., and his imitations of the most celebrated performers of that day are said to have displayed talents of a very superior order. Yet though he went through various vicissitudes of fortune, he always maintained a decent appearance, and supported the character of an honest man. He possessed musical taste and talents that would have raised him to eminence if he had cultivated them with

diligence, or had not been obliged "to provide for the day that was passing over his head." For many years Carey regularly visited Newcastle, where he had numerous friends, and it was at that town that he wrote his "Matchlesse Mayde of Morpeth," from a tradition which he had heard in the neighbourhood. His death, which took place in 1807, and in the 64th year of his age, might be considered as a fortunate event for him, if we may not presume to ascribe it to the kindness of Providence, as the infirmities of age were gathering upon him; and if he had lived much longer, he could not of course, have subsisted by his talents, but must have sunk into one of the common asylums of misfortune.—*Gent's Mag.* *T. Bell's Col., &c.,*

### The Matchlesse Mayde of Morpeth.



BLAKE was the nyghte, and darke the skye,  
And deep the roads with mudde,  
The rayne fell faste, the winde blewe highe,  
The rivers all afloode.

On such a nyghte, while neare the fyre  
The yeoman *Perkyne* sate,  
A poore olde mann all muck and myre  
Came knocking at his gate.

All supplyante he, abas'd and sad,  
The straynger ask'd reliefe:  
A rugge was all the garbe he had,  
His face was pale with grief.

Some mercy shew, he cry'd, to one  
Who has no shelter got,  
Benighted too, and quyte undone,  
The wynds have rift my cot,

The floods have wash'd away my bed,  
My little all is gone,  
Permit me shelter in some shed,  
Untill the morne returne.



Now anger like the fyre redd,  
In Pyrkyne's face appear'd,  
He said he had nor strawe nor shedd  
To spare the begging herde.

The poore old mann, was bought to turne,  
With sorrowe in his hearte ;  
But hearde a female in concerne,  
Who pleaded on his parte.

'Twas Pyrkyne's daughter, Rachel fayre,  
Who near her father stoode,  
She urg'd him with a tender prayere,  
To give the poore mann foode.

To shelter him from wynde and rayne,  
Untill the morne returne ;  
How can you heare the poore complayne,  
And sleepe without concerne ?

How can your hearte a scene endure,  
Which gives such payne to mene ?  
While this she sayde, fell faste and pure  
The tears from bothe her eyne.

Now Pyrkyne stamp't, and now he swore,  
If she did not forgoe  
Against his will to urge him more,  
He eke would serve her soe.

The poore olde mann on hearing this,  
Retreated soone with speede,  
Cry'd, 'Twould in me be much amisse  
To scathe the guiltless heade.

To that fayre mayde shall praise be sung,  
Who listens to distresse ;  
Around her neck shall gems be hung,  
A veste of gold her dress.

Knyghtes shall attend that lovely mayde,  
Whose breasts with pitie frougte ;  
A garlande shall adorne her heade ;  
By purest vyrgynes wroughte.

No more he sayde, but bent his waye,  
All hopelesse in the nyghte,  
When no kynde starr bestow'd a raye,  
No cottage lente a lyghte.

I'th' morning when the clouded sun  
Had beene up full hours twayne,  
The good Sir Walter Robynsone  
Came hastening o'er the playne.

He rode to yeoman Pyrkyne's doore,  
At which he knock'd full harde,  
And ere he well could count a score,  
The doore it was unbarr'd.

Sir Knyghte you're welcome, Pyrkyne cry'd,  
And bow'd him to the ground.  
I thank you, Sir, the Knyghte reply'd,  
But with a looke profounde.

He enter'd in and sate him downe,  
To Rachel turned he,  
He sayde she was so seemly growne,  
Her lyke was rare to see.

Her bashful eyne she downwarde bente,  
But made him no replye,  
A blush her dimpled cheekes did painte,  
Which rose from modestye.

Sir Walter then to Pyrkyne sayde,  
Have you a stranger seene,  
An humble beggar poorly clade,  
Of venerable meine.

Such one, cry'd Pyrkyne, here hath beene,  
And though I sayde him naye,  
He begg'd that I woulde let him in  
Untill 'twas breake of daye.

He murmur'd much with strange pretence,  
I heeded noughte he sayde,  
But soon I sent him trudging hence,  
To seeke elsewhere his bedde.

Sir Walter then upstarte strayghte  
At Pyrkyne's harshe decree,  
Cry'd, If that be a poore mann's fate,  
What will become of me ;

For he had many a want I weene,  
When I have only one,  
His rayment thynne, his stomache keene,  
To aggravate his boone.

But I'll desemble now no more,  
No longer weare disguyse,  
*I was the beggar at thy doore,*  
Who su'd with pytyous cryes.

Who drench'd with rayne, and pynch'd with colde,  
Did aske for foode and reste,  
Who feygn'd to be bothe poore and olde,  
Forsaken and distress'd.

Confusion flush'd on Pyrkyne's face,  
He had no worde to saye,  
Guilte made him feele his owne disgrace,  
Which heavy on him laye.

Sir Walter then coulde playnly see,  
That Pyrkyne was afrayde,  
He looked on him steedfastlye  
And thus to him he sayde.

Well may'st thou blushe, well may'st thou bende,  
While I thy shame reveale ;  
If thou wou'dst wish me still thy friende,  
There's yet one waye to heale.

This fayre young damsell give to me,  
There is no other waye  
To recompence the injurie  
Thou didst me yesterdaye.

I ask no treasure thou cans't give  
To add to fortune's store ;  
For had I myllyons to receive,  
I value Rachel more.



She has a mynde that's rycher farre  
Than myser's can possesse,  
Her mynde is a celestial starre  
Which guydes to happinesse.

If lovely Rachel can approve  
A lover lyke to mee,  
She to a stately hall shall move,  
And dwelle with qualytie.

At lengthe the tymorous Rachel spake  
In accents sweete and slowe,  
If you would for poor Rachel's sake,  
Such dygnities bestowe;

If you would make her ladye fyne  
In pompous state to live,  
Where qualitie in splendoure shyne,  
And flattery receive:

When they shall meete with one so lowe  
As Rachel shall have beene,  
A colde contempte they'll try to shewe  
To one who's born so meane.

Sir Walter then in warmth reply'de,  
Contempte shall lyght on those;  
It soone will vanquishe all their pryde,  
When I thy worthe dysclose.

When I thy wealthe shall bring to view  
Thy qualities so rare,  
Foul Envie shall their hearts bestrewe,  
To see such virtue there.

It is too much then, Rachel cry'de,  
To yelde such prayse to me,  
Let all my deeds by years be try'd,  
Ere you so lavish be.

If you in others vyrtue love,  
You must have vyrtue too;  
If truthe in others you approve,  
There must be truthe in you.

Then if my father yields consente,  
My hand shall readie be ;  
For ladies fine would sore repente  
To loose a knyghte lyke thee.

Now Pyrkyne he uplifted was  
With rapture and delyghte,  
Extatic joy o'erspread his face,  
His eyne they twynkl'd bryghte.

If this be not the happiest day  
I ever liv'd to see,  
May ev'ry rising hope decay,  
To breede up miserie.

To that fayre mayde shall praise be sung,  
Who listens to distress ;  
Around her neck shall gems be hung,  
A veste of gold her dress.

Knyghtes shall attend that lovely mayde,  
Whose breasts with pitie fraughte ;  
A garlande shall adorne her heade,  
By purest vyrgynes wroughte.





*Esperance me comfort.\**



A SKETCH OF THE

STOCK OF NEVILL, EARLS OF NORTHUMBERLAND,

*In the Saxon times;*

AND OF ITS DESCENDANTS, EARLS OF WESTMORELAND, &C.,

AND TERRITORIAL

LORDS OF RABY, BRANSPETH, AND BARNARD CASTLES,

IN THE PALATINATE.

BY W. E. SURTEES, ESQ., D. C. L.



THE primitive and continued connection of the house of Nevill with the northern districts of this country, and the influence which at one time it exercised over the destinies of England,† will demand or justify the appending here a somewhat lengthened notice of it.

Its chief genealogical peculiarity, is that, when all else that was illustrious around it was derived from a Norman origin, it continued to preserve, in the male line, an unbroken Saxon descent.

Waltheof, the elder, who was earl of Northumberland in the reign of Ethelred, A. D. 969, had two sons: Uchtred, who succeeded his father; and Edulph the first, who was made the earl afterwards, by Canute the Dane. The elder of these sons, earl Uchtred, whose

\* ARMS:—*Neville, old*, Or, fretty Gules, on a canton Sable, an ancient Ship; 2nd *Nevill or Fitz-Maldred*, Gules, a saltier Argent. CREST: out of a ducal coronet Or, a bull's head Sable, armed Or. Motto of the house of Raby: "Esperance me comfort."

† The historian Hume, gives at the commencement of the reign of Henry VI, a sketch of the family of Nevill, in which he speaks of it, as "perhaps, at that time, the most potent, both from their opulent possessions and from the character of the men, that has ever appeared in England."



second wife was Elgiva, daughter of king Ethelred, was married three times, and his descendants formed the stock from which during the next century the earls of Northumberland were principally taken. By his first wife he was father of Aldred, who eventually became earl, and had several daughters: of these the youngest, Aldgi was married to Lyulf and was ancestor of the great Northern family of Lumley, earls of Scarborough; the eldest, Aelfled, was married to Siward who, after slaying Edulph the second, the brother of his then deceased father-in-law, who had become earl, obtained for himself the earldom of Northumberland with an authority extending from the Humber to the Tweed.

This was the doughty Siward whose prowess was so extraordinary that the romancers of the following age, in order to account for it, invented for him a most fantastic genealogy. His grandmother, a Danish princess, had, they said, been ravished by a bear, and, in order to carry conviction to the most incredulous they added, that his father bore visible traces of his geniture in long hairy ears, whence he was called Berne. In the time of Edward the confessor he (the earl Siward of Shakspeare) commanded the English forces in Scotland which assisted in vanquishing Macbeth and placing Malcolm, the rightful heir, on the throne. He had by Aelfled a son, Osbern, called young Siward in the play, who was killed by the Scots: \* and the exclamations over his body, put in the mouth of the father by our great dramatist, are said to have had a foundation in history.†

*Siward.* Had he his hurts before?

*Rosse.* Ay, on the front.

*Siward.* Why then, God's soldier be he!

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,

I would not wish them to a fairer death.‡

But to return to earl Uchtred, the grandfather of Siward's wife—Descended from him, as genealogists agree, though they differ as to the line through which the descent is to be traced, was Dolfin, to whom the prior of Durham, in 1131, granted the district of Staindropshire, subject to the annual reserved rent of £5.§ His grandson,

\* Siward had, by the same wife, another son who after an interval succeeded to his father's earldom, under the name of Waltheof II; the daughter and coheirress of whom married king David I. of Scotland. Hodgson suggests that the title to the possessions the kings of Scotland long held in Tynedale, which is partly in Cumberland, and partly in Northumberland, may have originated in this marriage. *History of Northumberland, Part 3. Vol. iii. p. 5.*

† See Historical Division, Vol. I. p. 38.

‡ Macbeth, Act 5, scene 7.

§ It soon became, whether originally from right or courtesy, a part of the tenure of Raby, that its Lord should also offer to the prior of Durham a stag, on Holy Rood Day, accompanied with the blowing of horns. The skill in this accomplishment of Robert



BRANCEPATH CASTLE, AS IT APPEARED ABOUT A. D. 1700.

Robert Fitz-Maldred, lord of Raby, married Isabella, sister and heiress of Henry de Nevill, a Norman of distinguished family, who had himself been heir, through their mother, to Bertram de Bulmer, lord of Brancepath and Sheriff-Hutton. Out of gratitude for this large inheritance, or in compliance with the fashion of that day to Normanize, the Saxon lords of Raby thence assumed the appellation of Nevill.

Robert Nevill, the son of Robert Fitz-Maldred and Isabella Nevill, held several important situations during the latter part of the reign of Henry III. His grandson, another Robert Nevill, added again to the family patrimony by marrying Mary, daughter and heiress of Ralph Fitz-Randulph, lord of Middleham,\* in Yorkshire; and from that period the fortunes of the family rapidly culminated, till they eclipsed, by their more recent splendours, the Saxon honours of the house.

Their son, Ralph Nevill, who was summoned to parliament, 23 Edward I, A. D. 1295, was father of Ralph† lord Nevill of Raby. He it was who, in the absence of Edward III, was one of the prin-

Nevill, the great grandson of Dolfin, is acknowledged, while his death is lamented, in the antique verse given in the *Legendary Division*, Vol. I. p. 80.

\* By this marriage the Nevills obtained the manor of Snape in Richmondshire, where they afterwards built a magnificent castle, which continued long the residence of their flourishing scion the lords Latimer. See *Whitaker's Richmondshire*, Vol. II.

† His eldest brother Robert, called the peacock of the North, had no issue; and was slain at Berwick in the life-time of his father.



cipals in command at the victory of Nevill's cross,\* gained over the Scots, the 17th October, 1346. After having in the course of a long life filled several high offices, he died A. D. 1367, and was buried—an honour never before conceded to a layman—in the nave of Durham Cathedral,† where the mutilated altar-tomb and effigies of himself and his lady still exist between the pillars of the southern aisle. He left a son, John lord Nevill of Raby, who degenerated neither in spirit nor in conduct; and, extending our view to the next generation beyond, and thus including the first earl of Westmoreland, we find that the line of Raby were forwarded in their ascent to the highest honours to which a subject can aspire, by the unusual fortune of three successive chiefs of the house possessing exactly the species of talent which suited the age in which they were placed.

To John lord Nevill, who was at different periods warden of the East Marches, governor of Bamborough, high admiral of England, lieutenant of Aquitaine and seneschal of Bourdeaux, is to be chiefly attributed the building of the splendid pile of Raby, which in 1379,



RABY CASTLE, DURHAM.

\* See Historical Division, Vol. 1. p. 120.

† We may not, however, believe that it was his services that principally gained for him this distinction; for we are told that this "favour he obtained from the Prior and convent for a vestment of red velvet richly embroidered with gold silk, great pearls, and images of saints standing in tabernacles by him given to St. Cuthbert. His body being brought in a chariot drawn with seven horses unto the bounds of the church-yard, and carried upon the shoulders of knights into the middle of the church, where the Abbot of St. Maries in York (by reason of the bishop's absence and impotency of the Prior) performed the office of the dead and celebrated the morrow mass." Dugdale's Baronage, Vol. I. p. 295. Where follows an account of the costly offerings made on this occasion to the church, for which see also Historical Division, Vol. I. p. 132,



he had a licence to castellate. In 1385, he attended Richard II. on his expedition to Scotland. The nobility of the North formed the rearward, and lord Nevill's train consisted of two hundred men-at-arms, and three hundred archers. He died at Newcastle on Tyne, in 1388, and lies buried in Durham cathedral, where his altar-tomb still remains between the pillars of the south aisle.

His son and successor, Ralph lord Nevill, was created earl of Westmoreland, 17 Rich. II. He soon afterwards deserted (together with Henry Percy first earl of Northumberland) the falling fortunes of Richard, and was one of the principal instruments in placing the house of Lancaster on the throne. The new monarch showered dignities on the family of Nevill. The earl was invested in the honour of Richmond and made earl marshal: and by his second marriage—that with Joan,\* daughter of John of Gaunt, “time-honour'd Lancaster”—became brother-in-law to his sovereign. When the Percys revolted, he adhered faithfully to Henry. On his side he fought at the battle of Shrewsbury; on the eve of which, to this greeting given to sir Richard Vernon by Hotspur:—

“My cousin Vernon! Welcome by my soul,”

Vernon answers:—

“Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.

The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,

Is marching hitherwards; with him prince John”—†

thitherwards to that field from which soon the gallant young Percy

“Threw many a northward look to see his father

Bringing up his powers; but he did look in vain,”‡

ere the dubious victory of the rebels was changed by his own death to a ruinous defeat.

In a second insurrection in the North, he was the “well-appointed leader” who, being sent, together with prince John, with an inferior force against the rebels, dispersed their army, without bloodshed, at Shipton moor, near York, and delivered up their chiefs, Mowbray and

\* She (as well as John earl of Somerset, through whom Henry VII. claimed the representation of the house of Lancaster) was born before the marriage of the Duke of Lancaster to their mother, Catherine Swynford, who was his third wife. The issue, who were afterwards legitimized by act of parliament, were surnamed De Beaufort from the castle where they had been born. The connection of the family with this castle was commemorated also in their armorial bearings, its portcullis having been assumed as their crest. This crest, on the failure of their legitimate male issue, was continued to their illustrious illegitimate scions the Somersets, earls of Worcester and duke of Beaufort.

† 1 Part, Henry IV., Act 4, scene 1. This Prince John was afterwards the celebrated duke of Bedford, regent of France in the time of Henry VI.

‡ 2 Part, Henry IV., Act 2, scene 3.

Scrope archbishop of York, to Henry and the scaffold. Some say that he effected this by deceiving the simplicity of the aged prelate in agreeing to all his proposals; others that he persuaded him to disband his followers, as the only means of appeasing the king and procuring a favourable answer to his petitions.\*

In the next reign he followed Henry V. into France, and shared in the victory of Agincourt. With the discrimination of character which Shakspeare invariably exhibits, Westmoreland the veteran experienced warrior, recommends Henry to subdue first his troublesome neighbours on the other side the Tweed:—

“For once the eagle England being in prey,  
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot  
Comes sneaking, and so sucks the princely eggs.” †

In the roll of Agincourt the earl marshal had in his train five knights, thirty lances and eighty archers. Of these, the names of some strike familiarly on a northern ear, as sir Thomas Rokesby, sir John Hoton, Edmond Rodham, Roger Ratcliffe, John Swinborne, John Wardale, John Wytton.‡

Shakspeare preserves the consistency of his character by making him wish, as any reasonable man would do before the commencement of so doubtful a battle,—

“Oh that we now had here  
But one ten thousand of those men in England  
That do no work to day.” §

While Henry, with real or assumed romantic feeling, answers:—

“The fewer men the greater share of honour.”

The strong light in which Shakspeare brings out Westmoreland in his Henry IV. and Henry V. is a proof that he was even then remembered as a subtle and powerful agent in the intrigues of his age. He died full of years and honours in 1426, and is buried under “a right stately tomb of alabaster” || in the choir of his own collegiate church of Staindrop. The earl had twenty-one children. From his first bed sprung the earls of Westmoreland. But none of his descendants in this, the elder, line seem to have inherited his

\* See Lingard's Hist. of England. Shakspeare adopts the former and less creditable version. 2 Part, Henry IV., Act 4, scene 1 and 2.

† Henry V., Act 1, scene 2.

‡ See Sir N. H. Nicolas' Battle of Agincourt.

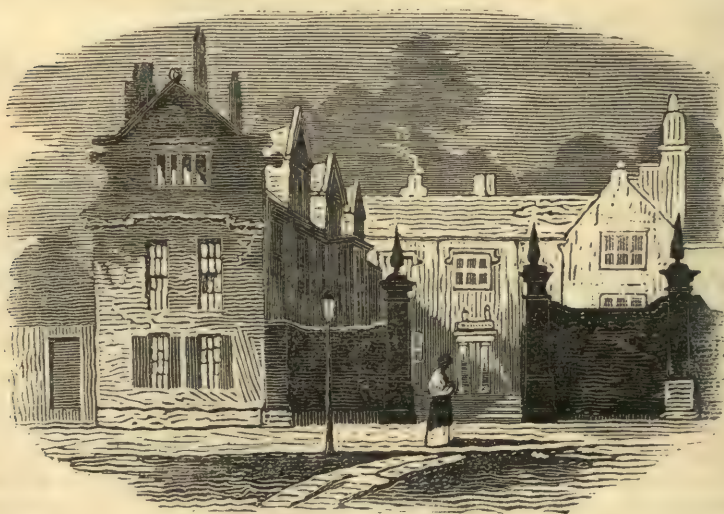
§ Henry V., Act 4, scene 3.

|| It bears elaborately attired effigies of himself and his two wives: the lady Margaret Stafford, and the daughter of John of Gaunt. Of this tomb two beautiful engravings are given in Surtees' Durham.

talent or his ambition.—From his second bed arose the princely houses of Salisbury, Warwick, and Montagu, whose blood mingled with that of Plantagenet, and the lords of Fauconberg, Latimer, and Abergavenny: and to this second family their father had given an evident preference. Our first business, however, is with the senior branch.—

During the next three successions, the earldom of Westmoreland, never past from father to son. The eldest son, John lord Nevill, was a gallant soldier in the fields of France in the victorious days of Harry the Fifth, and was that “John Nevill knight of England who, with thirteen grayves, discomfited, by Estampes, fifty Frenchmen taking divers of them.” He died in the lifetime of his father, leaving two sons, Ralph and sir John Nevill.

Ralph, the elder, succeeded to the earldom of his grandfather; but he did not inherit the whole of the ample fortune of his ancestors. The Yorkshire castles of Middleham, Sheriff-Hutton and Snape, with many a dependent manor, and many a fair southern lordship, were settled on the issue of the first earl’s second princely alliance. He had by Elizabeth Percy, the daughter of Hotspur, an only son, John lord Nevill, who died without issue, in the lifetime of his father. The earl himself died\* in 1484, having survived also his younger brother sir John.



WESTMORELAND PLACE,  
The residence of the Earls of Westmoreland in Newcastle.

\* There are two recumbent monumental effigies in Brancepath church, which are supposed to be those of this earl, and one of his wives, he having been twice married.

“The remarkable points in these effigies are the collars which decorate the necks of



Sir John Nevill had, together with the bulk of the northern\* gentry, during the wars of the roses, been a supporter of the house of Lancaster; and had received from Henry VI., in reward of his fidelity, the constablership for life of his ancient family castles of Sheriff-Hutton and Middleham, which had become forfeited by the rebellion of his kinsman, Richard Nevill, earl of Salisbury. He had been true to his principles to the last, and had fallen in the ranks of the vanquished at the decisive victory of Towton,† which fixed the crown on Edward's brow.

His only surviving son Ralph‡ succeeded his uncle as third earl of Westmoreland, and was one of the chief persons in the army sent under the command of Thomas Howard, earl of Surry, against James king of Scotland, when he had laid siege to Norham. His days are said to have been shortened by grief, for the loss of his only son, Ralph lord Nevill, who was buried in the chapel at Brancepath, on the south side of the quire.

His grandson, another Ralph lord Nevill, succeeded him as fourth earl of Westmoreland. In 1530, his signature was appended to the

the figures. The Lancaster badge, SS," (a collar formed of which letters was, in his monument, hung round the neck of the first earl), "is now discarded; and we find that of York, the white rose in the sun, adopted; from which is suspended the white boar, Richard the Third's device." *Stothard's Monumental Effigies.*

The apparently final overthrow of the house of Lancaster had no doubt led him to tender that allegiance to the house of York implied by these decorations. A vast change from the conduct he had pursued when he could be described as exclaiming amongst his peers:—

"He is both king and duke of Lancaster;  
And that the lord of Westmoreland shall maintain."

*Part 3, Henry VI., Act 1, scene 1.*

• Thus a messenger is described as entering Sandal castle and informing Edward duke of York:—

"The queen, with all the northern earls and lords,  
Intend here to besiege you in your castle"

*Part 3, Henry VI., Act 1, scene 2.*

The inhabitants of the south, on the contrary, supported for the most part, the pretensions of the duke of York:

*Warwick.* Deposed he shall be, in despite of all.  
*Northumberland.* Thou art deceived: 'tis not thy southern power,  
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,  
(Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud),  
Can set the duke up in despite of me.

*Part 3, Henry VI., Act 1, scene 1.*

† Towton is near Tadcaster. The battle was fought on Palm-Sunday, 29 March, 1461.

‡ The change in the value of money since those times is curiously shewn by the fact that "this Ralph, after the death of Elizabeth his mother," (sister and co-heir of Edmond Holland, earl of Kent) "had forty pounds per annum allowed him by the king for his maintenance, being then in minority: and in 4 Henry 6. an augmentation thereof to the sum of fifty pounds sixteen shillings and eight pence, to be paid out of the fee-farm of the Town of Newcastle upon Tyne." *Dugdale's Baronage, Vol. 1. p. 299.*

letter to Pope Clement VII., purporting to be subscribed by the lords spiritual and temporal and certain commoners on behalf of the nation, and calling upon him to pass the sentence of divorce between Henry VIII. and Catherine of Arragon. He took to wife the lady Catherine Stafford, daughter of the unfortunate duke of Buckingham, who died on the block ; some say a victim to the intrigues of Wolsey, whose pride he had wounded ; others to the jealousy of Henry alone, awakened by his ambition and illustrious descent. By her the earl had a large family ; of which the eldest son, Henry, was his successor.

Of Henry Nevill, the fifth earl of Westmoreland, whose life seems to have been but little distinguished, it may be observed that he has left behind him in Staindrop church, a curious wooden tomb with recumbent images of himself and his two wives, the lady Anne Manners, and Jane ..... under which, in his will, he desires burial. The epitaph states it is intended also for a third wife, Margaret ; but her image is wanting. On either side of the tomb—four on the north and four on the south—are little effigies of the four sons, and four daughters of the earl, by his first wife, dressed in the costume of the day, with their several names above them. He died in 1563, and was succeeded by his son Charles Nevill, sixth and last earl of that “most ancient and most historic family.”

This earl of Westmoreland, by marrying the lady Jane Howard,\* became the brother in law of the duke of Norfolk, who afterwards aspired to the hand of the fair captive Mary Stuart. It was, partly at any rate, through this connection, that he was induced to raise in 1509, together with his northern neighbour, the earl of Northumberland, the standard † of rebellion in favour of the privileges of the ancient nobility, Mary queen of Scots, and the faith of Rome.

In consequence of disunion in the councils of the leaders, their forces dispersed without a battle on the approach of the army of queen Elizabeth. The two earls fled into Scotland : whence the earl of Westmoreland had the good fortune to escape to the then Spanish, Netherlands. He was attainted‡ in 1571, and died

\* She was the daughter of that unfortunate earl of Surry, whom Camden describes as “the first of the English nobility that did illustrate his high birth by the beauty of learning.”

† “Lord Westmorland his ancient raisde,

The Dun Bull he rays'd on hye.” *“Rising of the North,”*

See Legendary Division, Vol. 1. p. 45.

‡ By the act of attainder it was provided that the possessions of the earl of Westmoreland, in the palatinate, comprising Raby, Brancepath, and Barnard Castles, should vest in the crown, although it had been formerly determined that where the bishop “hath *jura regalia*, he shall have forfeiture of high treason.” The pretext for this encroachment, was, that the crown might be reimbursed the expences it had been put to in suppressing the



at Newport, in Flanders in 1601. He had issue several sons who died in early youth, and four daughters. The brothers of this earl had no issue.

To return to the issue of the first earl of Westmoreland, by his second wife. The distinction, which, from obvious causes, frequently exists betwixt the descendants of a first and second marriage, is observable in the family of Nevill. The earls of Westmoreland, though extremely powerful, possessed only the natural influence of their high rank, and extended property, and remained, till the time of the last earl, uniformly loyal to the reigning line; whilst the eldest branch of the issue of their progenitor's second bed, the Nevills of Salisbury and Warwick, soared to the highest offices of the state, and were the chief agents in the destruction of their kindred blood of Lancaster. To the house of Lancaster, as we have seen, this second family was allied by blood—to that of York it was allied by marriage; for Cecily, the youngest of the first earls twenty one children, married Richard Plantagenet, duke of York, and was mother of two and grandmother of the third of the kings of England, of the York dynasty; and, through the marriage of her granddaughter, Elizabeth of York, to the Lancastrian Henry VII., transmitted the blood of Nevill, (to be soon mingled in the veins of the Stuarts with that of their ancient Durham rival, the Bruce,) to the still existing line of British sovereigns.

The eldest of the second family of the earl of Westmoreland, was Richard Nevill, who married Alice the daughter and heiress of Thomas Montague, the earl of Salisbury, who was killed \* at the siege of Orleans. He was afterwards himself created earl of Salisbury, by Henry VI. His connection, however, through the marriage of his sister, with the house of York, undermined the allegiance of himself and his children to the Lancastrian Princes; and by them, after their victory at Wakefield,† he was beheaded.

Splendid as were the titles acquired by his younger children—one being created marquess of Montague,‡ and another being made

rebellion. The lamentations of a dependent on the house of Westmoreland, over this, its final ruin, are expressed in the plaintive ballad of "Langley dale," given at p. 43 of the *Life of Surtees*, prefixed to the 4th Vol. of his *History of Durham*.

\* "Salisbury——"

How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?

One of thy eyes, and thy cheek's side struck off!"

*Part 1, Henry VI. 1. scene 4.*

† 30 December, 1460.

‡ Montague had also, during a short period in which the Percies were in disgrace with Edward IV., held the earldom of Northumberland. He had a son George, created duke of Bedford, by Edward IV.; to whom, in gratitude for the services, or fear of the power



bishop of Exeter, and then translated to York—their fame was eclipsed by the transcendent lustre of their eldest brother, Richard, who, in consequence of his marriage with Anne Beauchamp, sister and heir of the duke of Warwick,\* was eventually himself created earl of Warwick and under that title, became distinguished as

“Proud setter up and puller down of kings.” †

He after having dethroned Henry VI. and substituted Edward IV.



BARNARD CASTLE, DURHAM.

of the family, the king had intended bestowing the hand of his eldest daughter, the lady Elizabeth Plantagenet. Before however the accomplishment of the marriage, the father and uncle of the intended bridegroom, Montague and Warwick, had rebelled; and the duke was in consequence degraded from his honors. His destined bride became afterwards, by her marriage with Henry VII., the auspicious instrument of uniting the rival roses.

\* By this marriage the earl obtained Barnard castle. Soon after the forfeiture of John Baliol's English estates, amongst which was this Fortress, Edward I. had severed the confiscated possessions of Bruce and Baliol from the palatinate, and granted the honour and castle of Barnard to Guy Beauchamp, earl of Warwick; and, for five successive descents, the Beauchamp's held, with one slight interruption, full possession of Barnard castle. Anne, the heiress of the last of these brought it to her husband, Richard Nevill, the king making earl of Warwick, whose daughter Anne Nevill, conveyed it by marriage to her husband, Richard III. He, when duke of Gloucester, enlarged it and spent much time there. Henry VII. after the death of Richard, restored the castle to Anne the mother, heiress of the Beauchamps, and widow of the earl of Warwick; though probably for the purpose only of acquiring it himself; as in 1488, she passed to him by feofment. It was afterwards vested in the Staffords, dukes of Buckingham: and then devolved, probably through the marriage of his father with lady Catherine Stafford, to the last earl of Westmoreland of the Nevill name.

† Part 3 Henry VI. Act 3. scene 3.

again restored the former, and finally fell, together with his brother Montague, fighting in the cause of Henry \* at its fatal defeat of Barnet-field, 14 April, 1471. Thus perished Salisbury, Warwick, and Montague in that storm themselves had raised. Warwick left two daughters and coheirs. Isabel, the elder daughter, was married to the duke of Clarence, who was drowned by his brother Edward IV. in a butt of Malmsey; and was mother of Edward, earl of Warwick, the last male Plantagenet. He suffered on the block, a sacrifice to the jealousy of the house of Tudor. Anne the younger daughter was wife first to the Lancastrian Edward prince of Wales, son of Henry VI., and was afterwards queen to the Yorkist † Richard III. the last Plantagenet king of England; and her wooing, by her latter husband, has been invested by the genius of Shakspeare ‡ with irresistible fascination.

The "brief, brave, and glorious" career of this branch of the stock of Nevill belongs rather to the general, than to the local, historian.

The second son of the second family, of the earl of Westmoreland, was William Nevill who was created Baron Fauconberg, earl of Kent, and lord high admiral of England. He had daughters only.

The third son, George, who was summoned to parliament as baron Latimer, transmitted a longer male descent than any of those yet mentioned. In the 13 Henry VI., he held the high office of commander in chief of the forces against the Scots. The failure of his intellect spared him the pain of knowing the death of his only son, sir Henry Neville, who had married Joan Bourchier,

\* His inconstancy is thus reproved by his future son in law, Edward prince of Wales :

"If that be right, which Warwick says is right  
There is no wrong, but every thing is right."

*Part 3, Henry VI., Act 2, scene 1.*

Hume, in his history of the reign of Henry VI., gives an eloquent account of the popular qualities of this extraordinary man: and adds that "no less than 30,000 persons are said to have lived daily at his board, at the different manors and castles which he possessed in England;" and that "he was the greatest, as well as the last, of those mighty barons, who formerly overawed the crown, and rendered the people incapable of any regular system of civil government."

† "On each side of the faded melancholy portrait of this unfortunate lady, in the pictorial history of her maternal ancestry called the Rous Roll," still preserved in the Heralds' college, "two mysterious hands are introduced, offering to her the rival crowns of York and Lancaster."—*Miss Strickland's Queens of England Vol. 3. p. 363.* She pined away and died within a year after the death of her only child Edward, earl of Salisbury and prince of Wales, the son of king Richard; and left behind her a tale, according to no unusual combination, especially in feudal times:—

"Sad, high and working, full of state and woe."

‡ Richard III. Act 1. scene 2.



daughter of the first Lord Berners,\* and was slain, in 1469, shortly previous to the death of his father, as he was leading an insurrection against Edward IV.

His grandson Richard Nevill, who was at the time an infant of a year old, succeeded his grandfather as second lord Latimer; and was afterwards one of the heroes of Flodden Field. He died in 1531, leaving a large family, of whom John, his eldest son, succeeded him.

John third lord Latimer was so staunch a supporter of the ancient religious system that, at the suppression of the monasteries, he took a lead in the insurrection consequent upon it, called the first pilgrimage of Grace. The insurgents were, however, prevailed upon to lay down their arms, and he was included in a general pardon. He had three wives.† His second wife, by whom alone he had issue, was Dorothy De Vere, sister and coheir of the fourteenth earl of Oxford of that family. His third wife was Catherine, daughter of sir Thomas Parr of Kendal; which accomplished lady afterwards embraced the reformed religion, and, on her subsequent union with Henry VIII., became one of its most able and zealous supporters.‡

His only son John, fourth lord Latimer, married the lady Lucy Somerset, daughter of the earl of Worcester: and by her was the father of four daughters and coheirs.§ He died in 1577: and his epitaph in Well church in Richmondshire mentions him as the "laste lord Lattimor." but in fact the title, shorn of those possessions which had thitherto accompanied it, devolved on his cousin Richard Nevill of Pedwyn, in Worcestershire, son of William Nevill, who was the second son of the second lord Latimer.

Edmond Nevill, the son of this Richard Nevill lord Latimer, claimed,

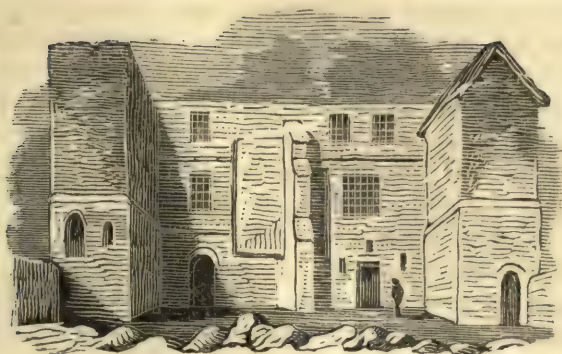
\* The mother of this lord Berners was the lady Anne Plantagenet, daughter and eventual heir of Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloucester and earl of Buckingham, &c. the sixth and youngest son of king Edward III. She was wife to Edward Stafford earl of Stafford, and mother of Humphry Stafford Duke of Buckingham, who, marrying a daughter of the second family of the first earl of Westmoreland, was ancestor of the dukes of Buckingham; of whom two, successively dying on the block, have been immortalized by Shakspeare. The leading to execution, and subsequent apparition, of the former of these are conspicuous incidents towards the conclusion of Richard III; while with the ruin of the latter Henry VIII., commences. The lady Anne Plantagenet was afterwards wife to William Bourchier who was raised by Henry V, at Maunt in Normandy, in the seventh year of his victorious reign, to the earldom of Eu, which had given title to a junior branch of the royal family of France. John Bourchier, her fourth son by this latter husband, was created lord Berners.—See *Sandford's Geneological History of the Kings of England*.

† Miss Strickland's *Queens of England* Vol. 5, p. 7.

‡ There is a portrait and memoir of Queen Catherine Parr in Lodge's Portraits.

§ For the destiny of these daughters see the curious inscription on the monumental slab of their mother given in the appendix at the end of this article.





ANCIENT RESIDENCE OF THE EARLS OF WESTMORELAND IN THE CITY OF DURHAM,  
RIVER FRONT (1843).

after the death of his father in 1590, the earldom of Westmoreland, as heir male of the first earl; but it was decided \* the attainder of the sixth earl had bared him. King James I. seems on his accession to have promised him the revival of the family honours, in consideration of the rebellion, which had cost the last earl so dear, having been entered into partly in the cause of his mother the queen of Scots. Consigned, however, to obscurity and neglect, he experienced that disappointment which, under the dynasty of the Stuarts, too often awaited those who put their trust in Princes.

The empty honour of a pompous monumental inscription in Eastham church, Essex, records him as "Lord Lattimer, Earle of Westmerland," ..... "lineally descended from the honourable blood of kings and princes, and y<sup>e</sup> 7th Earle of Westmerland of the name of Nevills."

It seems probable that, of his seven children, his two sons died before him.

Returning again to the children of Ralph Nevill the first earl of Westmoreland, and Joan of Lancaster, we find that their son Robert became bishop of Durham. He does not seem to have participated in the haughty and ambitious spirit which distinguished the younger race of Nevill. His character is unstained by violence or intrigue. He sought for no increase of privileges or possessions at the expense of his vassals: and the ample revenues, which the church already held, flowed freely back through the county from which they were derived. Tranquil and retired as his life † seems to have been, his

\* The case was referred to the judges, and is reported in Lord Coke's Reports—Rep. 7 Mich. 7 Jac.

† For a notice of the few public acts of his life. See Historical Division Vol. I. p. 155.

Palatinate establishment was liberal and splendid. The great offices of his state and household were filled by his kindred the Nevills;\* and by the Northern gentry, many of whom were honourably retained in his service, or bound to him by acts of individual generosity.†

Another son of the second marriage of the first earl was called Edward Nevill, and he, marrying the heiress of the Beauchamps, lords Bergavenny, was called to the peerage by their title. His descendant and heir general was married to sir Thomas Fane, and had a son Francis Fane who, in consideration of his maternal descent, was, after the forfeiture of the title by the attainder of the representative of the elder family, created earl of Westmoreland. The descendant and heir male of lord Bergavenny is the present earl of Abergavenny.

And now of all this stately branching cedar, whose boughs once shadowed the land, the line of Abergavenny, not distinguished in the modern peerage by superiority of title or of fortune, is, in ennobled male descent, alone remaining. *The pedigrees in Surtees' Durham have been consulted in the compilation of this sketch, and several sentences from the general history in the first volume, and from the unfinished account of the Lords of Raby in the fourth volume have been incorporated here without individual acknowledgement.*

#### APPENDIX TO THE SKETCH OF THE FAMILY OF NEVILL.



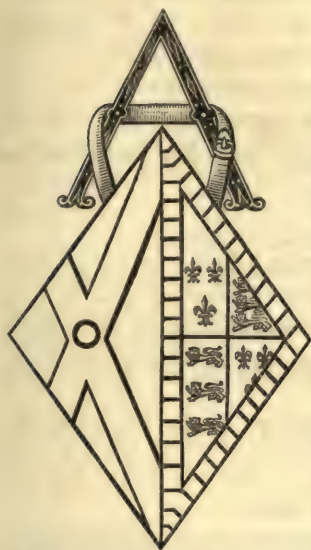
ABY in the January of 1640, long after it had been severed from the possession of the Nevills, gave the title of baron to one of their descendants in the female line: and this was a personage no less than Thomas Wentworth, first earl of Strafford of that name, the high-souled, but haughty, minister of Charles I.

The creation of this barony gave great umbrage to Sir Henry Vane, who had, then by purchase from the crown, become possessed of the Raby property: and he thenceforward pursued the earl with such hostility up to his execution, in the May of 1641, that, Lord Clarendon ascribes to heaven the punishing of Strafford's pride "by bringing his destruction upon him by the two things that he most despised—the people and Sir Henry Vane."<sup>7</sup>

\* Thus his nephew, sir Thomas Nevill was his seneschall. Raine's *St. Cuthbert*, p. 157.

† The character of this Bishop Nevill is extracted almost literally from the general history at the commencement of Vol. I. of Surtees' *Durham*.

This distinguished statesman was heir-general to Ralph Nevill, second son of the first marriage of the first earl of Westmoreland, through his grand-daughter, Jane Nevill, wife of Sir William Gascoigne, of Gawthorpe, in Yorkshire.



T Hackney, near London, the Percyes had anciently a suburban residence: and it is not improbable that there the Lady Latimer, widow of the fourth lord Latimer, and the mother-in-law of the eighth earl of Northumberland, died; for she was buried in the old parish church of Hackney. She died 23 February, 1582, aged 59: and over her was erected a magnificent monument whereon lay a lady, crowned with a coronet and dressed in a scarlet robe, praying. But this monument, on rebuilding the church, was demolished; and nothing remains of it but the mutilated trunk of the figure, which is preserved in the belfry. On it was an inscription, quaint but not without beauty,

which may be worth recording here, as it recites the marriages of her daughters and coheirs; one of whom, carrying the blood of Nevill to that of Percy, united the representation of the Saxon and Norman earls of Northumberland—an alliance still commemorated by a cherished bearing in the Percy shield.

A MEMORIE OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LADIE LUCYE LATIMER.

Such as she is, such surely shall yee bee;  
 Such as shee was, such if yee bee, be glad:  
 Faire in her youth, though fatt in age she grew;  
 Virtuous in bothe whose glosse did never fade.  
 Though long alone she ledd a Widowe's life  
 Yet never Ladye liv'd a truer Wife.

From Wales she sprang a Branch of Worcester's\* Race,  
 Grafte in a Stock of Brownes, her mother's side:  
 In court she helde a maide of honor's Place  
 Whilst youth in her and she in Court did byde.

\* Her father was Henry Somerset, second earl of Worcester, and ancestor of the Dukes of Beaufort.



To John,\* Lord Latimer, then became she wife ;  
 Foure Daughters they had breathing yet in life.

Earl † of Northumberland tooke the first to wife ;

The nexte the heire ‡ of Baron Burleigh chose ;  
 Cornwallis happ the third § for terme of life :

And Sir John Danvers pluckt the youngest || Rose :

Their Father's heirs, them mothers all she sawe :

Pray for, or praise her ; make your List the Lawe.

Made by Sire William Cornwallis, Knight, this Ladie's sonne  
 in Lawe.

AFTER “ Young Harry Percy's spur was cold ¶ ” and his father, the first earl of Northumberland, had fallen in rebellion against king Henry IV., the possessions of the family were confiscated, and Henry Percy, the youthful son and heir of Hotspur, was brought up, an exile, in Scotland.

It is said that, “ in the time of king Henry V, he recovered the

\* John Nevill fourth baron Latimer.

† This was Henry Percy, eighth earl of Northumberland, who was committed to the tower on the charge of participation in the alleged plot of sir Francis Throckmorton to forward a foreign invasion with the view of advancing the cause of the Roman Catholic religion in England. He died a violent death in the tower, under circumstances of mystery, on the night of 20 June, 1585 ; leaving, by this marriage with Catherine Nevill, issue from which the present duke of Northumberland is descended.

‡ Thomas Cecil, afterwards created earl of Exeter, husband to Dorothy Nevill.

§ Lucy Nevill.

|| This was Elizabeth Nevill, wife of sir John Danvers of Dantsey, who had three sons and several daughters. Sir Charles Danvers, the eldest son, was beheaded in 1601, for his participation in Essex's plot : Henry Danvers, the second, a distinguished loyalist soldier in the time of Charles I, was created earl of Danby, and died S.P. : and sir John Danvers of Chelsea, the third, was an M.P., and was one of the judges who condemned Charles I. The latter sir John Danvers died before, but was attained after, the restoration. He married three times. His first wife was Magdalin Herbert, a widow, who by her first husband was mother of the gallant and learned lord Herbert of Cherbury. By his second wife Elizabeth, sir John Danvers of Chelsea was father of a family of which Elizabeth, born in Chelsea in 1629, and married to Robert Villiers, viscount Purbeck, a republican, who disclaimed his title and assumed the name of Danvers, was eventually the heiress. Viscountess Purbeck died in 1709, and was buried in Chelsea according to a direction in her will. Her great granddaughter, Catherine Villiers of Chalgrove, the eventual heiress, of the family, married John Lewis, dean of Ossery. From one of the daughters of sir John Danvers of Dantsey, the present flukes of Leeds are descended ; the first of whom, in consideration of his descent from the Nevills Lords Latimer, was created viscount Latimer of Danby.—*Sandford, Dugdale's Claims of baronies, Banks, &c.*

¶ 2 Part, Henry IV. Act 1. Scene 1.

King's grace and, the countye of Northumberland by the labour of  
Johanne, the Countess of Westmerland :"—

"Sister of haughty Bolingbroke  
His house's ancient foe :"—

"Whose daughter Allamor" Nevill "he had wedded \* in coming into  
England : "†—

"She, suppliant at her nephews throne,  
The royal grace implored :—  
To all the honors of his race  
The Percy is restored."

*The Hermit of Warkworth by bishop Percy.*

\* According to ballad authority the wedding was preceded by an elopement.

† Note to the Hermit of Warkworth.

## The Battle of Nevill's Cross.

BY LAURENCE MINOT.

WRITTEN ANNO 1352.



HE only manuscript copy of Minot's poems known to exist, is to be found in the Cottonian Collection in the British Museum. Ritson, who first presented them to the public in a collected form in the year 1825, says "It seems pretty clear, from our author's dialect and orthography, that he was a native of one of the northern counties, in some monastery whereof the manuscript which contains his poems, along with many others in the same dialect, is conjectured to have been written; and to which at the same time, it is not improbable that he himself should have belonged."

That Minot's poems were written, or at least completed, in the beginning of the year 1352, according to the present stile, is not a mere circumstance of probability, but may be clearly demonstrated by internal evidence and matter of fact. He, of course, is to be regarded as a poet anterior to Chaucer, who, in 1352, was but twenty-four years of age."—*Ritson's Preface.*

The battle which is the subject of the following poem, was fought between Durham and the village of Kirk-Merrington, and is called

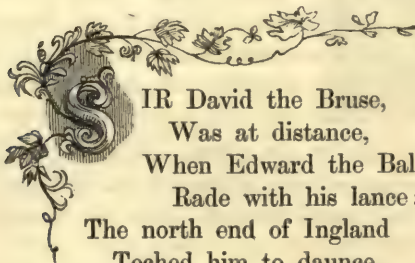
*the battle of Nevil's-Cross*, from an ancient stone-cross erected by one of that family, about a mile from Durham, and demolished by some puritanical enthusiasts, in 1569, near which was probably the heat or conclusion of the fight. Modern writers suppose this cross to have been erected in consequence of the battle; whereas it was clearly a well-known station at the time. The pursuit after the battle, according to Stow, continued as far as Prudhow and Corbridge, on the north side of the Tyne.

John Copland, in taking king David prisoner, according to Wyntham, had two of his teeth knocked out by that monarch:

“Jhon off Cowpland thare tuk the kyng  
Off forss noucht yholdyne in that takyng;  
The kyng twa teth owt off his hevye  
With a dynt off a knyff hym revyde.”

“This battell,” says Stow, “was fought on the seventeenth of October [1346]. The prisoners were conveyed to London about Christmasse, David le Bruse except, which might not travell by reason of two deadly woundes in his head with arrowes; but the second of January he was brought up, and conveyed from Westminster to the tower of London, in sight of all the people, and there lodged in the blacke nooke of the sayde tower, neere to the constables guard, there to be kept.”  
—*Annales, &c.*

SIR DAVID HAD OF HIS MEN GRETE LOSS,  
WITH SIR EDWARD, AT THE NEVIL-CROSS.



SIR David the Bruse,  
Was at distance,  
When Edward the Baliolfe  
Rade with his lance;  
The north end of Ingland  
Tched him to daunce,  
When he was met on the more  
With mekill<sup>1</sup> mischance.  
Sir Philip the Valayse  
May him noght avance,<sup>2</sup>  
The flowres that faire war  
Er fallen in Fraunce;

<sup>1</sup> Much, great.

<sup>2</sup> Advance.



The floures er <sup>1</sup> now fallen  
 That fers war and fell, <sup>2</sup>  
 A bare <sup>3</sup> with his bataille  
 Has done tham to dwell.

Sir David the Bruse  
 Said he sulde <sup>4</sup> fonde <sup>5</sup>  
 To ride thurgh all Ingland,  
 Wald he noght wonde ; <sup>6</sup>  
 At the Westminster-hall  
 Suld his stedes stonde,  
 Whils oure king Edward  
 War out of the londe :  
 But now has sir David  
 Missed of his merkes,  
 And Philip the Valays,  
 With all thaire grete clerkes.

Sir Philip the Valais,  
 Suth <sup>7</sup> for to say,  
 Sent unto sir David,  
 And faire gan him pray,  
 At ride thurgh Ingland,  
 Thaire fomen to slay,  
 And said none es at home  
 To let <sup>8</sup> hym the way ;  
 None letes him the way,  
 To wende where he will :  
 Bot with schiperd-staves  
 Fand he his fill.

Fro Philip the Valais  
 Was sir David sent,  
 All Ingland to win,  
 Fro Twede unto Trent ;  
 He broght mani bere-bag, <sup>9</sup>  
 With bow redy bent ;  
 Thai robbed and thai reved,  
 And held that thai hent ; <sup>10</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Are.<sup>2</sup> Cruel, wicked.<sup>3</sup> Boar.<sup>4</sup> Should.<sup>5</sup> Attempt, strive.<sup>6</sup> Stop, stay.<sup>7</sup> Sooth, truth<sup>8</sup> Hinder.<sup>9</sup> Bag-bearers.<sup>10</sup> Caught.

It was in the wainand <sup>1</sup>  
 That thai furth went ;  
 Fro covaitise <sup>2</sup> of cataile  
 Tho schrewes <sup>3</sup> war schent ; <sup>4</sup>  
 Schent war tho schrewes,  
 And ailed <sup>5</sup> unsele, <sup>6</sup>  
 For at the Nevil-cros  
 Nedes bud <sup>7</sup> tham knele.

At the ersbisschop of Zork  
 Now will i bigyn,  
 For he may, with his right hand,  
 Assoyl us of syn ;  
 Both Dorem and Carlele,  
 Thai wald nevir blin <sup>8</sup>  
 The wirschip of Ingland  
 With wappen <sup>9</sup> to win ;  
 Mekil wirschip thai wan,  
 And wele have thai waken,  
 For syr David the Bruse  
 Was in that tyme taken.

When sir David the Bruse  
 Satt on his stede,  
 He said of all Ingland  
 Haved he no drede ;  
 Bot hinde John of Coupland, <sup>10</sup>  
 A wight <sup>11</sup> man in wede, <sup>12</sup>  
 Talked to David,  
 And kend him his crede :  
 Thare was sir David,  
 So dughy in his dede,  
 The fair toure of Londen  
 Haved he to mede.

Sone than was sir David  
 Broght unto the toure,  
 And William the Dowglas,  
 With men of honowre ;

<sup>1</sup> Wane of the Moon.<sup>2</sup> Covetousness.<sup>3</sup> Villains, wretches.<sup>4</sup> Ruined.<sup>5</sup> Suffered.<sup>6</sup> Unabsolved.<sup>7</sup> Compelled.<sup>8</sup> Cease.<sup>9</sup> Weapon.<sup>10</sup> Gentle.<sup>11</sup> Strong, stout.<sup>12</sup> Armour.

Full swith <sup>1</sup> redy servis  
 Fand thai thare a schowre, <sup>2</sup>  
 For first thai drank of the swete,  
 And senin <sup>3</sup> of the sowre.  
 Than sir David the Bruse  
 Makes his mone,  
 The faire coroun of Scotland  
 Haves he forgone;  
 He loked furth into France,  
 Help had he none,  
 Of sir Philip the Valais,  
 Ne zit of sir John.

The pride of sir David  
 Bigon fast to slaken,  
 For he wakkind <sup>4</sup> the were <sup>5</sup>  
 That held him self waken;  
 For Philyp the Valaise  
 Had he brede baken,  
 And in the toure of Londen  
 His ines <sup>6</sup> er taken:  
 To be both in a place  
 Thaire forward thai nomen, <sup>7</sup>  
 Bot Philip fayled thare,  
 And David es cumen. <sup>8</sup>

Sir David the Bruse  
 On this manere  
 Said unto sir Philip  
 Al thir sawes <sup>9</sup> thus sere: <sup>10</sup>  
 Philip the Valais,  
 Thou made me be here,  
 This es noght the forward <sup>11</sup>  
 We made are to-zere;  
 Fals es thi forward,  
 And evyll mot <sup>12</sup> thou fare,  
 For thou and sir John thi son  
 Haves kast me in care.

<sup>1</sup> Quick.<sup>2</sup> Lodging.<sup>3</sup> Afterward.<sup>4</sup> Awakened.<sup>5</sup> War.<sup>6</sup> Lodging.<sup>7</sup> Took.<sup>8</sup> Come.<sup>9</sup> Sayings.<sup>10</sup> Many.<sup>11</sup> Promise, covenant.<sup>12</sup> May.



The Scottes, with thaire falshede,  
 Thus went thai about  
 For to win Ingland  
 Whils Edward was out ;  
 For Cuthbert of Dorem  
 Haved thai no dout,  
 Tharfore at Nevel-cros  
 Law gan thai lout ; <sup>1</sup>  
 Thare louted thai law,  
 And leved allane, <sup>2</sup>  
 Thus was David the Bruse  
 Into the toure tane.

<sup>1</sup> Low did they bow.

<sup>2</sup> Were left alone.



NEVILL'S CROSS.

## The Dun Cow.

'Tis certain, that the Dun cow's milk,  
Clothes the prebend's wives all in silk;  
But this indeed is plain to me,  
The Dun cow herself is a shame to see.



THESE lines are bad enough, but they are ancient, and the Dun cow figured in Hutchinson, v. 2, p. 226, is truly "a shame to see." The present Dun cow which ornaments the west corner tower of the east transept was *done* by John Purday, a mason in South street.

The story of the Dun cow must be familiar to every inhabitant of the county of Durham. St. Cuthbert (the patron saint) on his death-bed, ordered his brethren rather to take his bones up and fly, than stay and submit to the yoke of "wicked schismatics." And "bishop Eardulph and abbot Edrid, did take and carry away the body of St. Cuthbert from Holy Island, southward, and fled seven years from town to town, by reason of the great persecution and slaughter of the Pagans and Danes."

O'er northern mountain, marsh and moor,  
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,  
Seven years St. Cuthbert's corpse they bore.

After many wanderings, it was at last revealed unto Eadmer, a virtuous man, that he should be carried to Dunholme, and there be received into a place of rest. But being again distressed, because they were ignorant where Dunholme was, as they were going, a woman, that lacked her cow, did call aloud to her companion; to know if she had not seen her cow; who answered with a loud voice, that her cow was in Dunholme, (a happy and heavenly echo to the distressed monks, who by that means had intelligence, that they were near their journey's end), where they should find a resting place for the body of the saint. And thereupon with great joy and gladness, they brought his body to Dunholme in the year 995 which was *inculta tellus*, a barbarous and rude place, replenished with nothing but thorns, and thick woods, save only in the midst, where the Church now standeth, which was plain and commodious for such a purpore.

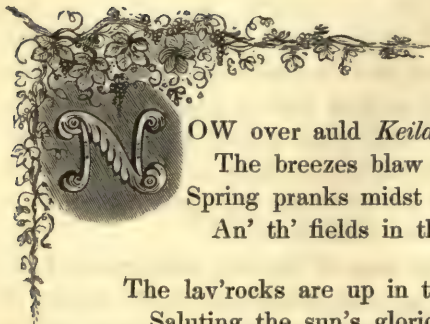
He chose his lordly seat at last,  
Where his Cathedral huge and vast,  
Looks down upon the Wear. *Bishoprick Garland.*

## Epistle

ORIGINALLY ADDRESSED

TO ROBERT BOYD, ESQ.,

APRIL 26th, 1840.



OW over auld *Keildar's* wild muirs  
 The breezes blaw saft frae the west;  
 Spring pranks midst her blossoms and flowers,  
 An' th' fields in their verdure new drest.

The lav'rocks are up in the sky,  
 Saluting the sun's glorious beams;  
 And the fisher is casting the fly  
 In North Tyne's meandering streams.

There's breckans at *Deadwater Well*,  
 And vi'lets at *Hesleyside Ha'*,  
 The peewits on *Hareshaw's brown Fell*,  
 And the blasts o' grim winter awa.

I'm off in a whirlwind o' vapour;  
 On "Tractors metallic" I'm gone,  
 Wi' my creel, reel an' angle, sae taper,  
 —Away to the streams o' *Falstone*.

There, far frae the town's busy bustle,  
 O'er the gay daisied haughs will I roam,  
 And list to the song of the throstle,  
 Where blue-bells and wild roses bloom.

So welcome! the hawthorn and hazel,  
 The ivy-girt elm and "Witch tree;"  
 I hate the streets dirdum and dazzle,  
 —Rocks, rivers, and wild-woods for me.

All hail! to the moorlands and mosses;  
 To the lads wi' their colliers and kent,  
 And to a' the Tyneside's winsome lasses  
 Wha lightly bound over the bent.



And hail ! to the hill and the heather,  
 The heathcock and whistling curlew,  
 Once more I shall hear the shrill plover,  
 And the days o' life's morning renew.

They may talk of "Arabian bowers,"  
 And "Myrtle groves" over the sea ;  
 Give me my Northumbria's wild flowers,  
 And the hills o' my native countrie !

I have fish'd in the Coquet sae clear,  
 The Brownie, the Breamish and Reed ;  
 I have try'd the Kale, Wansbeck and Wear,  
 And tackled the trouts o' the Tweed.

I have rov'd on the braes o' fam'd Yarrow,  
 I have travers'd the Tiviot and Tay ;—  
 Thrawn the flie in the Devon and Dee,  
 And mony a stream farther away.

And now in the North Tyne's trouty river,  
 My skill piscatorial I try,  
 Wi' "the heuk and the hair," I'm still clever,  
 So laugh, and look out for "a Fry."

R. ROXBY.

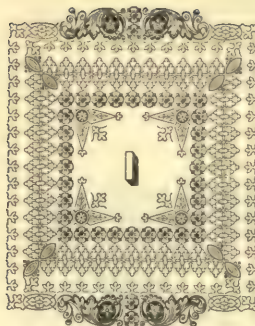
*Elswick Villas,  
 Newcastle.*

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### BISHOP WALCHER.

THE death of Walcher, Bishop of Durham, was predicted by a man named Eardulf, who rose from the dead at Ravensworth, for that purpose. Whilst his friends were attending his funeral, he suddenly started bolt upright, and after the company were recovered from their fright by a proper quantity of holy water he proceeded to relate to them all that he had seen and heard during a trance of twelve hours. He saw several of his former acquaintance in Paradise ("beatis in sedibus florigeris") and was an eye witness of the torments which were preparing for several incorrigible sinners yet living.—*Surtees*.

## FRANK STOKOE.



IN the early part of the last century, there lived at Chesterwood, near Haydon-bridge, a man of the name of Frank Stokoe, a person of gigantic stature—great personal strength—an expert swordsman, and, when to these qualifications we add those of fearless courage and independency of mind, we have a character of the most formidable kind:—a good friend or a dangerous enemy. He held possession of the moor country for several miles around—partly as his own property, and partly at a very low rent, from the Derwentwater family, and such was the terror of his name in the ears of all marauders, that his cattle remained untouched, while those of his less fortunate neighbours were driven off. He also kept a pack of hounds for his own pleasure, and when a Hexham keeper ordered him to get rid of them—his reply was, “Come and take them,” a request with which that functionary did not think proper to comply.

In the early part of his life, the lives and property of the Border people were entrusted to the care of certain country gentlemen—called county keepers, appointed by government for that purpose. At this time the south Tyne was entrusted to William Lowes, of Williamoteswick castle, whilst the north Tyne was under the care of Leehall, of Leehall, near Bellingham. These two worthies instead of protecting their respective charges, thought proper to quarrel, and for several years the whole of this part of the country was kept in a continual uproar with their feud. Many personal encounters took place, in all of which it is evident that Leehall had the better in point of courage, as Lowes invariably saved his life by the fleetness of his steed. At one time he was so near his end that an old woman saved him by shutting a gate in the face of Leehall—(having opened it to let Lowes through) his horse being nearly spent with galloping from Haltwhistle hotly pursued by his rival. He reached his castle before Leehall could recover himself. At an encounter near Bellingham, Lowes had his horse killed by a stab made at his thigh, and only escaped by throwing himself upon a horse standing near. This circumstance is thus alluded to in an old ballad on the subject, now lost, evidently written by a follower of Lowes—

Oh had Leehall but been a man  
As he was never ne'an  
He wad have stabbed the rider  
And letten the horse alean.

At length, however, in a conflict near Sewing Shields, Lowes was worsted and taken prisoner. His rival had, it appears, laid aside his sanguinary intentions, as he took his captive home and chained him to the grate of his kitchen fire at Leehall; allowing him sufficient length of chain to get his victuals at the kitchen table along with the servants of the house, evidently desiring to shew him that he did not consider him worthy of the treatment of a man. The friends of Lowes were too weak to attempt his deliverance—and the arm of the law was weaker still (even at that advanced period). They therefore besought Stokoe to attempt his rescue, and as such an adventure suited his daring spirit, he very readily complied. The laird of Leehall was very much astonished therefore on arising from his bed one morning, to find his house in a state of siege. His followers were moreover unwilling—or afraid to act against Stokoe, whose resolute character was well known, and who was already requiring the release of the prisoner, and threatening the place with immediate destruction, if his demands were not speedily complied with. Leehall, seeing no alternative, reluctantly gave him up to Stokoe, who restored him to his family, and there ended the feud, neither party interrupting each other afterwards.

One winter night after retiring to rest, he was roused from his sleep by his daughter with the intelligence that some persons were trying to draw back the bolt of the door. As he had reason to suspect some of his neighbours of treacherous intentions toward him, he arose and stole gently to the door. There he perceived a knife passed through the open space between the door and the wall, by the lateral movement of which the oaken bolt was gradually drawn back a short way—so that in a few minutes the door would have been open. He instructed his daughter to stand behind the door, and as the knife was withdrawn to push the bolt quietly back again, but without alarming the party. He then took his musquet and loading her with slugs descended through a trap door in the floor into the cow-house below, all peels being built on this plan. A door also led outward from the cow-house, the door to the dwelling being reached by a flight of heavy stone stairs outside, as may yet be seen in many parts of Northumberland. Stokoe cautiously unbarred the outer door—and emerged at the bottom of the stairs, where, perched on the top of the platform, were four or five men with a dark lantern, busily employed in the task of drawing back the bolt in the manner already described, totally unconscious of the futility of their efforts, or of the proximity of an opponent so dangerous. After carefully surveying them for a few minutes in order to satisfy himself as to who they were, he broke silence in a thundering voice—"You damn'd



treacherous rascals, I'll make the star-light shine through some of you," discharging his weapon at the same moment the holder of the lantern, staggered across the stair-head—and fell headlong down the steps, shot through the heart! His terrified companions jumped over the wall and fled in all directions. Stokoe hastily entered the house, closed the door and retired to his bed as if nothing particular had happened.

On the following morning, a frozen stream was upon the stairs—a sheet of blood at the door, and a track of the same hue to a neighbouring wood, where, in a hastily formed grave, lay the body of the midnight robber.

In 1715, Stokoe, along with several other borderers, joined the unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater, in his ill-fated rebellion against the established government. He escaped from Preston by clearing a high wall with his horse, but arriving in the north was obliged to hide from his pursuers, his friends giving out that he had fled into France.

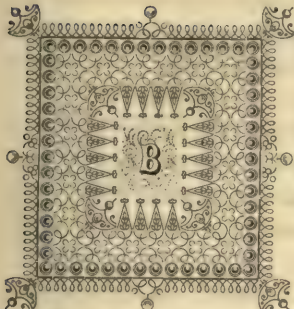
We next find him in London in disguise, in company with several others, with the intention of bringing the body of their ill-starred leader, to his native Dilston the government having thought proper to refuse the lifeless corpse to the wretched widow. During his stay there an Italian swordsman of considerable reputation, was challenging any man in England to a proof of his skill—and Stokoe at the persuasion of his companions was induced to accept his challenge. The skill of the foreigner consisted chiefly in perplexing his antagonist with his rapid movements, thus endeavouring to throw him off his guard—when at a favourable opportunity, he would plunge the sword into his heart. Stokoe instead of pursuing his nimble antagonist kept to one particular place warding off with apparent ease any attempt at a cut. The foreigner tired at length of the immoveable stolidity of his antagonist made a furious and unguarded lunge, when in a moment the sword was struck out of his hand and that of Stokoe passed through his heart. The adventurer writhed for a second and then expired. A voice from the crowd cried at the moment he fell, "Well done Stokoe." Astonished at finding himself known, he withdrew with precipitation. Stokoe and his friends succeeded in accomplishing the object of their journey, and the remains of the amiable and lamented Earl were safely deposited in the vault of his ancestors. The affairs of Stokoe after this began to decline. He was a proscribed man, and a certain family in that neighbourhood having taken possession of part of his property, threatened to give him up—when he appeared to claim it. He was, however, included in the general pardon, but his property was never restored—

part of it passing along with the Derwentwater estate to Greenwich Hospital, the other to the family already alluded to, and Stokoe sunk into the grave a poor man, in which station of life his descendants remain to this day.

WM. PATTISON.

## LAY THE BENT TO THE BONNY BROOM,

### A Border Ballad.



BALLADS of a similar metrical construction to the following, seem common to all the Northern nations. In the celebrated Danish book the "*Kæmpe Viser*" there are several; and many such are met with, in ancient collections of Swedish and Norwegian poems. Amongst the old ballads of England, particularly those of which snatches are given in the plays of Shakspeare, there occur some good specimens, as "*Willow willow*," "*Heigho the wind and the rain*," "*It was a lover and his lass*," &c. In the present work, we have an example, in "*The fair flower of Northumberland*."

The first attempts of our early "ballad mongers," were very rude and simple compositions, and consisted of verses of *two* lines only, and we may conceive, that the Minstrels who set them to music, would at the end of each line, (either to lengthen the subject, or to display their musical skill) play a symphony. Vocalists when singing such ballads, *without* musical accompaniment, would, we may conjecture, frequently to the air of such symphonies, either sing some unmeaning burden, (such as our *fal de rals* and *tol de rols*,) or add some line having little or no connection with the subject.

Such I consider, to be the origin of the burdens, to our old *duolinear* ballads.

"Lay the bent to the bonny broom," under the foolish title of "*The noble riddle wisely expounded, or the Maid's answer(s) to the Knight's three questions*," may be found in the Bodleian Library collection of ballads, in a folio printed in **Black Letter**, in the reign of Charles II. There is another version to be met with in D'Urfey's "*Wit and Mirth, or Pills to purge Melancholy*," 1719, with a "*fal la la la la*" chorus. This copy, (as well as one published by Jamieson, in



"*Popular ballads and songs*," 1806) seems to be copied from the Bodleian folio. Jamieson in his accompanying remarks pronounces the ballad to be English.\* Davies Gilbert, esq., F. R. S. and F. A. S. has also published a version, (a Suffolk one) under the title of "*The Three Sisters*." It is traditional, and very imperfect, and the third question and answer are wanting; it commences thus—

"There were three sisters fair and bright,

"Jenniver, Gentle, and Rosemary;

"And they three loved one valiant Knight;

"As the dew flies over the mulberry tree."

In the "*New British Songster*," Falkirk, 1785, is a very excellent and amusing ballad, called "*Captain Wedderburn's courtship*," evidently suggested by "*Lay the bent*" as may be seen by reference to the poem in page 331 of Chambers' "*Scottish Ballads*," Edinburgh, 1829.

D'Urfe gives a tune to his version of "*Lay the bent*," and Mr. Gilbert gives another: the latter is a graceful flowing melody, and much superior as a musical composition, to the one given by D'Urfe, whose set is however of a more antient character, and, in Mr. Rimbault's opinion, the original.

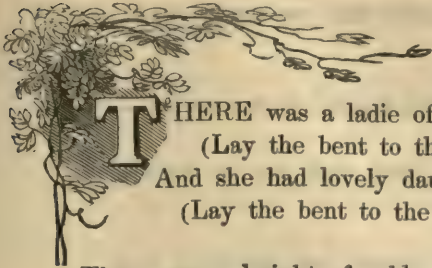
Jamieson makes as much fun of "*Lay the bent*," as Cruickshank does of "*Lord Bateman*;" *ex gr.* he thinks, if the lady who answered the questions, had lived in later times, she would have made a distinguished figure among the ingenious correspondents of the "*Lady's Diary*"!! and he talks of the "exceeding brilliancy" of the lady's "wit," and the "beautiful strains of the illustrious bard." The present reprint, formed from a collation of the different sets enumerated, is not offered to the readers of the Table Book on account of any intrinsic value in the ballad, of which I have as humble an opinion as Jamieson, though I think it quite as good and *poetical* as several inserted by him without comment *quizzical* or otherwise. As a specimen of an *English* enigmatical ballad, it is however worth preserving. Enigmatical ballads, though somewhat rare with us, are common in Sweden, Denmark, and Norway—sometimes the riddle is propounded to a knight, sometimes to a lady, and sometimes to one of the elementary spirits—in the latter case, the Demon is *of course* sure to be puzzled, and unable to solve the questions.

J. H. DIXON.

\* Jamieson, with all his Scotch predilections, was too acute an antiquary to consider a ballad as belonging to Scotland, merely because it happened to contain the phrases "*North countrie*," or "*North lands*," well knowing that by those expressions the old ballad writers meant Northumberland and the *English* border, and not Scotland.



LAY THE BENT TO THE BONNY BROOM,



HERE was a ladie of the north country,  
 (Lay the bent to the bonny broom)  
 And she had lovely daughters three.  
 (Lay the bent to the bonny broom)

There was a knight of noble worth,  
 (Lay &c.)  
 Which also lived in the north.  
 (Lay &c.)

This knight was of courage stout and brave;  
 (Lay &c.)  
 Nothing but love could his heart enslave.  
 (Lay &c.)

The knight he knocked at the ladie's gate,  
 (Lay &c.)  
 On evening when it was full late.  
 (Lay &c.)

The eldest sister let him in,  
 (Lay &c.)  
 And pinn'd the door with a silver pin.  
 (Lay &c.)

The second sister she made his bed,  
 (Lay &c.)  
 And laid soft pillows under his head.  
 (Lay &c.)

The youngest sister fair and bright,  
 (Lay &c.)  
 Was resolved for to wed with this valiant knight.  
 (Lay &c.)

And in the morning when it was day,  
 (Lay &c.)  
 These words unto him she did say.  
 (Lay &c.)

"Now [as I love you well] quoth she  
(Lay &c.)

"I pray sir knight will you marry me?"  
(Lay &c.)

The young brave knight to her replied—  
(Lay &c.)

"Thy suit fair maid shall not be denied;  
(Lay &c.)

"If thou canst answer me questions three,  
(Lay &c.)

"This very day will I marry thee?"  
(Lay &c.)

"Kind sir, in love O then" quoth she  
(Lay &c.)

"Tell me what your questions be?"  
(Lay &c.)

"O what is longer than the way<sup>1</sup>  
(Lay &c.)

"Or what is deeper than the sea?  
(Lay &c.)

"Or what is louder than the horn?  
(Lay &c.)

"Or what is sharper than a thorn?  
(Lay &c.)

"Or what is greener than the grass?  
(Lay &c.)

"Or what is worse than woman e'er was?"  
(Lay &c.)

"O true love is longer than the way,  
(Lay &c.)

"And hell is deeper than the sea.  
(Lay &c.)

"And thunder is louder than the horn,  
(Lay &c.)

<sup>1</sup> Probably the *Via lactæa* or "milky way," which the peasantry of the North frequently designate "the way."

“And hunger is sharper than a thorn <sup>1</sup>  
(Lay &c’)

“And poison is greener than the grass,  
(Lay &c.)

“And the Devil is worse than woman e’er was.”  
(Lay &c.)

When she these questions answered had,  
(Lay &c.)

The knight became exceeding glad ;  
(Lay &c.)

And having tried so hard her wit,  
(Lay &c.)

He much commended her for it.  
(Lay &c.)

And after, as it is verified,  
(Lay &c.)

He made of her his lovely bride.  
(Lay &c.)

Now fair maidens all adieu,  
(Lay &c.)

This song I dedicate to you.  
(Lay &c.)

I wish that you may constant prove,  
(Lay &c.)

To the men that you do love.  
(Lay &c.)

<sup>1</sup> This is a favourite line with the London mendicants ; I have in all parts of town met beggars with the words “hunger is sharper than a thorn,” either pinned to them in M. S., or chalked on a board suspended to the neck.





## Legends respecting Huge Stones.

CONTRIBUTED BY MR. JAMES HARDY.

Veteres tellure recludit  
Thesaurus, ignotum argenti pondus et auri.\*

VIRGIL *Æn.* I. 358, 359

Fas omne abrupit \* \* \* \* \* et auro  
Vi potitur. Quid non mortalia pectora cogis  
Auri sacra fames! †

Id. *Æn.* III. 55—57.

What I am I must not show—  
What I am thou couldst not know—  
Something that through thy wit or will  
May work thee good—may work thee ill.

SIR W. SCOTT.



LARGE stone in the middle of a field, or laid in cumbrous bulk by a pathway side, has little to commend itself to the attention of the passer by, beyond the conjectures that may be raised as to the causes that have detached such a huge mass from its parent rock, and have conveyed it to the situation it occupies. To the individuals however under whose recognition it has habitually fallen, during a lifetime spent in its neighbourhood, it possesses an interest due to something more than to a mere aggregation of unconscious matter, transported from its parent site, by some unknown operation of nature. Besides serving as the emblem that recalls many a scene of youthful frolic—many an hour of “perfect gladness,” spent around its base, in the “careless hour,” which even to the busiest affords a lucid interval,—it in all likelihood has become interwoven with their higher principles—the reverence with which they regard things of ancient date,—and the veneration attached to the works and memories of their sires. These sympathies it has enlisted in its favour, from certain presumed purposes it may

\* His ancient hoards, from out the earth he drew,  
And open'd countless treasures to the view. J. H.

† Broke through all sacred laws, \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \* to seize the gold

Curs'd gold!—how high will daring mortal rise  
In ev'ry guilt, to reach the glittering prize? PITT.

have served in the economy of their remote ancestors, or from some history "passing strange," of which it is the memorial. Perhaps, it stands as one of those primitive landmarks, which it would be sacrilege to remove; perhaps it is the trophy of some old battle-field, memorable in proportion to the carnage with which it was bedewed, and the obstinacy with which it was contested; perhaps, reared by the might of armies over the tomb of some ancient chieftain, whose "soul brightened in danger,"—in the days of yore, ere an oblivious generation had forgotten the story,—it bore a name, "at which the world grew pale"; or perhaps, it was the rude and unhewn altar, on which during the days of heathen idolatry, the Druid priest did cruel and detestable sacrifice to sanguinary divinities, and from the recesses of the sacred grove, with which it might have been environed, promulgated his decrees of horror and of blood. The general opinion, however, with regard to any unusually bulky stone, which the strength and means of the agriculturalist cannot remove beyond the precincts of his field, or which, variegated with the accumulated lichens of centuries, catches the eye, in solitary massiveness, upon the waste, is, that it marks the spot where "bones of mighty chiefs lie hid"—men who like the northern Vikings, had their ill-gotten booty inhumed with them, in order that their posterity, with no other heritage than the sword, might not indulge in disgraceful inaction, or sully the fierce fame of their ruthless race. It is also an accredited belief, that in the troublous times, with which past history teems, many people were constrained to adopt the means of concealment, which the covert of such stones offered, to secure their valuables from marauding Dane, or Scot, or Piet, or Saxon; till more prosperous times should dawn, and they coming back from long exile, or from the battle-field, should possess their patrimonial property, in peace. But the expected calm returned not—or the owner having fallen in distant lands, the prospect of his native scenes never gladdened his bosom more; and his relinquished wealth lies mouldering and gathering dross, in the fields from which hard industry had wrung it, excluded from all benefits it might confer as a portion of the circulating medium.

In consequence of such various surmises, while these stones, on some occasions, awaken undefined misgivings, from the wild tales associated with them, they have likewise become themes of livelier interest, from the incentives they supply to avarice, as being the depositaries of unsunned treasures. But fearful barriers, sufficient to deter the devoutest champion in the cause of Mammon, separate the eagerness of adventurers and "the all-wished-for gold." Argus-eyed monsters, more hideous and dread than "Demogorgon," have

had it entrusted to their vigilant superintendence, and spells which baffle human ingenuity and might to unlock, have interposed their potent seal, against all attempts to recall the buried stores to their legitimate purposes. And even though these portentous bugbears be disregarded, as fictions of a terrified imagination, the uncertainty of money-finding is so proverbial, and the indications of its existence so deceptive, that even the most enthusiastic votary of the trade, seldom ventures upon its practice, without some more certain intimations, than the floating traditions of a past age. How then shall it be determined, that his labour shall not be disconcerted—the time for securing the prize has arrived—and that his hopes are not placed on perishable foundations? The usual intelligence of this fact,—leaving out of view the aid of the enchanter's wand, which with magnetic certainty, vibrates to the emanations evolved from its sympathetic metal—is obtained by dreams:—three unvarying dreams, and the mind is set at rest, as to every circumstance connected with the accomplishment of its desires!

Out of the many tales, tradition has preserved, of endeavours after stone-concealed riches, two may be selected, in neither of which, the lords of the manor, were entitled to lay claim to treasure *trove*.

In a field near Meldon, a favourite site in the records of local treasure quests, was placed a slab of stone, under which a person named James K—— dreamt successively there was hid a coffer of a three-sided figure filled with gold.\* James was unfortunately destitute of one of the prime qualities of an adept in money explorations,—the capacity of being “sworn to deepest secrecy.” Unlike those prudential persons, who preserve their respect and influence in society, by keeping

“Something to themselves  
They will not tell to any,”

James was one of those frank, open-hearted individuals, who can

\* A money coffer of a triangular shape is not a Northumbrian peculiarity, as Hogg, in his “Winter Evening Tales,” has related a tradition respecting a “three neukit stane, like a cockit-hat,” under which was hid a purse, or *pose*,—the scene being Kelso-bridge. *Three*, has been a favourite number, in the religious creed of different nations. It bore a conspicuous share, in the incantations and magical rites of the ancient Greeks and Romans. It was a favourite number during the middle ages. In 1192, Richard Cœur de Lion, concluded a truce with the renowned Saladin, for the talismanic interval of three years, three months, three weeks, three days, and three hours. Even at the present time, it might be amusing to enquire, how much, in customs of daily occurrence, and in the literature in which popular usages is reflected, is ascribed to the efficacy of a threefold arrangement. In some of the ancient philosophical systems founded on numbers, three was reckoned not only the paragon of notation, but the epitome of the universe. This pre-eminence it owed, according to Aristotle, to its being the only one of the



retain no secret undivulged, but even without the remotest encouragement from the world, labour under a painful constraint, until they have made it as perfectly acquainted, as their own household, with the aspect of their personal affairs. Recognising no merit in privacy or concealment, whatever event of novelty occurred to him was invariably uppermost. "The soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within." As a necessary result of his desperate zeal for communication, nothing could happen more opportunely, than this revelation. It afforded an exquisitely tempting, and hitherto unbroached theme to attract a wondering auditory, and to captivate "the ears of the groundlings." Speedily, "like fire to heather set," the fame of James's unrivalled vision, became blazed abroad, and the bruit thereof, as will appear from the sequel, reached the ears of more individuals, than even James, with all his zest for popular applause, would have been willing to entrust it, who made no scruple of appropriating to their own private account, the information so obligingly furnished. The instances, in which the nocturnal hints were repeated, became at length so frequent, that James, who added procrastination to his other mental infirmities, resolved to make a complete story of his materials, by exploring the "*spolia opima*,"—the "golden harvest," which assuredly fortune had been devising for him, as the result of such incessant importunities. Arriving at the spot, he found indeed the stone, as the dream had represented; but it had been violently wrenched from its position, and upon examining its former resting place, he beheld in the midst a triangular pit, that bore moulded upon its sides, the impression of some more solid nucleus having once existed there, of sufficiently ample size to satisfy the utmost wishes of the most eager aspirant after a competency of the world's riches:—but the "pose" was gone,—the coffer had vanished,—and to the garrulous dreamer, there remained no other compensation of the mysterious warnings with which he had been haunted, than a withering rebuke on the unreserved indulgence of a tattling, and unguardedly communicative disposition.

In the fields between Lilburn and Middleton, rests a stone, which in the suggestions of the "*Religio loci*" is not to be removed while the present system of things maintains its stability. Two hinds, with more than the wonted intrepidity of their class, resolved, maugre all penalties, to explore the mystery it shrouded, and if fortune fav-

numerical series, that involved *three* most important principles and none other, by him considered to constitute perfection—the beginning—the middle—and the end. Alas! of how many a fair scheme, have we witnessed the realization, whose beginning was vacancy—whose middle term was chaos—and whose end was nothing.

oured the bold attempt, to enrich themselves by one energetic stroke. Accordingly, when the shades of night had fallen, and nature had sunk to repose, having provided themselves with mattocks, spades, and other essential requisites, they, without informing any one, or without waiting for the customary warnings on such occasions, repaired to the scene of their hazardous enterprize. By what devise, other than the promptings of avarice, they fortified their courage, tradition sayeth not, but arriving at the spot, they commenced their daring operations. They had already dug to a considerable depth, without any manifestations of danger, each fresh spadeful of earth giving invigorated energy to their arm, and additional consistency to their hopes, and they had begun to flatter themselves, that the oft-repeated tale, of demoniac watchers over the hoards of treasure that slumbered beneath, was but a vain chimera, which ignorance had conjured up, when all at once, one of them heard a low fluttering as of something struggling to get free, come from beneath the stone. He communicated his impressions to his coadjutor, but as the sound had not reached him, he received but a rude banter by way of *solatium*. Reassured by his companion's raillery, though not without ominous forebodings, he resumed the work, when suddenly a repeated movement from below, shot a pang of terror to the heart of both. But the love of gold can conquer mortal fear, amidst all the horrors of midnight, and there was one of those adventurers, it had rendered impassive and callous even to preternatural admonitions. With desperate resolution, repressing his apprehensions, he again persisted in disturbing the precincts of the fated stone, but scarcely had he renewed the unhallowed toil, when the stone commenced moving up and down with violent commotion,—and out there issued from under it—and the earth quaked to let it forth,—a creature all in white—in figure like a swan—that “flattered and flew,” and made such strange and hideous outcry, that the horror-struck delinquents, casting down their implements, hurried off, each in the direction his terrors prompted him, would farthest carry him, from the grasp of the evil thing, which his unhallowed doings had evoked from the invisible recesses of the earth, and whose rage no human power might avail to appease. The sanctuary of the stone was ever afterwards inviolate. Fixed in its pristine position, it still draws the dread and reverence of all the swains in its vicinity, who have not yet learned to undervalue the opinions and beliefs of their simple progenitors.

It is the general opinion, worthy of notice as respects the acknowledged supremacy of industry in contributing to success in the pursuits of life, that few of those who have endeavoured to enrich themselves, by waiting upon *such* accidents of fortune, in preference to engaging



in a lawful calling, have received special benefit, from the riches thence derived. Illusory as fairy treasures, they have gone away from their possessors, without their enjoying any perceptible advantage from them. As a maxim applicable to the bulk of mankind, it is undeniable that opulence, easily and unexpectedly procured, leaves its thoughtless obtainer, in even a worse state of wretchedness than his original poverty. Industry has her rights which are not to be wantonly violated, or with impunity. There are however individuals, exceptions from the crowd, who have secured such a strict and noble mastery over the inferior principles of their nature, that the giddy gleam of prosperity, instead of exciting them to a prodigal profusion, or conduct incompatible with their previous steady attention to the duties of their station, only generates in them increased exertions, in order to be found worthy of the eminence to which they have suddenly attained. By this moderate procedure, any unforeseen efflux of wealth, becomes so moulded and incorporated with the products of their prudently acquired gains, that it participates in the blessing which will sooner or later reward the efforts of patient and well-bestowed diligence. As an illustration of these remarks a popular story may be cited, of which the occurrences happened about forty years ago, and have, according to the relators account, the credible testimony of living and faithful witnesses.

A farm stading situated near the borders of Northumberland, a few miles from Haltwhistle, was occupied at the period to which we refer, by a family of the name of W—k—n. In front of the dwelling house, and at about sixty yards distance, lay a stone of vast size, as ancient, for so tradition amplifies the date, as the flood. On this stone, at the dead hour of the night, might be palpably discerned, a female figure, wrapped in a grey cloak, with one of those low crowned black bonnets, so familiar to our grandmothers, upon her head, incessantly knock ! knock ! knocking, in a fruitless endeavour to split the impenetrable rock. Duly as night came round, she occupied her lonely station, in the same low crouching attitude, and pursued the dreary obligations of her destiny, till the grey streaks of the dawn gave admonition to depart. From this the only perceptible action in which she engaged, she obtained the appellation of Nelly the Kocker. So perfectly had the inmates of the farm house, in the lapse of time which will reconcile sights and events the most disagreeable and alarming, become accustomed to Nelly's undeviating, nightly din, that the business of life went forward unimpeded and undisturbed by any apprehension accruing from her shadowy presence. Did the servant man make his punctual resort to the neighbouring cottages ? He took the liberty of scrutinizing Nelly's antiquated garb,



that varied not with the vicissitudes of seasons, or pried sympathetic-ly into the progress of her monotonous occupation; and though her pale, ghastly, contracted features, gave a momentary pang of terror—that unhinged the courage of the boldest—it was rapidly effaced, in the vortex of good fellowship, into which he was speedily drawn. Did the lover venture an appointment with his mistress at the rustic style of the stack-garth? Nelly's unwearied hammer, instead of proving a barrier, only served by imparting a grateful sense of mutual danger, to render more intense the raptures of the hour of meeting. So apathetic were the feelings cherished towards her, and so little jealousy existed of her power to injure, that the relater of these circumstances states, that on several occasions, she has passed Nelly at her laborious toil, without evincing the slightest perturbation, beyond a hurried step, as she stole a glance, at the inexplicable and mysterious form.—An event in the course of years, disclosed the secrets that marvellous stone shrouded; and drove poor Nelly for ever from the scene so inscrutably linked with her fate. Two of the sons of the farmer, were rapidly approaching maturity, when one of them more reflecting and shrewd than his compeers, suggested the idea of relieving Nelly from her toilsome avocation, and of taking possession of the alluring legacy to which she was evidently and urgently summoning. He proposed, conjointly with his father and brother, to blast the stone, as the most expeditious mode of gaining access to her arcana; and this in the open daylight, in order that any tutelary protection she might be disposed to extend to her favourite haunt, might as she was a thing of darkness and the night, be effectually countervailed. Nor were their hopes frustrated, for upon clearing away the earth and fragments that resulted from the explosion, there was revealed, to their elated and admiring gaze—a precious booty of closely packed urns copiously enriched with gold. Anxious that no intimations of their good fortune should transpire, they had taken the precaution in the meanwhile, to despatch the female servant a needless errand, and ere her return, the whole was efficiently, and without suspicion, secured. And so completely did they succeed in keeping their own counsel, and so successfully did their reputation keep pace with the cautious production of their undivulged treasures, that for many years afterwards, they were never suspected of gaining any advantage from poor Nelly's "knocking;" their improved appearance, and the somewhat imposing figure they made in their little district, being solely attributed to their superior judgment, and to the good management of their lucky farm.

THE GATHERING ODE  
OF  
*The Fenwyke of Northumberland.*

The slaughtered chiefs, the mortal jar,  
The havoc of the feudal war,  
Shall never, never be forgot !

CONTRIBUTED BY JOHN FENWICK, ESQ.



THE FENWYKE of Northumberland are of Saxon origin, and take their cognomen from their ancient fastness in the fenny lands in the vicinity of Stamfordham.

By a match with one of the co-heiresses of the ancient house of STROTHER (Temp. Hen. IV.), they obtained the domain of Wallington, which from thenceforth, to the reign of William the Third, continued to be a residence of the family, and Fenwyke Castle was suffered to decay. The remains of this once impregnable stronghold are now used as a farm house.

By purchase, and by marriage with some of the principal families in the county, the Fenwyke obtained large possessions, which, from the unsettled state of the times, required the protection of military power. Fierce and resolute in their own character and disposition, they not only sustained the shock of many a Scottish inroad, but were ever ready to avenge real or supposed wrongs, by a furious *raid* into the territories of the enemy. The slogan or gathering cry of the clan—a *Fenwyke!* a *Fenwyke!!* a *Fenwyke!!!* was never heard in vain, and many a Border battle field bears witness to their deadly strife with their Scottish neighbours.

The illustrious House of PERCY always ranked the Fenwyke among the most constant of its retainers, and the banner blazing with the silver Crescent never appeared in border warfare without that of the Fenwyke and its gorged Phoenix in the burning flame following in the rear.

The late Mr. William Richardson, of North Shields, the translator of the luscious Bard of Teos, published the following gathering ode in one of our local prints several years ago. He “supposes an inroad of the Scots to have taken place in the absence of the PERCY

in Palestine, and that this Ode, in the manner of the Highland Pibroch, was used for the gathering of the Fenwicke to repel them." Mr. Richardson "respectfully inscribed" it "to a descendant of the ancient WARLIKE BAND OF FENWICKE." The notes are by the author.



### Gathering Ode.

**P**PIPE of Northumbria, sound!  
 War pipe of Alnwicke!  
 Wake the wild hills around,  
 Summon the Fenwicke:  
 Percy at Paynin<sup>1</sup> war;  
 Fenwicke stands foremost;  
 Scots in array from far,  
 Swell wide their war-host.

See, fierce from the border,  
 Wolf-like he rushes;  
 Drives southward the Warder;  
 Gore-stream forth gushes;

<sup>1</sup> Or Paynim—the Crusade.



Come Spearman, come Bowman,  
 Come bold-hearted Truewicke;<sup>1</sup>  
 Repel the proud foe-man;  
 Join lion-like Bewicke.

From Fenwicke and Denwicke,<sup>2</sup>  
 Harlow and Hallington;  
 Sound bugle at Alnwicke,  
 Bag-pipe at Wallington:  
 On Elf-hills th' Alarm Wisp<sup>3</sup>  
 Smoulders in pale ray;  
 Maids, babes that can scarce lisp,  
 Point trembling the bale-way.

Leave the plough, leave the mow,  
 Leave loom and smithie;  
 Come with your trusty yew,  
 Strong arm and pithy;  
 Leave the herd on the hill,  
 Lowing and flying;  
 Leave the vill, cot, and mill,—  
 The dead and the dying.

Come, clad in your steel jack,  
 Your war gear in order,  
 And down hew, or drive back,  
 The Scot o'er the border;  
 And yield you to no man;  
 Stand firm in the van-guard;  
 Brave death in each foe-man,  
 Or die on the green-sward.

North Shields, Sept. 9, 1816.

R.

<sup>1</sup> Spearman, Bowman, Truewick (or Trewicke), and Bewicke; names of clans or families, the retainers or vassals of Percy, and allies of Fenwicke, the descendants of whom exist to this day.

<sup>2</sup> Hamlets in Northumberland. Elf-Hills (the Hills of the Fairies) near Cambo Sir John De Cambo kept a watch on these and the neighbouring eminences.

<sup>3</sup> A wisp of *straw* or *tow*, mounted upon the point of a spear, and set on fire, when a *raid* took place. When this portentous ensign was carried through the border country, all must instantly fly to arms. It was the Hot-Trod.

## Stowpe, Cuddie.

Stowpe, Cuddie, and bowe thy brie,  
 To Peeres of York, our legate borne;  
 Look well a bout, and take good e'e,  
 Lest now thy cause be quite forlorne.  
 Stowpe, good Cuddie, and bowe thy knee,  
 Lest thunder boltes beginne to flee.

These lines are stated to be "certain verses made by a learned and a pleasant poet, about the yeare of our Lord 1310, or thereabouts, when the see of Yorke beganne to arme themselves against our church of Durham, with the power legatie."—*Mickleton's MSS. v. 1. p. 315.*

It seems hardly necessary to say that the cathedral church of Durham is dedicated to St. Cuthbert, and the cathedral of York to St. Peter. The lines themselves can hardly be of the age stated, but may be uncertain recollections of them in the time of Charles II.

The dean and chapter, or before them, the prior and convent of York, claimed to hold the keys of St. Cuthbert during the vacation of the see; and some archbishop was forced to fly for his life down the steps behind the Black Bull Inn, for having attempted to assert his authority during the vacation.

On certain occasions, a person is sent to Durham to summon the dean and chapter to York, to do some act of submission, to which the dean and chapter of Durham answer, "Your message is impertinent."—*Sharp's Bishoprick Garland.*

## Pelton Lonin.

The swine com jingling doun Pelton lonin,  
 The swine com jingling doun Pelton lonin,  
 The swine com jingling doun Pelton lonin,  
 There's five black swine and never an odd one:  
 Three i' the dyke and two in the lonin,  
 Three i' the dyke and two in the lonin,  
 Three i' the dyke and two in the lonin,  
 There's five black swine and never an odd one.

Though some of the inhabitants of Pelton still sing this song to their children, they are not now aware either of its origin or its application: and the proverbial song of "They'll all come back, like the pies o' Pelton," is equally obscure.—*Ibid.*

## SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF

## JOHN CUNNINGHAM,

*The Pastoral Poet :*

FROM ROBERT WHITE'S MANUSCRIPTS.

The hand is harmless when the tongue can rhyme.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.



ERE it ever our fortune to be in Warwickshire, and to visit Stratford-upon-Avon, the places where Shakspeare was born, where he spent the latter period of his days, and where the remains repose of that frame which once held as powerful an intellect as ever fell to the lot of humanity, would be the first objects of our research. On witnessing these, and enjoying the

train of reflection arising from them, our gratification would not be less than it was when we visited the mausoleum of Robert Burns at Dumfries, and stood in the presence of his widow, in the very house from which the proud, injured and yet compassionate spirit of the great master of Scottish song took its departure. But though these men stand conspicuously forward amongst the number who have poured their produce of mind, like plentiful streams, into the broad ocean-river of literature, and have thereby acquired popularity of the most enduring kind, there are many who have contributed to the same in such measure as to entitle them to a share of notice, and yet their names, and what they performed scarcely ever arrest our attention. We observe this more forcibly, perhaps, if we reside in a town or village, where authors of the latter description lived and are buried: few think of spending even a passing thought about the spots where such men take their last repose, and still fewer have the curiosity to ascertain either where they resided, or to learn even what tradition may have preserved of their history. Yet whoever has given utterance to stirring and agreeable ideas, presenting them to us fresh as words can convey them, ought not to be thus neglected; it is, therefore, our intention to glance considerably over the life of John Cunningham, whose fame as a poet warrants us to include him in our literary associations of Newcastle; and in doing so we wish to be



actuated by no other motive than to speak justly of his talents and memory.

This pastoral poet was born at Dublin, in the year 1729, of parents who originally belonged to Scotland, but removed in early life to Ireland, where the father, probably, had better scope in the exercise of his profession, which was that of a wine-cooper. On obtaining, however, a prize in the lottery, he became a wine merchant; and whether from inexperience in his new line of life, or want of prudence, we cannot say, but shortly afterwards, he was made a bankrupt. The young poet, when this reverse in his father's fortune took place, had been receiving his education at the Grammar school of Drogheda, under a Mr. Clark; and was therefore under the necessity of returning to Dublin. Here, having no regular employment, he became attached to theatrical pursuits, and affording early proof of his talents by producing, at the age of 17, a drama called "Love in a Mist," he obtained free access to the theatre, which circumstance, unfortunately, created in his mind a dislike to the steady and honourable life of a tradesman. The aim of his ambition was to "tread the stage," and he brought to the trial scarcely a single qualification—he lacked the assurance necessary to a good actor; his voice was so unmusical as to be offensive to the ear; and his ungainly figure proved an insurmountable obstacle to his success. Yet, notwithstanding these disadvantages, and without communicating his intention to his friends, he pursued the bent of his inclination so far as to engage with an itinerant manager, and come over with him to England. On following the strolling profession for some time, he became aware of the imprudent step he had taken; but the stirrings of pride, and his dread of a state of dependance prevented him, in the first place, from returning to his relatives; and, afterwards, on receiving intelligence of his father's death, he was, as it were, compelled to adhere to the theatre for the remainder of his days.

It would appear the company with which Cunningham engaged, found their exertions best rewarded in the north of England; and he was accustomed to perform at York, Newcastle, Sunderland, Alnwick and other places. He was seen to the greatest advantage in his representation of a mock French character: and, in general, he is said to have formed a very just conception of the design of his author, which with the intelligent portion of an audience would tell strongly in his favour. In 1761, he quitted England, and engaged with a Mr. Love, manager of the theatre in the Cannongate, Edinburgh. He now furnished evidence of his poetical ability, and, during the three following years, published successively, "an Elegy on a Pile of Ruins," "The Contemplatist," and "Fortune, an Apologue." By

these productions, he became known to men of letters ; and on receiving an invitation from a bookseller in London, who intended to employ him on some literary undertakings, he resolved to abandon the theatre, and earn a livelihood in a way, more honourable and congenial to his own taste. Proceeding thither, he was soon convinced he had calculated erroneously, for the bookseller, failing in business, was unable to fulfil his promise ; consequently after a short stay in the metropolis, our author left it, and again joined the company of his former friends at Edinburgh.

About this period the manager of the play house at the latter place was a Mr. Digges, who being aware of Cunningham's genius, treated him with great kindness and respect. The poet engaged with him, and made, during the time he was under his management, some return for the favours conferred upon him by writing, as occasion served, Prologues and Epilogues, which were spoken by Mr. Digges, and his favourite, Mrs. Bellamy. Cunningham also exerted himself to celebrate the beauty of this actress, by making her the heroine of one or two of his shorter pieces. At length, he left Edinburgh, and, proceeding to England, took up his residence at Newcastle-upon-Tyne—a place to which he was greatly attached, probably from the kind manner with which he was received by a wide circle of friends. He usually called it his home, and by his theatrical labours here, and in the neighbouring towns, and the favourable support he received from the wealthier classes he was enabled to procure the means of a narrow yet sufficient livelihood. What conduced also to his welfare was the assistance he gave to Thomas Slack, the editor and publisher of "The Newcastle Chronicle," by writing short notices, and trifles in verse for that paper ; and this was remunerated in the most kindly way by the substantial benefits he received—the house of Mr. Slack being at all times open to the poet in his difficulties.

In 1766 Cunningham collected all his scattered productions together, and adding to them a number of original pieces, he published the whole in an 8vo. volume, the sale of which, if we may judge from the respectable number of subscribers, would yield him an ample remuneration. He was strongly advised by his best friends to dedicate the work to Mrs. Montague of Denton Hall ; but this he declined, and the result was attended by a circumstance of the most humbling tendency to the sensitive mind of the poet. David Garrick was then in the meridian of his fame—a character, whom Cunningham, through his respect for theatrical talent, would have to be the first man who ever lived ; and to him the volume was accordingly dedicated. Not satisfied either in awarding him this honour, the poet, with the vanity which is frequently the inheritance of his tribe, walked



up to London to present the great man with a copy of the work. According to Cromek,\* he saw the object of his idolatry, and afterwards confessed that, "he was treated by him in *the most humiliating and scurey manner imaginable*. Garrick assumed a cold and stately air; insulted Cunningham by behaving to him as to a common beggar, and gave him a couple of guineas accompanied by this remark:—"PLAYERS, Sir, as well as POETS, are always poor!"—The blow was too severe for the poet: he was so confused at the time, that he had not the use of his faculties; and indeed never recollected that he ought to have spurned the offer, till his best friend, Mrs. Slack, of Newcastle, reminded him of it by giving him a sound box on the ear, when he returned once more beneath her hospitable roof, and related his pityful story."

This repulse from the personage, whose favour he was so desirous to gain, pressed heavily on the heart of Cunningham. Indeed he never altogether recovered from it; and it is said that from this period he broke through the moral restraint which he previously observed, and was seen to step more frequently than circumstances warranted into the small taverns of the town for "a toothful" of the cordial which is reported to be an antidote to care. They, who have paid some attention to human nature, well know how speedily a practice of this kind is apt to break down all those noble resolves and principles on which it is so necessary that man's conduct should be built; and if Cunningham was not more perfect than many of his race, his unrealized hopes, his jarred sensibility, and the depression which results from all exertion in which the imagination has been actively employed, plead much in his favour. We are, however, not aware that this habit was by him carried to any excess; he neither lost thereby the good will of his friends, nor rendered himself disgusting to those with whom he was on terms of intimacy: it was rather a failing to which he gave way betimes, and the error told heaviest on himself. Down, also, to within three months of his death, he performed at the several provincial theatres in the North of England,† although from the time of his return from London, he always regarded

\* Select Scottish Songs. London 1810.

† We learn from a letter written by Mrs. Slack, April 10th, 1771, that Cunningham was performing at Sunderland: also, according to a letter written by him, Nov. 7th 1772, he was performing at North Shields. Again, on the 20th of June, 1773, his benefit at Darlington was over; and he wrote Mrs. Slack that he was going with the company to Durham; but was so very poorly that he resolved shortly to be in Newcastle. Clifton, one of the company at Durham, in a letter dated 12th Sept. of the same year, speaks of the full houses they had there, and regrets that the Poet was not with them; but wished him to write by return of post, and requested him to accompany them to Malton in Yorkshire.



Newcastle as his permanent residence. The warm regard he entertained to those who proffered him kindness and protection, made him express a wish to die, as he had lived, amongst his Northumbrian friends. Towards the close of his life, in addition to the symptoms of consumption, which ultimately carried him off, he was subject to a nervous disorder; and during a period of that disease, while he lived in Mr. Slack's house, he unfortunately burnt the whole of his loose papers and memoranda. Still he continued to write occasional pieces; and the following stanzas,\* which were the last he penned, prove that his mental faculties had undergone no perceptible decay.

### THE WITHERED ROSE.

#### I.

Sweet object of the zephyr's kiss,  
Come Rose, come courted to my bower!  
Queen of the banks, the garden's bliss,  
Come and abash yon tawdry flower!

#### II.

Why call us to revoltless doom?  
With grief, the opening buds reply;  
Not suffered to extend our bloom—  
Scarce born, alas! before we die.

#### III.

Man having passed appointed years,  
Ours are but days, the scene must close;  
And when Fate's messenger appears,  
What is he but a withering Rose?

It impresses us with a feeling of melancholy to reflect how Cunningham's day of life had to become still darker ere the setting of the sun. From some cause, which cannot now be ascertained, it would seem that he quitted the house of Mr. Slack, at a time when his health was in a declining state, and when the attention of a kind friend would have smoothed his downward course to the grave. Still, that gentleman's liberality, to his honour be it said, was never withheld from the hapless bard, who, in some verses written about three weeks

\* For a copy of this piece together with several particulars of the life of Cunningham, and a sight of some of the Poet's original letters, I am indebted to the kindness of my friend, John Bell, Landsurveyer, Gateshead, whose extensive collections comprise not only authentic accounts of many of the passing events of his own time, but nearly all that is curious in the poetical, historical, and antiquarian lore of Newcastle, Northumberland and Durham. R. W.

before his death, alluded very touchingly to his own forlorn condition, and also to the bounty bestowed upon him by his benefactor. The stanzas also show that a feeling of humble resignation pervaded the mind of the writer, beautifully illustrating the truth that he looked forward to his exit with the tranquility and hope which never abandons a good man. From the duty which devolves upon us to make known all we have learned of the poet in his latter days, we may observe that he removed to the lodgings of a Mrs. Douglass in Union-street, who occupied the third shop and house from the Bigg-market; the door of the latter is on the left of the narrow passage leading to the Groat-market, and both are now in possession of Mr. George Todd, Hairdresser. Here John Cunningham died.



The best idea of Cunningham's features may be gathered from an engraved portrait, accompanying his works, in Cooke's edition of the *British Poets*: this, Mrs. Slack used to say, was the most accurate likeness she had seen. His tall, slim, ungraceful figure when contrasted with the general sluggishness of his movements, rendered his personal appearance by no means prepossessing—but of this we are happy in bringing before our readers something more than a literal description. A few days before his death, as the Poet was dragging his frail frame about the vicinity of his residence, Bewick, the celebrated wood engraver “walked after him; stopped; loitered behind; repassed him; and in this manner obtained a sketch of the dying bard of which the following is a fac-simile. The little handkerchief,

or rather the remains of a handkerchief in his hand, contained a herring, and some other small matter of food."



"From his emaciated appearance in this portrait," continues Cromek, from whose work, already mentioned, the above likeness of Cunningham is taken, "he might be supposed very aged; yet it appears he was only forty-four years old when he died." We may add that the figure would have been still more interesting had Bewick drawn beside it a representation of the dog, "Turk" which generally accompanied the Bard in his wanderings.

Shortly after his death, a broad horizontal stone was at the expence of Mrs. Slack placed over his grave, bearing this inscription:—

"Here lie the Remains of  
JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

Of his Excellence  
As a PASTORAL POET,  
His Works will remain a Monument  
For Ages  
After this temporary Tribute of Esteem  
Is in Dust forgotten.  
He died in Newcastle, Sept. 18, 1773,  
Aged 44.

Also of his Friend and Associate  
ROBERT CARR, PRINTER.  
He died June 4, 1783, Aged 45."



And on the upright stone-support, at the south end, appear these words, written by the said Robert Carr in allusion to the poet:—

“He gathered the Essence  
of Simplicity,  
& Rang’d it  
in Pastoral Verse.”

The following anecdotes, which are also given in Cromeek’s account of Cunningham, are valuable, as they afford us some interesting glimpses into his manners and character. The first, is well known to the readers of the works of Burns: it was communicated to the Scottish bard by Woods, the player, who assured him of its truth.

“A dignitary of the church coming past Cunningham one Sunday as the poor poet was busy plying a fishing-rod in the Wear at Durham, his reverence reprimanded Cunningham very severely for such an occupation on such a day. The poet, with that inoffensive gentleness of manner which was his peculiar characteristic, replied, that ‘he hoped God and his reverence would forgive his seeming profanity of that sacred day, *as he had no dinner to eat, but what lay at the bottom of that pool!*’

“Cunningham had little consciousness of his own merit as a poet, and seldom wrote but when he had some purpose in view. His highest ambition was to be considered a great actor, for which he had scarcely a single requisite. When in Mr. Bates’s company of comedians, he had generally a benefit night at North Shields, and being much beloved, numbers flocked to it from Newcastle. He would declare afterwards to his friends, with his usual *naïveté*, that so crowded a house was drawn by his *theatrical eminence!*

“When he had money he gave it away to people in distress, leaving himself pennyless. His kind protectress, Mrs. Slack, used to empty his pockets before he went out, of the little that was in them, as one takes halfpence from a school-boy to prevent him from purchasing improper trash: How illustrative of the childish simplicity of his character!”

The world generally derives no small amusement on witnessing how, in one individual, intellectual ability of the first order is coupled with certain weaknesses from which the majority of mankind are free. When this occurs, as in the case of Cunningham, we ought, before hazarding an opinion on the subject, to examine well and judge cautiously. The precarious nature of the profession he followed; the uncertainty, betimes, when he had taken one meal, how another might be procured; the debility, perhaps, of body and mind which might result from insufficient nutriment, and the feverish anxiety of this state, especially if the sufferer has a yearning after literary dis-

tion, — these go far to account for many infirmities which, in Cunningham and other gifted men, excite the curiosity of an unthinking multitude. When the actions of the above class pass in review before us, we should not be unmerciful in judgment; but remember that the poetical temperament, especially, is subject to various impulses which, though they seem to proceed from a defect of character, are yet nothing more than febrile indications of the spirit of wisdom and truth. The topic is worthy of further consideration.

It has been often observed that the cultivation of letters, and particularly poetry, tends in a great measure to unfit a man for the active business-affairs of life. Perhaps it does, especially if such studies be carried to a considerable length, and they engross the better portion of the cultivator's time and attention: indeed it rarely occurs that a man of literary habits can acquit himself in business like those who have no other aim, save that only; and again, how deficient the man of business is generally found, when his assistance is required in matters of a purely literary nature! We, however, confess ourselves in doubt whether a brave soldier of the world, in performing his most arduous duties, acts more in accordance with the design which it seems a superior intelligence contemplated in the creation of man, than the more humble recluse who is ready to alleviate human suffering in its various forms, and whose heart throbs in unison with all that throughout nature can strictly be denominated poetry. There is, we know, in poetical association, a certain hallowed influence by which, like religion, it embalms, and preserves in continual freshness, the softer and gentler qualities of our being. If a poet,\* by indulgence in sensuality, or by allowing passion to carry him beyond the limits which virtuous principle lays down for good men not to pass, has so poisoned the fountain of his peace that life becomes to him nothing save a state of suffering, he is, indeed, one of the most unhappy of mortals; still, if he remain true to the light within him, he is not, nor can he be altogether a bad man. A severe struggle may be continually going on in his mind between good and evil; yet the latter will never altogether predominate. The sunshine will betimes even in the murkiest day, break out calm and clear to him from behind the cloud, revealing that if he will only purify his bosom of its grosser matter, trust more to his Maker, and look forth upon Nature and her loveliness with those feelings which none know better than he, there is even happiness in store for him which kings might envy.

\* We do not limit this term to those who actually write verses, for according to indisputable authority: —

“Many are poets who have never penn'd  
Their inspiration, and perchance the best.”



Moreover, if a poet has not had the dearest aspirations of his heart blighted by untoward circumstances—by want, poverty, or unceasing toil; and he works his way through the world, “void of offence to God and man,”—preserving alive *the bird in his bosom*, he enjoys, in its ministerings, a purer felicity than that of the sordid, worldly being, who is even fortunate enough to witness the realization of his most sanguine dreams: and, farther, if the actions and virtuous influence of both be impartially taken into account, as far as these may contribute to the welfare of our species, the latter individual will, in nine cases out of ten, suffer heavily by the comparison. We state these remarks with great plainness, because they bear directly upon the character of John Cunningham; and, by keeping them in view, they will enable us to form a more correct estimate of his merits, both as a man and poet.

In glancing over the lives of our verse-makers who flourished in the last century we find that nearly all who have superior claims on our attention, paid the “debt of nature,” from about the time when Cunningham arrived at manhood, down to the period of his death. Pope died in 1744; Swift a year later; Thompson in 1748; Collins in 1756; Shenstone in 1763; Churchill the year following; Young in 1765; Chatterton and Akenside in 1770, and the elaborate Gray in 1771. Goldsmith died about six months after Cunningham; but “The Traveller” and “The Deserted Village” appeared when the latter was employed on the composition of those simple pastoral pieces, by which his fame still survives. As yet the “tune and glitter” which Pope lavished so redundantly on his version of Homer was fashionable amongst the writers of poetry; and if Cunningham did not altogether shut his ears and eyes upon this deviation from correct taste, he sinned in it less than many of his brethren. He wisely appears not to have set up any one of these writers before him as a model to copy; but he well knew where the strength of each lay, and was more apt to kindle at their flame in his numbers, than servilely to imitate what in truth was not his own. Pope’s measured harmony; Thompson’s faithful delineation of nature; Collins’ lyrical sweetness; Shenstone’s mellifluous freedom; Gray’s classical correctness, and Goldsmith’s irresistible appeals to the human bosom—all carried, with Cunningham, their due weight and importance. He, moreover, had within him many of the elements which constitute a poet—he was a minute observer of the various aspects of nature; his heart was finely susceptible of all that was beautiful there, or in the human character; and being a man of generous disposition, he sympathized deeply with the objects of misfortune. He had little enthusiasm, and no great amount of energy; yet his active fancy; the peculiar turn of



his thoughts ; his musical ear ; and a happy flow of language enabled him to cultivate pastoral poetry with eminent success. That in this department, he was, amongst his contemporaries, considered to hold the chief place, no better proof need be advanced than the elegant tribute paid to his memory by the unfortunate Robert Fergusson—a youth who appeared as the harbinger, and whose effusions gave an impulse to the career of the first of rustic bards—he whose renown is already spread to “the uttermost ends of the earth.”

In summing up our observations on Cunninghams character, we must admit that he was not exempt from several peculiarities which are generally attributed to men of genius. Some slight points in his behaviour, likewise, would be difficult to reconcile with that simplicity of manner for which he was remarkable ; for instance, the lack of attention, and surly bearing he manifested towards children were not less singular, than the dislike with which the rising generation never failed to regard the poet. To his intimate acquaintances he appears to have evinced uncommon suavity and condescension—perhaps more so than may be deemed consistent with the self-respect which no man ought altogether to lay aside. In correspondence, their first words to him were almost always, “Dear Cunny” ; and if, as has been observed by one who knew human nature well, a better idea may be formed of a man’s calibre of mind, from the letters his friends address to him, than from those he writes to them, this circumstance tells much towards our purpose. Unobtrusive, inoffensive, and of a shy, retiring disposition, the humbler shades of life were more acceptable to him than any one public path by which energetic spirits become the “observed of all observers.” The continual attention and kindness, also, with which he was regarded by his friends in Newcastle, and the neighbouring towns, speak strongly in his favour ; because, if a man is not really deserving of such proofs of respect, the public will make no pretence whatever of showing it. On the whole, the stream of his life would appear to have flowed on regularly : he had few strong passions to subdue ; his thirst of fame never urged him to overtask his powers ; and hence, from what we can learn, he was rarely a victim to that sober, pensive melancholy, which, too often, covers, as with a cloud, the greater portion of the existence of the most talented of men. He had pride ; but it was of a peculiar kind : when he once adopted the theatrical profession, this feeling prompted him to be a player through life ; but when he met with the rebuff from Garrick, it forsook him at the moment when it ought to have been of most essential service. Such a reception would, in any man of common sense, have aroused the scorn it merited ; and ought to have braced Cunningham’s heart with the determination of trusting

more to his own exertion, and less to the favour of any man whatever, in making way for himself in the world. Garrick possessed power but wanted heart to do the poet service; and we may venture to assert he gained little by his prudence. Time, however, awards to each their due; and the great player, who was caressed by nobles and princes, had now been almost forgotten amongst us, were it not that by his intimacy with Johnson, Boswell has given him a place in the lexicographer's gallery: also, the lovers of early English literature owe him thanks for the fine and extensive collection of old Plays he bequeathed to the British Museum. Of his labours, merely as an author, with the exception of one or two Farces, which we would consider a task to read, we may say, they sleep soundly as himself; but the same cannot with justice be observed of poor Cunningham, although he seems like a star of lesser magnitude, on account of the brilliant lights that since his day have arisen and shine with unclouded lustre in our poetical hemisphere. His "Stanzas on the approach of May;" "The Miller;" "Content, a pastoral;" and "Kate of Aberdeen," with other pieces of almost equal merit, will ever be perused with delight by those who love Nature for herself, and can duly appreciate her freshness and beauty.



TOMB OF CUNNINGHAM.



An Answer to the Proclamation of  
THE REBELS OF THE NORTH, 1569.



THE following curious Ballad \* is locally interesting, since it relates to the Rebellion of 1569, in which the principal parties were Thomas Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and Charles Neville, Earl of Westmoreland, for the purpose of liberating the Queen of Scotland, and the restoration of the Roman Catholic Religion.

The first overt act of the Rebels was committed at Durham, where the bibles and prayer books were rent and destroyed; and after a rapid march to Clifford Moor, they mustered all their forces; but unsupported by the Catholics in every other part of the kingdom, disappointed of promised aid from without, and wanting both talent and money for such an enterprise, they suddenly retreated.—

“Most shallowly did you these arms commence,

Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence!”

They then laid siege to Barnard Castle, which was gallantly defended by Sir George Bowes, for ten days; thus giving time for the Earl of Sussex, lord president of the North, to advance with the forces collected at York, and supported by the army of the South, under the command of the Earl of Warwick.

The rebels, disappointed and disheartened, did not wait to meet the Queen's army, but dispersed and fled on their approach. The Earls and their principal followers took refuge in Scotland. The Earl of Northumberland perished on the scaffold, at York, 22nd August, 1572; and the Earl of Westmoreland escaped to Flanders, and passed the remainder of his life in exile, on the slender and precarious bounty

\* In the *British Magazine* for April, 1833, p. 417, a quotation is given from a churchwarden's accounts, in “1570, Item, for vij. ballys consarneng ye Rebells, to be sounge, vijd.” which would tend to the conclusion, that ballads, similar to the present, were published by authority.

There are two copies of this black letter metrical tract, (which is of the utmost rarity) at Cambridge: one is in the public library of the University, and the other in the library of St. John's College; and many years ago, a copy was in Longman's Catalogue, which sold at a high price. The Editor is indebted to the kindness of Thomas Wright, esq. M. A. author of “*Elizabeth and her Times*,” (through the permission of the author of the memorials of the rebellion of 1569) for the present transcript from the first named copy.



of the King of Spain; and subject to every contumely, discomfort, and privation.—

“I have lived long enough: my way of life  
Is fall’n into the sear, the yellow leaf;  
And that which should accompany old age,  
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
I must not look to have.”

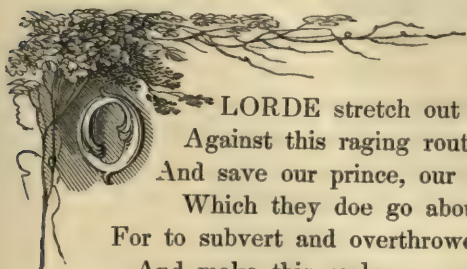
He died at Newport, in Flanders, on the 16th of November, 1601.

The immediate subject of this ballad, is a commentary on the first proclamation, issued by the earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland:—viz.

“WE, Thomas, Earl of Northumberland, and Charles, Earl of Westmoreland, the Queen’s true and faithful subjects, to all the same of the old Catholick Religion. Know yee, that we, with many other well disposed persons, as well of the Nobility, as others, have promised our faiths in the furtherance of this our good meaning. Forasmuch, as divers disordered and evil disposed persons, about the Queen’s Majesty, have by their subtil and crafty dealing to advance themselves, overcome in this our realm the true and catholick religion towards God: and by the same abused the Queen, disordered the Realm, and now lastly, seek and procure the destruction of the Nobility: We therefore have gathered our selves together to resist by force; and the rather by the help of God and you, good People; and to see redress of these things amiss, with restoring of all ancient Customs and Liberties to God’s church, and this noble realm: Lest if we should not do it our selves, we might be reformed by strangers, to the great hazzard of the state of this our Country; whereunto we are all bound.”—*Strype’s Annals*, vol. I. c. 54, p. 547.

In the dispatches of “la Mothe-Fénélon,” the French Ambassador, this proclamation it is stated to have been signed by Northumberland, Westmoreland, and nine others; and in the “*Apuntamientos para la historia del Rey Don Felipe Segundo de Espana*” it is signed by Tomas, Conde de Nortumberland. El Conde de Vestmoreland. Christobal N. Duel. (*Christopher Nevill*). Ricardo Noturn, (*Richard Norton*). Egmundo Rateis, &c. (*Egremond Ratcliffe, &c.*)

AN ANSWERE TO THE PROCLAMATION OF THE REBELS  
OF THE NORTH, 1569.



LORDE stretch out thy mightye hande  
Against this raging route,  
And save our prince, our state and land  
Which they doe go aboute,  
For to subvert and overthrowe  
And make this realme a pray,  
For other nations here to growe;  
What so like fooles they say.  
You doe imagine (I suppose)  
Yourselves Princes to be  
Or else your stile should not be so  
To sende it out with WE.

The princes phrase ye take in hande  
O well disposed men :  
A traytor first that worde so spake  
And he that rulde the Pen.  
Hir faythfull subiects ye protest  
Yourselves in wordes to bee,  
Bnt marke I pray you how your deedes  
Doe with your wordes agree.  
Can you hir love, and eke obey,  
As subjectes in their guise,  
When you against hir will and minde,  
With force of armes doe rise.

To all the olde and Catholike  
That be of such religion  
As you be that be franticke madde,  
And foolish of opinion.  
You write that they your minde may know  
And you their minde againe,  
Whether they meane to take your part  
And so in fieldes be slaine  
No faithfull man you may be sure  
Will lyke your crooked stile :  
Also your trayne if they be wise  
Will lyke it, but a whyle,

Chorath, Dathan, and Abiram,  
Or else Achitophell  
With Absolon, Adoniah  
Of their olde faith ye smell.  
Indeede your old religion  
Is waxen stale for age,  
Ye meane to make it new againe  
With mighty Rebels rage;  
You shall have much adoe be sure  
Though you thinke nothing so:  
You have to long a time sat still  
And suffered truth to growe.

When God and prince is ioynde in one  
For to defende the truth  
And you against them stande in field,  
Marke then what it ensuth:  
The ruine of the contrarie  
Must needes with speede be seene  
For troubling still the flocke of Christ  
And such a quiet queene.  
What nobles are they that ye have  
With you to take your parts,  
They may be noble well by name,  
But farre from noble harts.

Belyke ye would make men in doubt  
That some doe beare the face  
To love their prince, and yet at neede  
To turne unto your case.  
O hatefull men unto the blouds  
That alwayes bene trewe,  
If you have such, then name them out  
From Judas' line, the Jewe.  
That they with speede may hang themselves,  
For treason to their Prince,  
A doubtfull denne that so blowth out—  
A poysonde nursing stinche.

Such as you be, hir noble grace  
Hath trusted over long,  
For nowe you thinke that in the field  
For hir ye are to strong.



It may be so, the nobles mo  
Both fathers and their sonnes  
Be puissant men to beare a Crosse  
Out of the noble Nortounes.  
You say your faythes is promised  
In this your enterprise,  
Eche unto eche, to further forth  
Your meaning good and wise.

What fayth is that what doe you meane ?  
When fayth to Prince is broke ?  
You meane to pull your neckes from tye  
Of gentle princes yoke :  
And set yourselves at libertie  
And eke your rowte so rude  
So that to royal dignitie  
Eche shall himself intrude  
For this ye may right well beleve  
Not woorst in all your ranke  
But thinkes himselfe as good as ye,  
And looks for as much thanke.

You say hir grace is led by such  
As wicked are and evil.  
By whom I pray you, are ye led  
I may say, by the Devil.  
Whom would ye poynt to leave hir grace ?  
If ye might have your choyse  
The Pope I thinke, your father chiefe,  
Should have your holy voyse.  
And then she should be led indeede,  
As lamb for to be slaine  
Wo worth such heades, as so would fee  
Hir grace for all hir paine.

But this I would ye should me tell  
When she came to hir throne,  
What was she then of age or wit ?  
Give answer every one ?  
Was not hir age so competent  
And eke hir head so wise  
As none that heard, or did hir knowe,  
Could more in hir devise ?

Yea, you yourselves (I dare well say)  
At that same present houre,  
Of all the princes farre or neere  
Tooke hir to be the flowre.

And had she not then will and powre  
Hir counsaylers to chuse  
To take in whom that she thought good  
And whom she would refuse ?  
If ye should paint hir counsaylers  
The case were very straunge.  
No marveyle though in deedes ye rove  
When so in wordes ye raunge.  
And yet good sirs, this is well knowne  
That nothing hath been ment  
And done, in matters of the Church  
But by the Parliament.

Wherein the nobles of the realme  
The Bishop, and the Lorde,  
And commons all gave their consent  
And thereto did accorde.  
The booke that called is by name  
The booke of common prayer,  
Was sent to you by these afore  
Though you would it appaire,  
By brutinge forth that perverse men  
Seducers of the Queene,  
Hat set it out, O simple men  
What shall I of you deeme ?

Doth not the act that is set out  
Speake to you in this wise ?  
Have you not read and seen the same  
And now the same denies ?  
Will you that be but private men  
Attempt for to put downe  
The thing that was authorised  
By hir that weares the crown ?  
What gappe make you to breache of lawe  
If this your fact be good ?  
No Parliament, no Prince shall rule,  
But shedding still of blood.

If men may rise against their Prince  
 That all things doth by lawe,  
 Then call for Captain Cobler<sup>1</sup> in  
 And wayte upon Jack Strawe.  
 Ye saye ye feare the noble bloud  
 It should be made away  
 And ye yourselves will do the same  
 Of others that you saye,  
 By force ye say ye will redresse  
 The things that are amisse  
 Where had you that, out of what schoole?  
 Shew me then where it is;

For in your wordes, there is enclosde  
 That will the Queen or no,  
 You will set up, that she put doune;  
 That so ye meane ye show  
 If ye be subiects as you say,  
 Where learned ye to force?  
 But this ye meane (I doe suppose)  
 With her to make a Corce.  
 The mother church you will defende  
 What children call ye these,  
 When trayterously themselves they bende  
 Their mother to disease.

But like it is, the mother that  
 Ye meane to prop with power,  
 The spouse of Christ that she is not,  
 But antichristes whoore.  
 For sure I am, the Church of Christ  
 Did never knowe this way,  
 In any place, at any tyme  
 Their prince to disobey.  
 What fathers of the fayth ye bee  
 All men may easily judge,  
 Who is so blinde that cannot see  
 How causeless ye doe grudge?

<sup>1</sup> A monk of the name of Makarell, assumed the name of Captain Cobler, in the rebellion of the "Pilgrimage of Grace" an important event which has never found an historian, but which is now undertaken by the Author of the Rebellion of 1569—from original documents in the government offices.



The auncient customes of the Church  
 You say you will restore,  
 The liberties that she hath had  
 She shall have as to fore.  
 You speake but for to make hir smoyle  
 Such libertie to have  
 The prince and realme againe to spoyle  
 Of that that once they gave.  
 The Monke, the Fryer, and eke the Nonne,  
 The Armit and the Anker,  
 You doe intende belyke to place  
 In your most holy Ranker.

God send you all as well to speede,  
 And make your way as streight,  
 As such as you had in the dayes  
 Of King Henry the eight.  
 O that he were alive to see  
 How you his daughter use,  
 But he that hath his soule to keepe  
 Shall send you shortly newes.  
 I doe not doubt, fit for your factes  
 The ende of Rebels race,  
 With shamefull deathes to have the ende  
 Full fit in such a case.

Good peoples helpe you seem to crave  
 To ayde you in your sturre ;  
 Good people will their Princes wrath  
 Be fearfull to incurre.  
 Though you ne recke like bedlem men  
 Your life and lande to leese,  
 Yet shall you finde the contrary,  
 And that in all degrees.  
 If God by you will punishe us,  
 Indeede we must obey  
 And we the better for his stroke,  
 Though you be cast away.

For longer than he thinketh good,  
 You shall not sure prevaile  
 And then will he in wrathfull moode  
 Strike down both heade and taile.

This is the way to know the foes  
 Of God, and eke our Prince,  
 Which craftily have kept themselves  
 And secretly did wince.  
 Now may the Queene soone finde them out  
 Who saythfull be in deede,  
 And cursed Papistes by this meanes  
 Full soone she may out weede,

The hollow harts will now appeare  
 And subiects true in harts  
 Will now like men, both speake and doe  
 And lively play their parts.  
 And to keepe backe that forreyne power  
 Should not this lande destroy,  
 Ye will yourselves it wast, before  
 That they shall it annoy.  
 But how know ye that forreine power  
 Would entermeddle heere ?  
 Be like ye have them wilde thereto  
 You love your lande so deere.

And least that they our strength might finde  
 When they approch to lande,  
 You will if you may work the same,  
 It weaken to their hande.  
 The losse of you, if you be slaine  
 As fit is for your sinne  
 Shall leave the fewer in the lande,  
 To let the foe come in,  
 A case it is to fonde to think  
 That Straungers should refourme  
 The thinges amisse within this lande  
 And make it to retourne.

What! is it not a monarchie ?  
 What Prince hath here to doe ?  
 O who so strong that may us greeve,  
 If we be true thereto ?  
 A proverb olde, no land there is  
 That can this land subdue  
 If we agree within ourselves,  
 And to our land be true.

Was ever lande so governed  
 Sith conquest here to fore  
 As this hath bene in all respectes  
 This IX yeares and more.

What peace, what rest, what quietnesse  
 What welth what helth hath reignde  
 What iustice hath been ministred  
 To all that have complainde  
 Was ever Prince so mercifull  
 As this most noble Queene ?  
 How she hath nursed the Noble bloud  
 Is evidently seene.  
 Whose head from shoulders hath she cut ?  
 Though some did it deserve ?  
 Whom hath she burnt or in iayle  
 Caused that they should starve.

If lenity may make men rise  
 Or meekenesse gender yre  
 If cold may cause the coles to burne ?  
 Or water kindell fire ?  
 If adamant may thrust away  
 The Iron or the Steele,  
 Or shining Sun the naked man  
 May cause the colde to feele ?  
 Then may our Queene, Elizabeth,  
 Be thought to be the cause  
 Why these Rebels do go about  
 The breaking of hir lawes.

But sure it is, hir humblenesse  
 That she hath ever usde,  
 The captives now most cankerdly  
 With treason have abuse.  
 God save the Queene ye crie alowde  
 With weapon stiffe in hande  
 To trouble hir whose prudent heade  
 Hath saved all the lande.  
 Such glosing wordes, and painted style  
 Are fit for foolish heades  
 Or else for babes, whose infancie  
 Doe lyke as leaders leedes.



But now to you the simple sort  
 Leave off from taking part  
 And speede apace unto your home,  
 And to your Prince conuert.  
 Afore that God in wrath doe rise  
 By Princes furie wrought.  
 To beate ye downe in fieldes by force  
 And bring ye all to nought  
 Doe you suppose, a Princes powre  
 Your Captaines may resist,  
 There is of you can tell ye no  
 And if so be they list.

In hir most noble fathers dayes  
 When he came with his powre  
 Have ye forgot when ye were up  
 How eche man took his bower  
 How often in one yeare ye rose  
 The Chronicles doth tell,  
 And yet no boote, ye had no gaine  
 Although ye did rebel.  
 You never hard, nor ever read  
 That Rebelles dyd prevayle  
 And doe you thinke by dente of sworde  
 To make your prince to quaille.

Nay make your count, though you do thinke  
 That many be as you,  
 Of popishe mynd, yet shall you finde  
 Their hearts to be full true.  
 And multitudes that doe beleieve  
 This love to be full right,  
 Are ready prest to take hir part  
 If you will trye hir might.  
 But better no : returne in time  
 If you hir grace doe loove  
 And seeke not iustice as your right,  
 But doe hir mercie proove.

You cannot poynt, if fieldes be fought  
 The victorie at wyll,  
 What gaine shall come unto your part  
 When eche doth other kill ?

O simple men why should ye thus  
 Despise the quiet state ?  
 Of this the realme so governed  
 As you were in of late !  
 The realmes about so troubled  
 And you in quiet rest,  
 Who shall the breakers of the same  
 Not utterly detest ?

And what if that ye should increase  
 (As God forbid the same)  
 And princes powre with rebels might  
 Should runne abrode by fame  
 Would not the foes that now be still  
 Then buskell to come in,  
 When feebled is the land of might  
 By broyles that ye begin  
 Their holinesse and yours is like  
 They seeke but for to raine,  
 And for your making of their way  
 You shall of them be slaine,

Therefore take counsell yet in time  
 Afore yee go to farre,  
 Your Queene, your realme, and happie state  
 Above all things prefarre.  
 For make account, ye shall not bring  
 The state to you to yeelde,  
 You shall first fynd the English bloud,  
 To lie in many a feelde.  
 The sonne, the father, ye shall bring  
 With dent of sword to stryke  
 The brother shall the brother meete  
 And doe also the lyke.

In princes cause no kith nor kinne  
 Affinitie nor blood,  
 Shall staye the subiect to set out  
 To speed both life and good.  
 With conscience good and fayth full sure,  
 Though he be slaine in feelde  
 Yet shall he as true subiect dye  
 And so his soule up yeelde

Whereas if you in fielde be slayne  
Because ye did rebell  
By fact, your slaughter hat the waye  
To Devills that are in hell.

Who for because they did arise  
Against the Lord of might,  
As you doe now against his powre  
They lost eternall light  
The fatherlesse that ye shall make  
And widdowes in their wo  
Shall pray your fee in torments great  
To be for doing so.  
Yea of your own that you shall leave  
Shall curse you for your deedes,  
When they shall feele the plague to stretch  
To them, for your yll meedes.

Bethink yourselves and take advice  
And speedily repent  
Accept the pardon of the Prince  
When it to you is sent.  
So may you save your bodies yet  
Your soules and eke your good,  
And stay the Devill that hopes by you  
To spill much Christian blood  
God save our Queene, and keep in peace  
This Island evermore.  
So shall we render unto him  
Eternall thanks therefore.

finis (W. S.)

God save the Queene.

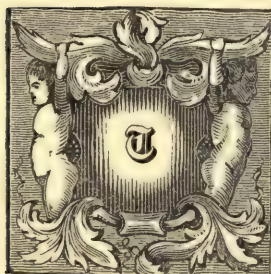




## MEMOIR OF JAMES BROWN,

*The "Durham Poet."*

BY JAMES HENRY DIXON, ESQ.

EXTRACTED FROM "HONE'S EVERY-DAY BOOK," WITH CORRECTIONS AND ALTERATIONS,  
BY THE AUTHOR.

HIS curious personage was well known, for a long series of years, to the inhabitants of Northumberland and Durham, and we believe few men have figured on the stage of the world, more remarkable for their peculiarities and eccentricities.

Of the early part of James Brown's life, little is known that can be depended upon, but the compiler of the present article has heard him assert, that he was born at Berwick-upon-Tweed; if this be the case, it is probable he left that town at a very early age, as in his speech, none of the provincialisms of the lower order of inhabitants of Berwick, could be observed, and had he resided there for any length of time, he must have imperceptibly imbibed the vulgar dialect. Certain, however, it is, that when a young man he resided in that "fashionable" part of Newcastle-upon-Tyne called "the Side," where he kept a rag-shop, and was in the habit of attending the fairs in the neighbourhood, with clothes ready-made for sale. During his residence in Newcastle his first wife died; of this person he always spoke in terms of affection, and was known long after her death, to shed tears on her being alluded to. In all probability it was owing to his loss, that his mind became disturbed, and from an industrious tradesmen he became a fanatic. A few years after her decease, he married a Miss Richardson, of Durham, a respectable though a very eccentric character, and who survived him a year. This lady being possessed of a theatre, and some other little property in Durham, he removed to that city to reside.

When Brown first devoted himself to the Muses is uncertain, but about forty-six years ago, he lived in Newcastle, where he styled himself the poet-laureate of that place, and published a poem explanatory of a chapter in the Apocalypse, which was "adorned" with a hideous engraving of a beast with ten horns. Of this plate he always spoke in terms of rapture. We have heard that it was designed by the bard; but as Mr. B., though a poet, never laid any claim to the character

of an artist, it is our belief that he had no hand in its manufacture, but that it was the work of some of those waggish friends who deceived him by their tricks, and rendered his life a pleasure; for their ingenious fictions prevented his dwelling on scenes, by which his existence might have been embittered, and it is but justice to his numerous hoaxers to assert, that without their pecuniary assistance he would have often been in want of common necessities. Though credulous he was honest; though poor he was possessed of many virtues; and while they laughed at the fancies of the visionary, they respected the man. Brown, once indulged a gentleman in Durham, with a sight of the drawing above alluded to, and on a loud laugh at what the poet esteemed the very perfection of terrific sublimity, Brown told him "he was no christian, or he would not deride a scriptural drawing *which the angel Gabriel had approved!*"

Brown's poesy was chiefly of a serious nature, (at least it was intended to be so,) levity and satire were not his *forte*. Like Dante, his imagination was gloomy—he delighted to describe the torments of hell—the rattling of the chains, and the screams of the damned; the mount of Sisypheus was his Parnassus, the Styx was his Helicon, and the pale forms that flit by Lethe's billows, the muses that inspired his lay. His poems consisted chiefly of visions, prophecies, and rhapsodies, suggested by some part of the sacred volume, of the contents of which he had an astonishing recollection. When he was at the advanced age of ninety-two, it was almost impossible to quote any passage of scripture to him, without his remembering the book, chapter, and frequently the *verse*, from whence it was taken. Of his poetry we cannot say any thing in praise; it had "neither rhyme nor reason," it was such as a madman would inscribe on the walls of his cell. His song, like that of the witches in *Thalaba*, was "an unintelligible song" to all but the writer, on whose mind when reading it, to use the words of one of the sweetest of our modern poets, "meaning flashed like strong inspiration." The only two lines in his works that have any thing like meaning in them are—

"When men let Satan rule their heart  
They do act the devil's part."

Our author's last, and as he esteemed it, his best work—his "*monumentum ære perennius*," was a pamphlet published in Newcastle, in 1820, by Preston and Heaton, at the reasonable price of one shilling; for, unlike his brother bards, Mr. Brown never published in an expensive form. He was convinced that merit would not lie hid though concealed in a pamphlet, but like Terence's beauty, "*diu latere non potest*," and that nonsense, though printed in quarto with the types of a Davison, would be still unnoticed and neglected. On his once being shown



the quarto edition of the "White Doe," and told that he ought to publish in a similar manner, his answer was, that "none but the *devil's* poets needed fine clothes!" The pamphlet above alluded to was entitled "Poems on Military Battles, Naval Victories, and other important subjects, the most extraordinary ever penned, a Thunderbolt shot from Zion's Bow at Satan's Kingdom, the Kingdom of the Devil and the Kingdom of this World reserving themselves in darkness for the great and terrible day of the Lord, as Jude, the servant of the Lord declareth; By JAMES BROWN, P. L." This singular work was decorated with a whole length portrait of the author treading on the "devil's books," and blowing a trumpet to alarm sinners; it was, as we have heard him say, the work of a junior pupil of the immortal Bewick.

During the contest for Durham, in 1820, a number of copies of an election squib, written by a gentleman connected with a northern newspaper, and entitled "A Sublime Epistle, Poetic and Politic, by James Brown, P. L." were sent him for distribution; these, after printing an explanatory address on the back of the title, wherein he called himself S. S. L. D., the "Slayer of Seven Legions of Devils," and disowned the authorship, he turned to his own emolument by selling at sixpence a copy!

In religious affairs, Brown was extremely superstitious; he believed in every mad fanatic, who broached opinions contrary to reason and sense. The wilder the theory, the more congenial to his mind. He was a great reader, and what he read he remembered. The bible, of which he had a very old curious pocket edition in black letter, was his favourite work; next to that, he esteemed the Rev. Alban Butler's lives of the saints, to every relation of which he gave implicit credit, though, strange to tell, he was in his conversation, always violent against, what he called, the "idolatries" of the catholic church.

When Brown was a follower of Mrs. Buchan, a Scotch fanatic, he used to relate that he fasted forty days and forty nights, and it is to this subject that veterinary Doctor Marshall, of Durham, his legitimate successor, alludes in the following lines of an elegy he wrote on the death of his brother poet and friend:—

"He fasted forty days and nights,  
When Mrs. Buchan put to rights  
The wicked, for a wonder;  
And not so much, it has been thought,  
As weigh'd the button on his coat,  
He took to keep sin under."

So sung a Bion, worthy of such an Adonis! but other accounts differ. If we may credit Mr. Sykes, the respectable editor of "Local Records," Marshall erred in supposing that the poet, chameleon-like,



lived on air for "forty days and forty nights." Mr. Sykes relates, that in answer to a question he put to him, as to how he contrived for so long a time, to sustain the cravings of nature, Brown replied, that "they" (he and the rest of the party of fasters) "only set on to the fire a great pot, in which they boiled water, and then stirred into it oatmeal, and supped *that!*"

Brown was very susceptible of flattery, and all his life long, constantly received letters in rhyme, purporting to come from Walter Scott, Byron, Shelley, Southey, Wilson, and other great poets; with communications in prose from the king of England, the emperor of Morocco, the sultan of Persia, &c. All these he believed to be genuine, and was in the habit of showing as curiosities to his friends, who were frequently the real authors, and laughed in their sleeves at his credulity.

In 1821, Brown received a large parchment, signed G. R., attested by Messrs. Canning and Peel, to which was suspended a huge unmeaning seal, which he believed to be the great seal of Great Britain. This document purported to be a patent of nobility, creating him "baron Durham, of Durham, in the county palatine of Durham." It recited that this title had been conferred on him, in consequence of a translation of his works, having been the means of converting the Mogul empire! From that moment he assumed the name and style of "baron Brown," and had a wooden box made for the preservation of his patent.

Of the poetic pieces, which Brown was in the habit of receiving, many were close imitations of the authors, whose names were affixed to them, and evinced that the writers were capable of better things. One "from Mr. Coleridge," was a respectable burlesque of the "Ancient Mariner," and began:—

It is a ZION's trumpeter,  
And he stoppeth one of three.

Another, "from Mr. Wilson," commenced thus:—

Poetic dreams float round me now,  
My spirit where art thou?  
Oh! art thou watching the moonbeams smile  
On the groves of palm in an Indian isle?  
Or dost thou hang over the lovely main  
And list to the boatswain's boisterous strain?  
Or dost thou sail on Sylphid wings  
Through liquid fields of air,  
Or, riding on the clouds afar,  
Dost thou gaze on the beams of the Evening star  
So beautiful and so fair?

O no ! O no ! sweet spirit of mine  
Thou art listening a holy strain divine—

A strain which is so sweet,  
Oh, one might think 'twas a fairy thing,  
A thing of love and blessedness,  
Singing in holy tenderness,  
A lay of peaceful quietness,  
Within a fairy street !  
But *ah!* 'tis BROWN, &c. &c.

A piece "from Walter Scott" opened with :—

The heath-cock shrill his clarion blew  
Among the heights of Benvenue,  
And fast the sportive echo flew,  
Adown Glenavin's vale.  
But louder, louder was the knell,  
Of Brown's Northumbrian penance-bell,\*  
The noise was heard on Norham fell,  
And rung through Teviotdale.

These burlesques were chiefly produced by the law and medical students in Newcastle and Durham, and the young gentlemen in the Catholic College of Ushaw,\* near the latter place. As the writer of this sketch, was once congratulating Mr. Brown on his numerous respectable correspondents, the old man said that he had an acquaintance far superior to any of his earthly ones, and no less a personage than the angel Gabriel, who, he stated, brought him letters from Joanna Southcote, and called to carry back his answers ! This "Gabriel" was a young West Indian, then residing in Durham, who used to dress himself in a sheet, with goose wings on his shoulders, and visit the poet at night, with letters purporting to be written to him in heaven, by the far-famed prophetess. After "Gabriel" left Durham, Brown, was frequently told of the deception, which had been practised upon him, but he never could be induced to believe that his nocturnal visitor was any other than the angel himself. "Did I not," he once said, "see him clearly fly out at the ceiling !" Brown used to correspond with some of Joanna's followers in London, on the subject of these supposed revelations, and actually found (*credite posteri !*) believers in their genuineness !

\* Ringing the penance bell, was an expression which frequently occurred in his writings. As—

I've toll'd the devil's penance-bell,  
And warned you to keep from hell, &c.

The penance-bell, occurs three or four times in each of his several poems.

\* This college is now called St. Cuthbert's and is in connexion with the University of London, where the students are enabled to take degrees in the Arts, Law or Medicine.

Amongst Brown's strange ideas, one was that he was immortal, and should never die. Under this delusion, when ill, he refused all medical assistance, and it induced him at the age of ninety, to sell the little property which he acquired by marriage, for a paltry guinea a week, to be paid during the life of himself and Mrs. Brown, and the life of the survivor. The property he parted from, in consideration of this weekly stipend, was a leasehold house in Sadler-street, Durham, (the theatre having been pulled down, soon after the erection of the present one opposite to it,) which he disposed of to two Durham tradesmen, by whom the allowance was for some time regularly paid; but on one of them becoming embarrassed in his circumstances, the payment was discontinued, and poor Brown and his aged wife were thrown on the world without a farthing, at a time when bodily and mental infirmities had rendered them incapable of gaining a livelihood. After this calamity, Brown became for a few months an inhabitant of the Durham poor-house, which he subsequently left for an obscure inn, where on the 11th of July, 1823, he died in a state of misery and penury, at the advanced age of 92: his wife shortly afterwards died in the poor-house. They are both interred in the church-yard of St. Oswald.

Such was James Brown the Durham poet, who with all his eccentricities was an honest, harmless and inoffensive old man.

The above memoir was inserted in a work published by Cochrane and McCrone, London, intitled "Memoirs of Obscure Poets," the anonymous compiler of which, not only copied it with all its *typographical blunders* (and they were many), and without naming the source from whence it was taken, but actually held the memoir forth to the public as his own composition! *Sic vos non vobis*, &c., &c.

### Ancroft.



ANCROFT is a small village not far south of Berwick, consisting now of only a few cottages. The church is situated at the east end of the village, an ancient edifice with a square tower uncovered: in the middle of the tower grew a large ash tree, supported on an arch where its roots were sustained by the decayed walls; but the venerable appearance of the old edifice is highly injured, by a covering of red tiles. Ancroft seems to have been formerly a large and populous village. It is said that a company of shoemakers resided here in the reign of Anne, and were employed in making shoes for the army. The foundations of the old houses are still to be seen in a field south west of the church. In 1542, there existed a tower here, situate near the church. It was then in tolerable repair, but now not a vestige remains.



# THE GLOAMYNE BUCHTE, A Ballad,

BY JAMES TELFER,

WITH AN INTRODUCTION, ON THE FAIRY MYTHOLOGY OF THE BORDERS,

BY ROBERT WHITE.



ALTHOUGH the light of knowledge has, to a considerable degree, dispersed innumerable shadows which the vivid imagination of our ancestors invested with the attributes of reality, a belief in Fairy Mythology still lingers with those who reside in the unfrequented recesses of the Border Hills. Simple, pious men, attending their *hirsels*, and occasionally carrying the bible in their *plaid neuks*, will, on going their rounds, point out some green knoll or level haugh bounded by a slender brook, where the "good neighbours" were, in former times, wont to hold their joyous revelry. Not one may acknowledge he ever saw a fairy; but many will admit that such beings have been seen: and, rather than yield up this point of credence, some would even be more ready to swerve from faith in matters of infinitely higher importance. Much light, I am aware, has been thrown on this department of superstition by the pens of far abler commentators; yet as I intend to make thereon some additional observations, by way of illustrating both the following ballad and similar pieces of fiction, I shall endeavour to confine myself to those opinions of the subject which prevailed on the boundaries of England and Scotland, handling them, if possible, in a way that may possess some slight interest to the generality of readers.

Without either searching from whence the word *fairy* was derived, or noticing the splendid illusions which have been made to the elves by nearly all our old masters of British poetry, I may say they were considered to be little *wee*, slightly formed beings, beautifully proportioned in limb and stature, having fine flaxen or yellow hair waving over their shoulders; and they chiefly wore green mantles, although the robes of those who haunted moory districts, assumed a brownish hue, so as to be nearly uniform with the appearance of these upland places. They were of different sexes, and the dress of the females, like that of mortals, varied in shape from male apparel, yet it retained almost the same colour. In their raids or journeys which took place

towards and after night-fall, they mounted little, dapper, cream-coloured horses, neatly saddled and bridled, with small bells attached either to the reins or mane, the shrill tinkling sound of which, as the procession hastened onward, reached the human ear at a great distance. Neither bank, furze, wall nor stream stayed them, nor could the slightest trace of the horse's foot-prints be seen; even their own tiny feet in the course of their gambollings left no mark whatever, save in the meadow rings in which they danced roundels to their wild music, under the mellow moonlight. The times, when they were most likely to be seen, were either in the gray *gloaming*, or in the paly light at break of day. On the evening preceeding the first of May, they were supposed to possess the power of inflicting evil in various ways on those luckless wights from whom they had sustained injury, or who had treated or spoken of them disrespectfully; and on Hallowe'en, or the night before Roodsmass, a kind of anniversary or general meeting of the whole fraternity usually took place, after which it was no uncommon circumstance if they mounted on horseback, and traversed a very large tract of country in a marvellously short space of time.

They resided chiefly in small green hills, sloping gently to the south; the openings to their places of abode were undistinguishable by mortals, and a soft mild light without the aid of lamp, moon or sun was shed continually throughout their halls and chambers, which, in point of decoration, outvied the gorgeous magnificence of Eastern palaces. Sometimes they preferred to live near, and indeed almost under human habitations; but they were more at home when at a distance from mankind, and they held their meetings of merry revelry always in wild unfrequented places. Beautiful and romantic spots, such as a smooth opening in a forest, a piece of level sward with a hoary hawthorn in the centre, the vicinity of a gushing spring surrounded by verdant banks, a wild sequestered linn, or the side of a burn whose mimic waves, twittering over rock and channel, produced everlasting music, were with them all favourite haunts. Even in our own day, many places are pointed out as having formerly been the chief resorts of the elfin people. A small stream called the Elwin or Allan which falls into the Tweed from the north, a little above Melrose, was a noted locality; so also was Beaumont water on the north of Cheviot, and the gravelly beds of both are remarkable for a kind of small stones of a rounded or spiral form, as if produced from the action of a lathe, called "Fairy cups" and "dishes." The chief haunt in Liddesdale was a stream which empties itself into the Liddell from the south, called, Harden burn. On the north side of the village of Gunnerton in Northumberland is a small burn in the rocky



channel of which are many curious perforations, called by the country people "Fairy kirns:" similar indentations are likewise observable in the course of Hart near Rothley. In Redesdale also, as our beloved and venerable Bard sings,\* the "train" were accustomed to dance at the Howestane-mouth, near Rochester, and at the Dowercraig top, a solitary spot about a mile north of Otterburne. In the county of Durham there is a large hill near Billingham and a hillock near Bishopton, both of which places were noted formerly as being haunted by fairies.

Several places, likewise, derive their names from the circumstance of having been repeatedly the scenes of fairy-pastime. According to Ritson, "Ferry-hill, a stage between Durham and Darlington, is a corruption of Fairy-hill." In Northumberland, the Dancing Hall near Callaley, the Dancing Green at Debdon in Rothbury forest, and the Elf Hills near Cambo, point out how firmly amongst our fathers the belief in fairy mythology was established. Even in the present day, there are many wells into which, especially if water be drawn therefrom, a pin or trifling article is usually dropped, as an oblation either to the elves, or the invisible guardians of the spot.

So far the fairy folks may be considered as a class of beings entirely distinct from and altogether free of the slightest taint of human nature; but superstition has attributed to them several properties, which are indeed nothing more than detached links of the great chain which circumscribes mortality. Possessing the power of becoming visible at pleasure, many instances are on record to shew that they kept up more or less a continual intercourse with human beings; and were even so very correct in their dealings, particularly in a domestic point of view, that they acquired the general designation of the "good neighbours." They sometimes came even to houses, and asked for employment—for flax to spin or other work of a similar description; and on obtaining it, they never failed to perform their engagements both speedily, and so as to afford the employer the utmost satisfaction. They were also much addicted to borrow such articles as are chiefly required about a house—meal, for instance, kitchen utensils, &c., and always observed the greatest punctuality in making honourable restitution. It seldom occurred that, in any request of this kind, they met with a refusal; and indeed if they did, ample vengeance was sure to descend on whoever manifested such churlish conduct. They had also their feasts. A story is told of a person coming upon them when they were about to partake of one: they invited him to stay, and his welcome was most cordial.

\* See "Lay of the Reedwater Minstrel by Robt. Roxby. Newcastle, 1809."



The viands were excellent, but had a singular flavour about them, such as he never before experienced, and which he could not possibly describe. Hence it will be seen that their processions on horseback, their amusements, their meetings at stated periods, their places of abode, their difference of sexes and procreation of children, their wants, manners, dress and appearance—all bore a collateral resemblance to, and were closely in imitation of what is practised by the human race. Indeed they seem to have possessed a continual desire to change their own offspring for those of mortals; and, therefore, the chief fears entertained anent them arose from the belief that they stole away *unchristened weans*, substituting at the same time their own tiny, sickly children: hence, mothers and nurses were accustomed to be particularly careful of new born infants. When the attempt to carry away a scion of the human stock was successful, the elves were, however, so liberal as to tend it with great kindness, and, by degrees, they brought it to partake almost of their own qualities: it was invisible, and as it grew up, they initiated it into their mysteries—in short it lived and was treated as one of themselves. On the other hand, the changeling was a wearisome, discontented, *yammering* creature: the mother who reared it had neither “night’s rest nor day’s ease;” and when it had lain years in the cradle, it was merely a cunning, rickety, stunted, semblance of humanity.\* If the mother came to know that it belonged to the invisible world, tricks and spells were practised to get quit of the thing, and receive back her own child; but as these varied considerably, it is perhaps unnecessary here to bring them before the reader. Salves, seeds and herbs of various kinds were likewise supposed to be efficacious in enabling the possessor both to discover the fairy people, and to ward off their offensive designs; yet as an enumeration of these, and the modes of their application would lead us

\* At Byerholm, near Newcastleton in Liddesdale, within the last twenty years, a dwarf called Robert Elliot, but more frequently “Little Hobbie o’ the Castleton” was alive, and reputed to be a fairy changeling. He was a most irascible creature; and when insulted, as he frequently was, by boys and others, he never hesitated a moment to draw his gully or dirk, for the purpose of sacrificing them; but as he was woefully short legged, they generally escaped by flight. He was revengeful, and by no means deficient in courage. On hearing that a neighbour, William Scott of Kirndeane, an able, stout, brave borderer, who stood 6ft. 3in. high, had been spreading reports calculated to injure his reputation, the little man invited him to his house—took him up stairs to a room in which were a brace of pistols, with two swords, and, pointing to the weapons, promptly demanded satisfaction for the offence. Scott adroitly *backed* to the door—got it open and hastily retreated, much to the disappointment of his host. He confessed afterwards that powerful as he was, his heart nearly failed him when the deformed being so suddenly disclosed his plan of *gentlemanly* adjustment.

beyond the limits we intend to occupy, they must also, for the present, be passed over.

Tradition likewise ascribes to the fairy folk the charge of not only falling in love with the finest and fairest specimens of the sons and daughters of men, but of carrying them away to their own regions, and detaining them there for an indefinite length of time. A strong desire to sleep would overtake the young man or young woman; and if he or she lay down and slumbered within the bounds of certain charmed rings, either would, on awaking, discover they had been conveyed to fairy land. If any friend or relation volunteered to win them back, the feat, according to current opinion, had to be performed on the evening before Holy-rood (14th September) within a year and day from the time when they were taken away; and to be successful, extraordinary coolness and address were requisite. If no attempt at recovery was made, the settlers in fairy land were, after the expiration of seven years, allowed to return occasionally to the world, during a similar period of time; after which, they very rarely quitted their adopted country. Still, however pleasing and agreeable its verdant lawns, shady groves, and delightful valleys may have been, together with the soothing, unaffected courtesy of its inhabitants, those who were thus changed in nature are said to have retained the consciousness that they were not merely beyond the pale of salvation, but were liable, at certain periods, to be delivered up as a sacrifice to the arch-fiend himself: and this is assigned as one of the causes why the elves, to save their own numbers, were desirous to retain amongst them various members of the human family. Instances, however, of adults being taken away were rare; and the elves were scarcely ever dreaded on that account. Yet such a point in the popular creed deserves to be noticed, from its beautiful adaptation to the purposes of fiction, and the way in which authors have employed it in the construction of some of the finest machinery in the whole range of romantic literature.

The number and exertions of the clergy, and the general dissemination of the Scriptures were, it is said, the leading causes which tended to the banishment of the fairies from this country. Whenever a divine stationed himself on a fine green knoll, or within some sylvan boundary, and put up prayers to heaven, amidst his hearers, for the downfall of Satan and his emissaries, the little invisible people, however they might be attached to such localities, henceforth bade them adieu for ever. To the spread of the gospel, may also be added the circulation of knowledge, and the advancement of mathematical learning which so admirably qualifies the intellect, by inductive reasoning, to investigate and distinguish between error and truth.



Many people also dip slightly into the fountain of knowledge, instead of drinking deeply of its wave; and this too often engenders a species of doubt and denial of all essences or things which cannot be distinctly either felt or seen. These, with probably other causes, drove from amongst us the light footed, aerial elves, who for many ages inhabited our pastoral solitudes, and which tradition says they quitted with the utmost regret. On the night when the chief number were supposed to take their departure, the air was filled from "dusky eve" till "dewy morn" with wailing and lamentation.

After the general dispersion of the fairies, a few would seem to have remained here even until a comparatively recent date. Having already entered upon this subject at considerable length, I may be justified in bringing together some notices chiefly illustrative either of them, or what they were supposed to perform, which have been attested by veritable people, the greater number of whom were living within the memory of man. I know that modern examples of this kind lie under the disadvantage of having to be placed, like a picture or cartoon, nearer to the spectator than the distance at which they are best seen, and must therefore, be more palpable than could be wished; yet the reader will, it is hoped, be liberal enough to make sufficient allowance for the experiment. They are the last, faint glimpses caught of a system, which to me, at least, is not without attraction; and they seem like the remaining broken and lonely columns of a ruined temple, observed when day has departed, and immediately before they are shrouded in the shadow of night.

On a fine summer evening as a clergyman, a resident of Redesdale in Northumberland, was returning on horseback from the Whitelee, and had advanced nearly half way between that place and Lumsden, he saw, at a short distance to the right before him, a party of the fairies forming a ring and about to commence the tripping of a gentle roundel. Music accompanied them, and its strains were delightfully mingled with the babbling of the brook which lapsed away beyond them, within a good bow-shot from the road. He turned his horse's head, and rode towards the place; but in advancing, he observed the objects of his curiosity betake themselves to flight over a slight bank which intervened between him and the stream, and on arriving at a spot from which the whole plot of ground could be distinguished, they were no where to be seen. No reasoning or argument afterwards could shake the reverend gentleman's opinion that "there are more things in Heaven and Earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

Tosson water corn-mill, a little above Rothbury, was occupied some time before the close of the last century, by a person of the



name of Sproat. His wife, *Tibby*, who lived to a great age, often related the following incidents, especially if the existence of fairies came to be discussed in her presence; and those who knew her upright disposition, would at any time, vouch for her strict adherence to what she conceived to be truth. "Ney, hinnies!" she would say, "Aw'll nit believe but there's fairies, though they dinnit kythe to e'en like ours. Aw mind nicely o' what happent, yin bonnie Spring gloamin', when we hed Tosson mill. The gudeman set off the waitur, seest tu, an' just cam in to get family wurship: weel, ney seunur hed he ta'en the beuk, than the mill was set a gannin. He leukt at me as if he know'd the maitur; but nevir stoppt wuv what he hed i' hand, till we raise frev prayer. By this time the mill was stannin again, an' eftur waitin for hauf an hour, or sey, he went in, an' faund a' reet as he hed left it, except that the moutar dish was nearly fou iv a' kinds iv grain but yits. He pat it through the mill: Aw beayk't a cake wuv the meal; an' we a' ate on't, except a dog 'at belang'd yin o' the lads. It leukt up i' wur faces, an' wadnt touch a bit; and, whithur elf-shot or no', nit yin could tell, but the yamphin thing dee't the neist day.

"Anithur time the gudeman was plewin out at yin iv the hie fields; and when the gadsman cam' tiv the landin', what soud he see but the greatur pairt iv a cake iv brede, lyin' just where the owsen turnt! He teukt up; it leukt clean like: the gudeman an' him baith tasted it, an' gae the owsen pairt tey. Od, but yin o' them turnt away its head, an' wad hev nane, for a' they coud dey. Weel, that neet, seest tu, the animal grew bad, and dee't within twey days,—a wairnin' tiv us a' that neythur body nor beast soud be owre positive i' their ain way. Nevir doubt, hinnies, iv theye things: doutin' leads aylways to muckle ill, an' ney geud!"

Thus it will be seen how readily any event or circumstance, which was difficult to reconcile with natural causes, might be ascribed to fairy agency; and had the following inexplicable occurrence caught the ear of any other person than one of strong mind and strict veracity, what excellent scope it would have furnished towards the shadowing forth of supernatural existence! An old shepherd who lived at a solitary spot called the Swyrefoot on Hyndlee farm in Rulewater, Roxburgshire, had, on a time, the charge of a *hirsle* of *new-speaned* lambs. He arose, from his bed one fine summer night, and went to the end of the house which stood on the brink of a linn, to listen if the lambs were rising, which, by their bleating, he could easily ascertain. All was still and quiet in the direction where they lay; "but," said he, "I heard a great plitch-platching as it were o' some hundreds o' little feet i' the stream aboon the house. At first

I was inclined to think it was the lambs; but then the gray light o' a simmer's night loot me see the waiter clearly that nae lambs were there—indeed I could see naething ava. I stayed, an stood listenin' an' lookin', no kennin' what to make o't, when a' at yince the plitch-platching' gae owre, an' then there was sic a queer eiry nieher, as o' some hundreds o' creatures laughin', cam frae the upper linn, as left me i' nae doubt that if fairies were still i' the land, they were at the Swyre-foot that night."

I come now to the last illustration of this subject, and I account it not the less important, since it affords proof that the ground work of the following ballad is in strict keeping with popular superstition in the upper parts of Roxburghshire. I give it in the words of another old shepherd, Robert Oliver, by name, who lived at Southdean in Jed-water, and died about a dozen years ago. "Speakin' o' Fairies," said Robie, "I can tell you about the vera last fairy that ever was seen hereaway. When my faither, Peter Oliver, was a young man, he lived at Hyndlee and herdit the Brockalaw. Weel, it was the custom to milk yowes i' thae days, and my faither was buchtin' the Brockalaw yowes to twae young, lish, clever hizzies ae night after sunset. Nae little 'daffin' and gabbin,' as the sang sings, gaed on amang the threesome, Ise warrant ye, till at last, just as it begoud to get faughish derk, my faither chanced to look along the lea at the head o' the bucht, and what does he see but a little wee creaturie, a' clad i' green, and wi' lang hair, yellow as gowd, hingin' round its shoulders, comin' straight for him, whyles gie'n a whink of a greet, and aye atween hands raisin' a queer, unyirthly cry—'Ha' ye seen Hewie Millburn? O ha' ye seen Hewie Millburn?' Instead o' making the creaturie ony answer, my faither sprang ower the bucht flake to be near the lasses: he could only say 'Bless us too, what's that?' 'Ha, ha, Patie lad!' quo Bessie Elliot, a free-spoken Liddesdale hempy, 'there's a wife com'd for ye the night, Patie lad.' 'A wife,' said my faither, 'may the Lord keep me frae sic a wife as that;'—and, as he confessed till his deein' day, he was at the time in sic a fear that he fand every hair on his head rise like the birses of a hurcheon.\* Weel, there was nae mair said, and the creaturie—it was nae bigger than a three year auld lassie, but feat and tight, lith and limb, as ony grown woman, and its face was the doonright perfection o' beauty; only there was something wild and unyerthly in its e'en—they couldna be lookit at, and less be describit—weel as I was sayin, it didna molest them farther than it taiglet on about the buchte, ay now and then repeatin its cry, 'Ha' ye seen Hewie Milburn?' and they could come

\* Hedgehog.



to nae other conclusion, than that it had tint its companion. When they left the buchte, my faither and the lasses, it followed them hame even into Hyndlee kitchen, where the kitchen-woman offered it yowe brose, but it wadna take onything, and at last a near-do-weel cowherd callant made as if he wad grip it by the nose wi' a pair o' reid het tangs, and it appeared to be offendit, for it left the house and gaed away down the burn side, crying its auld cry, eeryer and waesomer than ever, till it came to a bush o' seggs\* where it sauntit an' never was mair seen."

It is now necessary that these observations be brought to a close. They occupy more space than was at first intended; and still, I confess I leave them with regret. The will clings instinctively to whatever in former days characterized the land of our birth; and what was told us in our boyhood, and formed food for thoughts which Fancy moulded at will, seem, now that the narrators are no more, like memorials "thrice hallowed," for the sake of those who bequeathed them. Indeed, so far am I swayed with this feeling, that I would willingly exchange a few of the dry, hard outlines of reality, which distinguish the present age, for some of the soft, rich, mellow shades which a brilliant fancy threw so enchantingly around the ideal objects of by-gone times. In the present day, the salutary influence of imagination over human existence would appear to have almost lost its charm; and what else, except religion, can be more redolent of intellectual enjoyment? Amongst our forefathers, it was like the breath of Spring to nature, quickening into life not only "mute," but *immaterial* "things;" and if the leafless tree and barren rock preserved then, as now, their appearance unchanged, they gave relief to the luxuriance around them, rendering the green blade and blossoming bough still more beautiful and attractive.

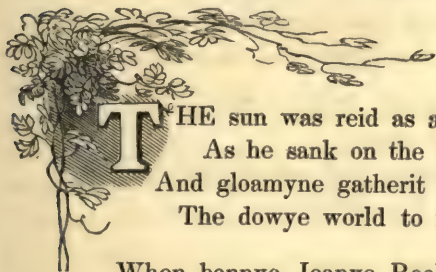
"The Gloamyne Buchte" first appeared in a small volume, published at Jedburgh in 1824, entitled, "Border Ballads, &c. by James Telfer." It has now been long out of print, and the piece is given here with the author's latest corrections. Those who possess the above small, unassuming work, and can judge of the talent it evinces, will admit that its author has experienced the influence of the poetical mantle, which, as an inheritance, has descended through a long line of venerable ballad minstrels. And here I cannot omit the opportunity of saying that if of late years, declining health and other depressing causes have compelled him partly to "belie the promise of his Spring," they have never, in the slightest degree, shaken his devoted attachment to literature;—only, the inspired penman reminds us that

\* Sedges.



"the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." Some excuse for these remarks may be claimed, by one, who, if he never bent a knee in adulation of worldly greatness, has ever felt it his duty to render due homage to intellectual worth; and if they bear more *home* upon Mr. Telfer than may be altogether acceptable to his delicacy, he will be good enough to forgive them, not merely on the score of an intimacy of twenty years standing, but also on account of the human heart having a tendency to pour out its kindest tribute on those whose merit the world is slow to recognise, and, alas, still slower to reward!

### The Gloampne Buchte.



THE sun was reid as a furnace mouthe,  
As he sank on the Ettricke hyll;  
And gloampne gatherit from the easte,  
The dowye world to fill.

When bonnye Jeanye Roole she milket the yowes  
I' the buchte aboon the lynne;  
And they were wilde and ill to weare,  
But the hindmost buchtfu' was inne.

O milk them weil, my bonnye Jeanye Roole,  
The wyllye shepherd could say,  
And sing to me "The Keache i' the Creel,"  
To put the tyme away.

It's fer owre late at e'en, shepherd,  
Replied the maiden fair;  
The fairies wad hear, quo' bonny Jeanye Roole,  
And wi' louting my back is sair.

He's ta'en her round the middel sae sma',  
While the yowes ran bye between,  
And out o' the buchte he's layd her down,  
And all on the dewye green.

The star o' love i' the eastern lifte  
Was the only e'e they saw;—  
The only tongue that they might hear  
Was the lynne's deep murmuring fa'.

O who can tell of youthfu' love !

O who can sing or say !

It is a theme for minstrel meete,

And yet transcends his lay.

It is a thralldome, well I weene,

To hold the heart in sylke ;

It is a draught to craze the braine,

Yet mylder than the mylke.

O sing me the sang, my bonnye Jeanye Roole,

Now, dearest, sing to me !

The angels will listen at yon little holes,

And witness my vowes to thee.

I mayna refuse, quo' bonnye Jeanie Roole,

Sae weel ye can me winne :

And she satte in his armis, and sweetly she sang,

And her voice rang frae the lynne.

The liltings o' that sylver voice

Might weel the wits beguile ;

They clearer were than shepherd's pipe

Heard o'er the hylls a mile.

The liltings o' that sylver voice,

That rose an' fell so free,

They softer were than lover's lute

Heard o'er a sleeping sea.

The liltings o' that sylver voice

Were melody sae true ;

They sprang up-through the welkin wide

To the heaven's key-stane blue.

Sing on, sing on, my bonnye Jeanye Roole,

Sing on your sang sae sweet ;—

Now Chryste me save ! quo' the bonnye lass,

Whence comes that waesome greete ?

They turned their gaze to the Mourning Cleuch,

Where the greeting seemed to be,

And there beheld a little greene bairne

Come o'er the darksome lea.

And aye it raised a waesome greete,  
Butte and an eiry crye,  
Untille it came to the buchte fauld ende,  
Where the wynsome payr did lye.

It lookit around with its snail-cap eyne,  
That made their hearts to groun,  
Then turned upright its grass-green face,  
And opened its goblyne mou' ;

Then raised a youle, sae loude and lange—  
Sae yerlish and sae shrille,  
As dirled up throwe the twinkling holes  
The second lifte untill.

I tell the tale as tolde to me,  
I swear so by my faye ;  
And whether or not of glamourye,  
In soothe I cannot say.

That youling yowte sae yerlish was,  
Butte and sae lang and loude,  
The rysing moone like saffron grewe,  
And holed ahint a cloude.

And round the boddome o' the lifte,  
It rang the worild through,  
And boomed against the milkye waye,  
Afore it closed its mou'.

Then neiste it raised its note and sang  
Sae witchinglye and sweete,  
The moudies powtelit out o' the yirth,  
And kyssed the synger's feete.

The waizle dunne frae the auld grey cairn,  
The theiffe foulmart came nighe ;  
The hurcheon raxed his scory chafts,  
And gepit wi' girning joye.

The todde he came frae the Screthy holes,  
And courit fou cunninglye ;  
The stinkan brockke wi' his lang lank lyske,  
Shotte up his gruntle to see.



The kidde and martyne ranne a race  
 Amang the dewye ferne ;  
 The mawkin gogglet i' the synger's face,  
 Th'enchauting notes to learne.

The pert little eskis they curlit their tails,  
 And danced a myrthsome reele ;  
 The tade held up her auld dunne lufes,  
 She lykit the sang sae weele.

The herone came frae the Witch-pule tree,  
 The houlet frae Deadwood-howe ;  
 The auld gray corbie hoverit aboone,  
 While tears downe his cheeks did flowe.

The yowes they lap out owre the buchte,  
 And skippit up and downe ;  
 And bonnye Jeanye Roole, i' the shepherds armis,  
 Fell back-out-owre in a swoone.

It might be glamourye or not,  
 In sooth I cannot say,  
 It was the witching time of night—  
 The hour o' gloamyne gray,  
 And she that lay in her loveris armis,  
 I wis was a weel-faured Maye.

Her pulses all were beatinge trewe,  
 Her heart was loupinge lighte,  
 Unto that wondrous melody—  
 That simple song of mighte.

### The Songe.

O where is tinye Hewe ?  
 O where is little Lenne ?  
 And where is bonny Lu ?  
 And Menie o' the glenne ?  
 And where's the place o' rest ?  
 The ever changing hame—  
 Is it the gowan's breast,  
 Or 'neath the bell o' faem ?

CHORUS—Ay lu lan, lan dil y'u, &c.

The fairest rose you finde,  
 May have a taint withinne;  
 The flower o' womankinde,  
 May ope her breast to sinne.—  
 The fox-glove cuppe you'll bring,  
 The taile of shootinge sterne,  
 And at the grassy ring,  
 We'll pledge the pith o' ferne.

CHOR.—Ay lu lan, lan dil y'u, &c.

And when the blushing moone  
 Glides down the western skye,  
 By streamer's wing we soon  
 Upon her top will lye;—  
 Her hichest horn we'll ride,  
 And quaffe her yellowe dewe;  
 And frae her skaddowye side,  
 The burning daye we'll viewe.

CHOR.—Ay lu lan, lan dil y'u, &c.

The straine raise high, the straine fell low,  
 Then fainted fitfullye;  
 And bonnye Jeanye Roole she lookit up,  
 To see what she might see.

She lookit hiche to the bodynge hille,  
 And laighe to the darklynge deane;—  
 She heard the soundis still ringin i' the lifte,  
 But naethinge could be seene.

She held her breathe with anxious eare,  
 And thought it all a dreame;—  
 But an eiry nicher she heard i' the linne,  
 And a plitch-platch in the streime.

Never a word said bonnye Jeanye Roole,  
 Butte, shepherd, lette us gange;  
 And never mair, at a Gloamyne Buchte,  
 Wald she singe another sange.



HEXHAM ABBEY CHURCH.

## OLD JOHN BROWN,

THE SEXTON—OF HEXHAM, NORTHUMBERLAND.

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“Go; of my sexton seek, whose days are sped:  
 What! he himself? and is old Dibble dead?  
 Yes! he is gone; and we are going all;  
 Like flowers we wither, and like leaves we fall.”

CRABBE.

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**M**ONGST the almost infinite variety of characters which present themselves to our daily observation, there are some so much influenced by their pursuits, and so identified with their professions, as continually to remind us of them. We cannot behold their persons, without thinking of their occupation, and feeling those sensations, whether agreeable or repulsive, which the recollection is calculated to excite. Of this description of character was old John Brown, the Sexton.

It mattered not on what occasion, or at what time or place, you saw him, he was still the sexton. As to place, the church was his centre of gravity; he lived in its neighbourhood, followed his occupations under its shadow, and seldom went beyond the precincts of his charge. Morning, noon, or night, if you met him, he was still about his business; commonly with the huge keys of the church-doors



in his hand, or sticking out of his pocket. Ringing the morning-bell had naturally produced the habit of early rising; and the principal recreation that he indulged in, was a walk as far as the great tree in the neighbouring abbey grounds, after performing this service.

Twice a week, besides the sabbath and holidays, the prayer-bell required his attention; for he added the office of parish clerk to that of sexton, or held them jointly with his son, of the same name; and then he generally had the rope in his hand when the clock struck six, to ring the evening bell.

His other avocations were of a still graver nature. Tolling the death-bell sometimes occasioned him to climb the belfry late at night, in winter as well as summer; and an alarm of fire would at any hour immediately call him to his post, to give the needful summons. But habit had rendered him proof against those fears, which to some minds would have peopled the old church, at such seasons, with ghostly inhabitants.

Digging of graves is an employment which, to most men, would be extremely revolting; it is, however, what all will allow to be necessary; it was moreover, John's business, and he went about it with avidity. This is, in all respects, a serious occupation, and, what is perhaps but little considered, a very important one. No small skill certainly is necessary, in many church-yards, and Hexham is one of them, so to inter the dead, as not to disinter those who have been recently buried.

John knew as well as any man the difficulties of his profession, and, it seems, it had its mysteries too; for, though he did not by any means encourage the inquiries of the curious on these points, he sometimes let fall an intimation of certain liberties which, circumstanced as he was, he no doubt too often found it convenient to take with his subjects! "No one knows a sexton's duties but a sexton," he would say; and few, we are persuaded, have discharged them better. He was always about his business. If not employed in digging a grave, or burying the dead, his mattock was at work knocking down the weeds, collecting fragments of broken coffins, or removing exhumed bones from the surface of the grave-yard.

His most prominent and, at the same time, praiseworthy characteristic was, attending to the duties of his calling; and his care to prevent the interference of unqualified and prying persons, was scarcely less remarkable. Many a time have I dreaded his frown; and more than once felt the weight of his heavy hand. Sometimes I have fallen under his displeasure, for getting into the church when there was no service, or remaining in the burying-ground after the funeral was over; and, once I was so unlucky as to be caught upon the leads of

the church, after the ringers had left the belfry. On this occasion, after a severe handling in the capture, he brought his prisoner before the priest: this last affair left such a horror, both of the place and of the parties, as to have a salutary effect; but it was long ere I got rid of my deep-rooted grudge both against the minister and the sexton.

John Brown was not a sexton of the description portrayed in Blair's Grave. I will not cite a line of that often-quoted poem; for, though exquisitely drawn, it is not the character I am describing. Indeed, they have scarcely any thing in common, except a knowledge of their profession. John Brown was not that facetious being, whose disposition is so little in keeping with his avocations. "Clerk's ale" has gone out of fashion now, "Easter dues," are no longer collected in our Parish—and little remains of the old customs. On occasion of going his annual round at this festival, he washed his earthy hands, and appeared comfortable in his person. Yet he was neither a droll nor a toper, but a stern and trusty man; and I am persuaded, that if every church-yard had a sentinel as uncompromising as was John Brown, a resurrection-man would have but 'few temptations to violate' the sanctuary of the dead.

When old John drew near his end, he conducted himself with more than his usual gravity, and discovered a disposition the very reverse of ostentatious. It is the custom of the bell-ringers in Hexham, and probably in other places, on the death of one of their number, to honour him with a muffled peal at the funeral; and, as John was one of the eight, this tribute was his due, independently of his more important offices, which entitled him to still greater distinction. Indeed, when his long and faithful services are taken into account, I do not know that half the parish would have considered it too high a token of regard, to have attended his funeral. But John, it seems, did not relish parade; and in his circumstances, it is to be hoped that his thoughts were employed on more profitable subjects than the anticipation of posthumous honours. Certain it is, that he forbade the accustomed peal, and discouraged the intention of any unnecessary ceremony. "I have been a plain man all my life," said he, to those around him, "and I wish to be buried in a plain manner—and hope you will make no needless fuss about me."

This prohibition was a source of disappointment to many, and even to me, who by this time had got the better of my boyish antipathy; and would have had some special notice taken of a man who had been so especially useful to society. But John had given his protest against it, and his injunction was carefully observed. This respectable old man had, however, the singular honour to be buried by his own two sons; he had initiated them into the mysteries of his



calling, and they have been fortunate enough to succeed him respectively in his offices of parish clerk and sexton.

It may not be amiss, in closing this sketch, to glance at an event, in itself interesting, but rendered still more so as it opened the way to John Brown's introduction to that station, which he occupied in such a creditable manner for a period little short of half a century. He came into office when Francis Bell died. Poor old Frank, whatever might have been his faults, seems to have discharged his official duties with scrupulous attention, and a pardonable pride; and he died at his *elevated* post!

He had climbed the belfry, one Sunday morning, as usual, to ring for church, and had sat down, as is customary, after reaching the ringing-loft, to recover from the fatigue of ascending the long winding stairs. One of the band observed, that all hands were there, the clock had struck ten, and they had better *set in*. There are eight bells in Hexham church; seven of the ringers were at their stands, and all wondered that the old man was inactive. "Come, Frank," said some of them.—Frank was silent—all eyes were turned to him; he had leaned his head against the wall, and they thought he slept. He slept indeed—but waked no more! On old Frank's death, his son, of the same name, became a bell-ringer; and it is somewhat remarkable, that he, too, *died in the church*, in ascending the same bell-loft of which we have had occasion to speak already; and in a manner still more deplorable. Thirty years have elapsed since; but it is, perhaps, still too soon to enter into a minute detail of the circumstances of his death.

### Epitaph on an old Sexton—intended for John Brown.

Truly thy hand, relentless Death, spares none,  
When e'en thy servants share the common doom;  
The hoary sexton from his post is gone;  
He drops his spade, and finds himself a tomb.  
Peace to the dead! and sacred be his grave—  
Gently, O earth, receive him to thy breast:  
Let each sweet flow'ret o'er his ashes wave,  
Who laid a thousand of his kind to rest.

JOSEPH RIDLEY.

Hexham, Sept., 25, 1830.



YOUNG JOHNSON;  
Or, The three Butchers,

A NORTHUMBRIAN BALLAD.



KNOW nothing of the history of the following song; though I think it probable, that it is founded on fact, and may have reference to some deed of blood perpetrated by Highwaymen in the reign of George II. It is a popular song at the present day, and is frequently sung at graziers' and butchers' dinners in different parts of England. It is often called for at the butchers' meetings at Romford in Essex, and is indeed as great a favourite with the knights of the cleaver, as the old song of the *Men of Kent* is with the Kentish farmers. Like all songs which have only been printed by the common ballad printers, there are hardly two copies alike. The one below is partly taken from a broadsheet, printed in 1842, by Pitts, Great St. Andrew street, London, and partly taken from the recitation of a lady. If it were not beyond a question that the song can boast of a very respectable age, I should from the metre have supposed it to be a modern composition, intended to burlesque the style and manner of Lockhart's Spanish ballads—It can however be proved that the ballad is at least *seventy years old*, and I have no doubt it is *much* older. Young Johnson is only a street song—still there is a graceful flow in the rhythm, and a spirit about the composition, that places it far above the generality of such things, and well entitles it to a place, in a work designed in part, for the preservation of the legends and ballads of the 'North Countrie.'

Tollington Park, Feb. 2, 1843.

J. H. DIXON.

'TWAS Ipson, Gibson and Johnson—listen to my truthful lay  
They had five hundred guineas bright, all on a market day;  
As they rode o'er Northumberland, as fast as bird can fly,  
"O hark! O hark!" says Johnson, "sure I hear a woman's cry."

Then Johnson being a valiant man, a man of courage bold,  
He rang'd all o'er a neighb'ring wood, till a woman he did behold,

"How came you here," says Johnson "how came you here?" says he;

I am come here to relieve you, and unbind you from the tree."

"There have been ten villains fierce, have hand and foot me bound.  
And stripped me stark naked, and my hair pinned to the ground."  
Then Johnson being a valiant man, a man of courage bold,  
He took his coat from off his back, to keep her from the cold.

As they rode o'er Northumberland, as hard as they could ride,  
She put her fingers to her ears, and dismally she cried;  
When up did start ten highwaymen,\* with weapons in their hand,  
And riding up to Johnson, O they bid him for to stand.

"Its I'll not stand!" says Ipson, "stand! O no indeed not I"  
"Its I'll not stand" says Gibson, "I will sooner live than die!"  
"Then I *will* stand!" says Johnson "I'll stand the while I can,  
"I never yet was daunted, nor afraid of any man!"

Then Johnson drew his glittering sword, with all his might and main,  
So well he laid upon them, that he eight of them has slain;  
As he was fighting the other two, he the woman did not mind,  
She took a knife all from his side, and stabbed him deep behind.

"I fall, I fall," did Johnson say "I fall unto the ground;  
This wicked woman I did relieve, has given me my death wound!"  
He spake, and yielded up his life—"base woman what hast thou  
done—

Thou hast killed the bravest butcher that the sun e'er shone upon."

This happened on a market day as the folk were riding by,  
And for this dreadful murder soon they raised the hue and cry.  
That wicked one was taken, and in irons strong was bound,  
For killing the bravest butcher that did ever tread the ground.

'Neath Hexham's abbey, grey and old, young Johnson's bones were  
laid;  
The death knell rung, the anthem sung, and Christian rites were  
paid;  
While a tree was raised in Morpeth town, the market place within,  
And on that tree, I trow, that she did shrive her deadly sin.

\* In the broad-sheet printed at York these worthies are called "ten swaggering blades."

## NEWCASTLE APPRENTICES

IN THE

Olden Time.



THE following extracts from the books of the society of Merchant Adventurers of Newcastle upon Tyne, exhibit an interesting picture of the then dress and manners of the apprentices, and of the regulations of the fellowship concerning them. The charters and records of this company, which was established by king John, A. D. 1215, together with all their original orders, correspondence, accounts, &c., are in a perfect state of preservation, and we find enrolled amongst its members the ancestors of nearly all the principal families now settled in the northern counties.

"An act for the apperell of the apyntyces, made in November, 1554, Mr. Cuthber Ellyson then beyng governour," thus inveighs against the vices and excesses of the times, "What dyseng, cardeng, and mummyng, what typling, daunseng and brasenge of harlots! what garded cotes, jagged hose lyned with silke and cutt shoes! what use of gitternes by nyght, what wearynge of berds! what daggers ys by them worne crosse overthwarte their backs, that theis their doeings are more cumlye and decent for rageng ruffians than seem lie for honest apprentizes!" The act proceeds to forbid apprentices "to daunse, dyse, carde, or mum, or use any gyttarnes; to wear any cutt hose, cutt shoes or pounced jerkens, or any berds; to weare none other hoses than sloppes of course clothe whereof the yarde do not excede 12d.—their shoes and cotes to be of course clothe, and housewifes making—they are to wear no straitte hoose, but playn without cuts, pounsying or gards."

The apprentices of mayors, sheriffs, and aldermen were excepted in the dress articles of this very humiliating order.

"Anno die 1563. the xix daye of Auguste.—

"It is orderde, lycencyde assentyde and agree the xix of Auguste Ao 1563 by the Governor assystaunce and Hole Fellyshipe that Cuthbert Carre being Apprentyce to mayster Cuthbert Ellysonne that he shall be lycensyde to marye at his pleasure, his Indenture, Bond, Covenant, Act or Statutt made in this Hous without breaking or infrenging anny of the same."

A remarkable order of the society, originating, no doubt, in their



hatred of the moss troopers, occurs in 1564, prohibiting any person born in Tynedale, Riddesdale, or such like places, to be admitted apprentice. The reason assigned for this restriction will, at this time, appear no less strange. "The parties there brought up are known either by education or nature not to be of honest conversation." They are said to "commit frequent thefts and other felonys"—so that no apprentices are to be taken, "proceeding from such lewde and wicked progenitors."\*

It was ordered by a by-law of this fraternity, November 10th 1603, that their apprentices should be forbidden to "daunce, dice, carde, mum, or use any musick either by nyght or by day in the streetes." Their apparel of cloth to be under ten shillings a yard, or of fustain, of or under three shillings per yard.—They are not "to weare any velvat or lace on their apparell, neither any silke garters, silke or velvat girdles, silke pointes, worsted or Jersey stockings, shoe strings of sylk, pumpes, pantofles, or corke shoes, hats lyned with velvat, nor double cypress hat-bands, or silke strings, nor clokes and daggers, neither any ruffled bands but falling bands, plaine without lace, stiche or any kind of sowed work, neither shall they weare their haire longe nor locks at their ears like ruffians." A special gaol or prison was provided for the punishment of the refractory and disobedient, in the West-gate of the town, to which a gaoler was appointed with a salary of forty shillings per annum.



WESTGATE, NEWCASTLE (1800).

In the year 1649 a bye law of the society ordered that every apprentice should "cutt his haire from the crowne of his heade, keepe his foreheade bare, his lockes, if any, shall not reach below the

\* This act was not repealed till A. D. 1771.

lap of his eare, and the same length to be observed behind: and if in caise any be sicke, he shall weare a linnen cap and no other, and that without lace. And they shall weare no beaver hatts, nor castors; if their hattes be blacke they shall have blacke bands, if gray hatts their bands suitable: but neither gold nor silver woorke in any of them; neither fancies nor ribbins at their hatbands: the cloth for their apparell shall not exceed 14 or 15 shillings the yerde: they shall weare no stuff of silke or cammell haire; their clothes shall be made plaine up without lace or any trimmings except buttons; and them only in places needfull—and no better than of silke. Their bands shall be plaine without lace or scallopes. They shall weare no cutts, boot-hos-tops or culloured showes or showes of Spanish leather, long neb'd showes or bootes: noe silke garters at all nor show strings better than ferret or cotton ribbin, no gloves but plaine, nor bootes but when they ride.”

At a court held on the 5th of October, the same year, nine of the apprentices refused to conform to the above order and were allowed till the 7th of December next to consider of it, when three of them “shewing themselves disobedient and very obstinate, were first in open court (where a dish is said to have been kept, by the edge of which their hair was *cut* round) made exemplary by shortninge their hayre, and taking from their clothes superfluous ribbining: and for their wilfull obstinacy were committed to prison, where each was allowed no more than two-pence in breade and one quarte of table beare per diem.” After eleven days confinement they petitioned the governor and fellowship, and desire their worships “to passe by and be oblivious of all their misdemeanors,” promising also to conform on their enlargement, which was granted them.

The remarkable appearance exhibited by these disfigured youths provoked even the satire of the formalists of the seventeenth century, accordingly we find a brother of the society complained of for mocking them, and calling them “the company’s cowed tupps,” in the homely language of that age.

There is an order dated in 1654, for “No Batchelors to take an Apprentice.”

A. D. 1655, by a bye law of this fraternity, it was enacted, that every apprentice convicted of fornication, should pay a fine of one hundred pounds sterling.—The order before stood at one hundred marks; but that sum probably having been found insufficient, it was now altered to as many pounds.

January 26th, 1656, an order was made by the society concerning the religion of their apprentices, the curious preamble whereof runs as follows: “Whereas in these late tymes, wherein iniquity abounds,



wee find by wooful experience a great apostacy and falling off from the truth to popery, quakerisme and all manner of heresy and unheard of blasphemy and profaneness.”—It then proceeds to enact “that no popish recusant, quaker, or any who shall not attend duely on his maister at the publicke ordinances, or any who is base begotten, crooked or lame, or any other way deformed,” be taken apprentice on pain of being fined an hundred marks.

“The Right Worshipful Nicholas Fenwick, Esq., Mayor of the town of Newcastle upon Tyne, and also Governor of the Fellowship of Merchants Adventurers of the said town and county, having reported to this Company, at a Court holden the 29th of October, 1697, the many exorbitant practices of the apprentices of the members of this Society, by their extravagancy and profuseness in apparell, wiggs, indecency in their behaviour, and vainely mis-spending their time; which, if not timely prevented, will very much tend to the dishonour of God, disobedience to their masters, and a great affront to this company in general: It is therefore enacted by the Governor, Assistants, Wardens, and Fellowship of Merchants’ Adventurers of the Town and County of Newcastle upon Tyne, that from and after this 24th November, 1697,

“1. No apprentice, until he hath served 7 years, shall be permitted to go either to the Fencing or Dancing School, neither to any Music Houses, Lotteries, or Play Houses, neither shall keep any sort of horses, dogs for hunting, or fighting cocks, and after the said term of 7 years not without leave of his master.

“2. No apprentice shall use any gold or silver trimming, either in their Apparell or Hats, neither lining of any garment with any sort of silk.\*

“3. No apprentice shall wear any sort of point lace, or any embroidery at all, neither any ruffles at their breasts, necks, or sleeves.

“4. No apprentice shall wear long wiggs, nor any sort of wiggs above the price of fifteen shillings.

“5. No apprentice shall frequent either Taverns or Ale-Houses, neither absent himself from his master’s house at any time, upon any pretence, without leave.

“6. All apprentices shall conform themselves in their behaviour towards all members of this Fellowship by uncovering their heads, and that not slightly but submissively and all due respect.†

\* “June 6. 1711. John Lawson. Appren: to Francis Brandling fined 20s. for wearing Gold or Silver lace upon his hat, Ruffles at neck, breast and hands contrary to the act.”

† “Jany. 22, 1701. Mr. Gov: complained of Richd. Thompson, appren: to Edwd. Harrison, that he behaved himself rudely to him, by boldly cocking his Hat two several



"7. No apprentice shall in any kind profane the Lord's Day.

"All apprentices offending in any of these respects to be fined 20s. for the first offence, 40s. for the second, 4*l*. for the third, 5*l*. for the fourth, and 10*l*. for the fifth, to be paid before admitted to their freedom."

times when Mr. Gov: spoke to the said Thompson, instead of decently uncovering his head as by act provided, for which he was fined £10—and ordered to appear next court to answer the same."

## The Pope's Lamentation.

BY THOMAS PRESTON.



HE subsequent humorous ballad is reprinted from the Percy Society's "Old Ballads," edited by J. Payne Collier, Esq. F. S. A. London, 1841. Ritson (Bibl. Poet. 300) mentions Thomas Preston as the well-known author of "Cambises," which Shakespeare ridicules, and of a ballad called "A Geliflower, or swete Marygold," by the same printer as the following, and one year earlier in point

of date; but Ritson knew nothing of this "Lamentation from Rome." It is from first to last a piece of ridicule of the Pope and his Court, disconcerted at the news of the defeat of the rebels in Northumberland.

A LAMENTATION FROM ROME HOW THE POPE DOTTH BEWAYLE,  
THAT REBELLES IN ENGLAND CAN NOT PREVAYLE.

TO THE TUNE OF ROWE WELL YE MARINERS.

ALL you that newes would here,  
Give eare to me, poor Fabyn Flye.  
At Rome I was this yere,  
And in the Pope his nose dyd lye;  
But there I could not long abide,  
He blew me out of every side;  
For furst when he had harde the newes  
That Rebelles dyd their Prince misuse,

Then he with joye  
Did sporte him selfe with many a toye:  
He then so stout,  
That from his nose he blew me out.

But as he was a slepe,  
Into the same againe I goot:  
I crept there in so depe,  
That I had almost burnt my coote.  
New newes to him was brought that night,  
The Rebelles they were put to flight;  
But Lord, how then the Pope toke one,  
And ealled for a Mary bone.  
Up howgh! make hast,  
My lovers all be like to waste:  
Ryse Cardnall, up priest,  
Saint Peter he doth what he lest.

So then they fell to messe:  
The fryers on their beades did praye;  
The Pope began to blesse,  
At last he weist not what to saye.  
It chanced so the next day morne,  
A post came blowing of his horne,  
Sayng Northomberland is take;  
But then the Pope began to quake.  
He then rubd his nose;  
With pilgrome salve he noynt his hose.  
Runne here, runne there;  
His nayles for anger gan to pare.

Not Northomberland alone,  
But many of his wicked ayd,  
Such as thought not to grone:  
They hoped well for to aplayd  
Their partes, to have their hartes desire;  
But now is quenched their flames of fire.  
The greatest and the meane beside,  
With other youths fast bound must ride.  
Ketch fast, kepe well,  
There youthfull bloud they long to sell:  
Trust this, dere Pope,  
What is it than wherfore ye hope?

When he perceaved well

The newes was true to him was brought,  
Upon his knees he fell,

And then S. Peter he be sought,  
That he would stand his friend in this,  
To helpe to ayd those servauntes his,  
And he would do as much for him ;  
But Peter sent him to Saint Simme.

So then he snuft,  
The fryers all about he cuft ;  
He roarde, he cryde ;  
The priests they durst not once abide.

The Cardnalles then they beginnes

To stay and take him in their arme.  
He spurnd them on the shinnes,

Away the[y] trudgd for feare of harme.  
So there the Pope was left alone.  
Good Lord, how he dyd make his mone !  
The stooles against the walles he threwe,  
And me out of his nose he blewe.

I hopt, I skipt,  
From place to place about I whipt :  
He swore, he tare,  
Till from his crowne he pold the heare.

He courst me so about

In the house I could finde no rome.  
Loth was I to go out,

And shrind my selfe under a brome.  
Then by and by downe he was set ;  
With anger he was one a swet :  
He rubde his elbowe on the wall,  
So fell a ralyng on Saint Paule.

Fye, fye, bloud, harte !  
He scratchd him selfe till he dyd smart.  
Poll nose, rube eye,  
Grash the teth, drawe mouth awrye.

He wept and wrong his handes,

Yea, worse and worse began to fret :  
Thus raging still he standes ;  
Then out at doore I dyd me get.



I was not sooner gone from thence,  
But worse and worse was his pretence.  
The post he plucked from the house,  
He left no harbour for a mouse.

Thus now the Popes mad,  
Because no better lucke they had;  
Forlorne, molest,  
That they so ill their meate digest.

When I had vewed all,  
To bring this newes my winges I spred.  
To this parplict is he fall,  
I wish some would go hold his head;  
For certainly he doth yll fare;  
Yet for the same I do not care,  
For God his power will convince,  
And ayd with right his beloved prince.  
Then, Pope, radge thou:  
The God in heaven hath made a vowe  
To kepe all his.  
That God is just, our stay he is.

Finis. Qd. Thomas Preston.

Imprinted at London in Fletestrete at the Signe of the Faulcon by Wylliam Griffith  
and are to be solde at his shoppe in Saint Dunstanes Churchyard. 1570.

### Cay of Charlton.

THE family of Cay, of Charlton-hall, Northumberland, or, as the name was originally spelt, Key, has the following traditional story related of the loss of its antient patrimony:—At a remote period, the head of the family having quarrelled with another gentleman, they agreed to settle their dispute by combat within the pound-field of Alnwick. Having procured the key, they locked themselves in, and threw it over the wall. Key killed his antagonist, leaped over the wall, and made his escape on foot to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, which was at that time without the jurisdiction of the Marchers. This murder and flight constituting march or border treason, Key's possessions were forfeited, and he spent his life in great indigence at Newcastle. His son or grandson, however, found means to be bound apprentice to a brewer in Newcastle; and for several generations they pursued that business, the family continuing to this day freemen of the corporation of brewers and bakers there.—*Burke's Commoners.*

## A VISIT TO COCKEN HALL.

BY

GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.



IN the Midsummer holidays of the year 1775, I started, in high glee, on a tour to the North of England; my father being, as usual, both quartermaster and paymaster.

We travell'd leisurely, and in a zig-zag direction, passing through Oxford and Woodstock. Hence we pursued our winding way through Warwickshire, Staffordshire, Derbyshire, and Lancashire, till we entered Yorkshire;—but, as I am not writing an Itinerary, and as most of the towns, and places of note, in this serpentine tour, are familiar to everybody, (though marvellous, then, to me,) I say no more of them, than that, at Stratford upon Avon, I was more delighted with a cold round of beef, at the White Lion, than inspired by the birth-place of our great dramatick Bard.

Still we went northward;—first to Stockton upon Tees,—a cheerful town;—then to Durham, the capital of the Bishoprick,—a strange-up-and-down Episcopal City; and, (if you include the straggling suburbs,) partly picteresque, partly mean and ugly;—and, about four miles further, to *Cocken Hall*, a famed seat of romantick beauty, then belonging to Mr. Carr. To this place my father had been invited; and we reach'd it safely, notwithstanding the ford which you had then to pass, before you could arrive at the mansion. I need not describe the nature of a ford;—every body knows that, if you deviate from it, you slip into deeper water,—which is an extremely wet event, any how,—but particularly perilous in a post-chaise. The post-boys, however, assured us that there was not the least danger; because, (which we thought a very odd reason,) a horse, a cart, and a butcher,—the butcher sitting in the said cart, and driving the said horse,—had all been swept away by the flood, two days ago:—they argued, therefore, that we had now nothing to apprehend, as such an accident was never known to happen oftener than *once or twice a year*. This logick we did not think quite convincing,—for we were then just mid-way in the passage, and the horses up to their girths in a rapid river.

We found nobody at Cocken, but Mr. Carr, his wife Lady Mary Carr, and his devoted companion, Peter,—an army Captain on half-

pay; whose surname it seemeth not meet that I should register;— suffice it to say, that, being a man of little substance, he deem'd it politick, seeing his own pecuniary deficiencies, to seek out a man of better substance than himself,—and to become his shadow; accordingly Squire Carr and Captain Peter were inseparables; upon the usual terms of agreement, which are tacitly understood between two such worthies,—ostentation on one side, and adulation on the other.

Such a family party was somewhat discouraging to my father, who had pledged himself to a weeks stay; the only consolation to be expected, was from her Ladyship, a most amiable and perfectly well bred woman\*. The Squire was a deep-drinker,—my father a very shallow one; I did not drink at all;—Captain Peter, of course, drank as a shadow should do,—that is, glass after glass, and quart after quart, more or less, after the example, or rather *ordonnance*, of his substance.—The substance had two modes of addressing the shadow, upon these occasions;—first, by interrogation, secondly, by assertion;—as thus,—“Hav’nt we had enough to-night Peter, what say you?—in this case, Peter answer’d and said,—A drop more, Mr. Carr, would be the death of me;”—but, when, on the contrary, it was—“We must have another bottle,” Peter was sure to observe, (getting up, at the same time, to ring the bell,)—“it will do us a deal of good, Mr. Carr.” I remark’d, however, that in the course of seven evenings, there was only one on which the Patron put the interrogative to Peter;—on all the other six, he peremptorily declared for another bottle,—and another, and another.

As to the conversation, (if conversation it can be call’d,) it was chiefly usurp’d by the Squire, and consisted of the narrative of his own youthful exploits, and of his travels abroad;—showing how he managed a horse, unmanageable by anybody else, in the Great Square of a Foreign Town;—how the Great Square was crowded with spectators;—how the horse rear’d, and how the Ladies, living in the Great Square, waved their handkerchiefs at him out of the window;—and many a tale of the same sort, at which my father yawn’d, and the patient Peter express’d his admiration, as much as if he had not heard them a hundred times.

Now “this was worshipful Society!”—which did, in no small degrees of drinking and dulness, distress and bore my temperate and literary Sire.—I was happily sent away, in decent time, to bed;—but my poor pitiable parent had no escape from the dinner-table to the drawing-room; for her Ladyship, calmly submitting to the habits of

\* Lady Mary Carr was sister to the late Earl of Darlington, father of the present Marquess of Cleveland.



the Squire,—his protracted potations, and his embargo upon his guests,—retired very early to her chamber; where she must, I presume, have experienced much the same *désagréments* as those of Mrs. Sullen, in the Comedy of the Beaux' Stratagem.\*

Our morning's exercise was my father's great compensation for his sedantry infliction of the evening. The Squire, as might be expected, was no early riser:—the Shadow could not be look'd for without the Substance;—therefore, while the Patron and Peter dozed beyond noon, we were enjoying the beautiful rides and drives in the grounds of Cocken Hall, and in excursions to their vicinities.

The Coal-waggon Roads, in the neighbourhood, were, then, reckon'd curious, although they are no longer so;—being nothing more than railways, common, now, throughout England.—These roads present a busy scene of commerce, near Newcastle; and are throng'd with carts going thither, laden from the collieries. I was much amused by seeing, when they arrived at a descent, the horse which drew them taken from the front, and placed in the rear, to keep them back,—in order to check the impetus of the machine's progress, which would otherwise be too great in going down hill.

This seemingly Irish operation, and the traffick going on, are a practical refutation of the two sayings, which express a reversal in the right order of things;—for here the honest folks literally prove that it is very good sense to "*put the cart before the horse*," and to "*carry coals to Newcastle*."—

In our airings, we often pass'd Lumley Castle; so we *did* pass Lumley Castle,—which is all I have to say about it.

Cocken Hall, four miles from the City of Durham, is so decidedly a Lion for travellers, in these northern latitudes of England, that a description of its attractions would be like repeating the *bon mots* of the excellent Mr. Joseph Miller. I say nothing, therefore, of its "dingles and bushy dells," its wooded paths, under precipices bedeck'd with vines, by the side of the pellucid river Wear,—and its view of Finchale Abbey in ruins.—

Having touch'd the northern extremity of our tour, the first place at which we stopp'd to dine and sleep, on our return southward, was Raby Castle, the seat of the Darlington family. This noble pile of building rears its lofty head, in all the baronial pride of fudal times,—

\* Mrs. Sullen, in talking of her husband, says,—"he comes flounce into bed, dead as a salmon into a fishmonger's basket; his feet cold as ice, his breath hot as a furnace, and his hands and his face as greasy as his flannel nightcap.—Oh! matrimony! matrimony!—He tosses up the clothes with a barbarous swing over his shoulders, disorders the whole economy of my bed, leaves me half naked, and my whole night's comfort is the tuneful serenade of that wakeful nightingale, his nose." FARQUHAR.

of turrets, terraces and battlements ;—it stands on those confines of Durham which adjoin to Yorkshire, and commands extensive views over the two counties.

The late Earl of Darlington (then Lord of the Castle) was an old acquaintance of my father ; and when first we came beneath his roof, it presented to us a warmer picture of ancient hospitality than I had ever witness'd ; or may, perhaps, ever see again.

We were benighted on our road thither ;—our days journey had been all along unpropitious ; it rain'd heavily and incessantly ; and we had met with delays, and petty accidents, and vexations, at every turn.—In the last seven miles, after sun-set, a fog arose ;—one of the horses cast a shoe, and his rider dismounted to grope for it in the mud and in the dark ;—my father let down the glass, to ask what was the matter, in phrase too classical for a north-country post-boy to understand ; and the post-boy answer'd in a dialect quite incomprehensible to the translator of Terence. I could not act as interpreter between them ; for I knew nothing of the north-country language. All this time, the rain was pelting in upon us, at the chaise window ; we were chilly,—hungry,—impatient,—comfortless,—sitting dinnerless in a post-chaise,—and waiting the issue of a hunt after a horse-shoe.

As we passed through the outer gate-way of the Castle, the vapour was dense upon the moat, and we were enveloped in night-fog, while the rolling of the carriage-wheels, and the trampling of the horses' hoofs, sounded dolefully over the draw-bridge ;—we might have fancied ourselves victims to the darkest times of Gallick despotism, condemn'd by a *lettre de cachet*, to linger out our lives in the deepest dungeons of the Bastille ; but, lo ! on the opening of a massive door, a gleam of light flash'd upon us ;—crack went the whips,—we dash'd forward at full trot,—and, in a moment, drew up,—not to a piazza, nor a vestibule, nor a flight of steps in a cold court-yard,—but before a huge blazing fire, in a spacious Hall. The magical effect of this sudden transition, from destitution to luxury, has never occur'd to me any where else,—except in the two last scenes of every Pantomime, when the Guardian Genius, with a wand, waves and recitatives Harlequin and Columbine out of a Coal-pit, into the Temple of the Goddess of Gas ;—

“ Hence grief and darkness, enter life and joy ! ”

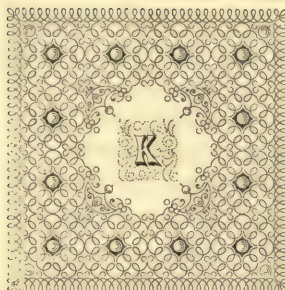




## THE COUT OF KEELDAR.

BY J. LEYDEN.

FROM THE "MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER."



EILDER is a wild Northumbrian district, adjacent to Cumberland and the Scottish border. Keilder Castle, as it is rather improperly called—for its pretensions to the character of a castle are extremely humble—is a shooting-box belonging to his grace the Duke of Northumberland, the building of which was completed in 1775. To Keilder there is no carriage-road, and whoever visits it, whether plebeian or noble, must be content either to walk or ride on horseback. Though the view from Keilder Castle is not extensive, yet, as a beautiful stream runs immediately in front of it, and as the grounds in this neighbourhood are not without trees,

In somer, when the shaws be sheen,  
And leves be large and long,

the prospect is extremely pleasant, and its peculiar beauties of wood and meadow-land are rendered more impressive when contrasted with the bleak moors to the north and the west.

The Cout of Keilder is represented by tradition as having been a powerful chief of this district, and the most redoubted adversary of Lord Soulis, and to have perished in a sudden encounter on the banks of the Hermitage. Being arrayed in armour of proof, he sustained no hurt in the combat; but stumbling in retreating across the river, the hostile party held him down below water with their lances till he died; and the eddy, in which he perished, is still called the Cout of Keilder's Pool. His grave, of gigantic size, is pointed out on the banks of the Hermitage, at the western corner of a wall, surrounding the burial ground of a ruined chapel. As an enemy of Lord Soulis, his memory is revered; and the popular epithet of Cout, (*i. e.* Colt,) was expressive of his strength, stature, and activity. The word, which ought rather to be spelled *Cowl*, is understood in this sense in the neighbourhood of Keilder, as well as on the opposite Scottish Border. Tradition likewise relates, that the young Chief of Mangerton, to whose protection Lord Soulis had, in some eminent jeopardy, been indebted for his life, was decoyed by that faithless tyrant into his castle of Hermitage, and insidiously murdered at a feast.



Sir William Soulis, Lord of Liddesdale, held possession of Hermitage Castle in the reign of Robert the Bruce. His portrait as sketched by local tradition is by no means flattering; uniting every quality which could render strength formidable, and cruelty detestable. Combining prodigious bodily strength with cruelty, avarice, dissimulation and treachery, is it surprising that a people, who attributed every event of life, in a great measure, to the interference of good or evil spirits, should have added to such a character the mystical horrors of sorcery? Thus, he is represented as a cruel sorcerer; constantly employed in oppressing his vassals, harrassing his neighbours, and fortifying his Castle of Hermitage against the King of Scotland; for which purpose he employed all means, human and infernal; invoking the fiends by his incantations, and forcing his vassals to drag materials, like beasts of burden. Tradition proceeds to relate, that the Scottish King, irritated by reiterated complaints, peevishly exclaimed to the petitioners, "Boil him if you please, but let me hear no more of him." Satisfied with this answer, they proceeded with the utmost haste to execute the commission; which they accomplished by boiling him alive on the Nine-stane Rig, in a cauldron, said to have been long preserved at Skelf-hill, a hamlet betwixt Hawick and the Hermitage. Messengers, it is said, were immediately despatched by the King, to prevent the effects of such a hasty declaration; but they only arrived in time to witness the conclusion of the ceremony.

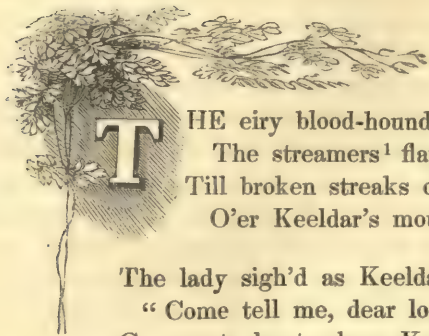
The Keeldar Stone, by which the Northumbrian Chief passed in his incursion, is still pointed out, as a boundary mark, on the confines of Jed forest, and Northumberland. It is a rough insulated mass, of considerable dimensions, and it is held unlucky to ride thrice *withershins*\* around it.

The *Brown Man of the Muirs* is a Fairy of the most malignant order, the genuine *duergar*. Walsingham mentions a story of an unfortunate youth, whose brains were extracted from his skull, during his sleep, by this malicious being. Owing to this operation, he remained insane many years, till the Virgin Mary courteously restored his brains to their station.

\* *Widdershins*—German, *Widdersins*. A direction contrary to the course of the sun; from left, namely, to right.



## THE COUT OF KEELDAR.



HE eiry blood-hound howl'd by night,  
The streamers<sup>1</sup> flaunted red,  
Till broken streaks of flaky light  
O'er Keeldar's mountains spread.

The lady sigh'd as Keeldar rose :  
" Come tell me, dear love mine,  
Go you to hunt where Keeldar flows,  
Or on the banks of Tyne ?"—

" The heath-bell blows where Keeldar flows,  
By Tyne the primrose pale ;  
But now we ride on the Scottish side,  
To hunt in Liddesdale."—

" Gin you will ride on the Scottish side,  
Sore must thy Margaret mourn ;  
For Soulis abhorr'd is Lydall's lord,  
And I fear you'll ne'er return.

" The axe he bears, it hacks and tears ;  
'Tis form'd of an earth-fast flint ;<sup>2</sup>  
No armour of knight, tho' ever so wight,  
Can bear its deadly dint.

" No danger he fears, for a charm'd sword he wears,  
Of adderstone the hilt ;<sup>3</sup>  
No Tynedale knight had ever such might,  
But his heart-blood was spilt."—

<sup>1</sup> *Streamers*.—Northern Lights.

<sup>2</sup> An earth-fast stone, or an insulated stone, enclosed in a bed of earth, is supposed to possess peculiar properties. It is frequently applied to strains and bruises, and used to dissipate swellings ; but its blow is reckoned uncommonly severe.

<sup>3</sup> The adderstone, among the Scottish peasantry, is held in almost as high veneration, as, among the Gauls, the *ovum anguinum*, described by Pliny.—*Natural History*, 1. xxix. c. 3. The name is applied to celts, and other round perforated stones. The vulgar suppose them to be perforated by the stings of adders.

“In my plume is seen the holly green,  
With the leaves of the rowan-tree;<sup>1</sup>  
And my casque of sand, by a mermaid’s hand,  
Was formed beneath the sea.

“Then, Margaret dear, have thou no fear!  
That bodes no ill to me,  
Though never a knight, by mortal might,  
Could match his gramarye.”

Then forward bound both horse and hound,  
And rattle o’er the vale;  
As the wintry breeze through leafless trees  
Drives on the pattering hail.

Behind their course the English fells  
In deepening blue retire;  
Till soon before them boldy swells  
The muir of dun Redswire.

And when they reach’d the Redswire high,  
Soft beam’d the rising sun;  
But formless shadows seem’d to fly  
Along the muir-land dun.

And when he reach’d the Redswire high,  
His bugle Keeldar blew;  
And round did float, with clamorous note  
And scream, the hoarse curlew.

The next blast that young Keeldar blew,  
The wind grew deadly still;  
But the sleek fern, with fingery leaves,  
Waved wildly o’er the hill.

The third blast that young Keeldar blew,  
Still stood the limber fern;  
And a Wee Man, of swarthy hue,  
Upstart by a cairn.

<sup>1</sup> The rowan-tree, or mountain-ash, is still used by the peasantry, to avert the effects of charms and witchcraft. An inferior degree of the same influence is supposed to reside in many evergreens; as the holly and the bay. With the leaves of the bay, the English and Welsh peasants were lately accustomed to adorn their doors at Midsummer.—Vide BRAND’S *Vulgar Antiquities*.



His russet weeds were brown as heath,  
 That clothes the upland fell;  
 And the hair of his head was frizzly red,  
 As the purple heather-bell.

An urchin,<sup>1</sup> clad in pickles red,  
 Clung cowering to his arm;  
 The hounds they howl'd, and backward fled,  
 As struck by Fairy charm.

"Why rises high the stag-hound's cry,  
 Where stag-hound ne'er should be?  
 Why wakes that horn the silent morn,  
 Without the leave of me?"—

"Brown Dwarf, that o'er the muirland strays,  
 Thy name to Keeldar tell!"—  
 "The Brown Man of the Muirs, who stays  
 Beneath the heather-bell.

"'Tis sweet, beneath the heather-bell,  
 To live in autumn brown;  
 And sweet to hear the lav'rocks swell  
 Far far from tower and town.

"But woe betide the shrilling horn,  
 The chase's surly cheer!  
 And ever that hunter is forlorn,  
 Whom first at morn I hear."—

Says, "Weel nor woe, nor friend nor foe,  
 In thee we hope nor dread."  
 But, ere the bugles green could blow,  
 The Wee Brown Man had fled.

And onward, onward, hound and horse,  
 Young Keeldar's band have gone;  
 And soon they wheel, in rapid course,  
 Around the Keeldar Stone.

Green vervain round its base did creep,  
 A powerful seed that bore;

<sup>1</sup> *Urchin*—Hedgehog.

And oft, of yore, its channels deep  
Were stain'd with human gore.

And still, when blood-drops, clotted thin,  
Hang the gray moss upon,  
The spirit murmurs from within,  
And shakes the rocking stone.<sup>1</sup>

Around, around, young Keeldar wound,  
And call'd, in scornful tone,  
With him to pass the barrier ground,  
The Spirit of the Stone.

The rude crag rock'd; "I come for death,  
I come to work thy woe!"—  
And 'twas the Brown Man of the Heath,  
That murmur'd from below.

But onward, onward, Keeldar past,  
Swift as the winter wind,  
When, hovering on the driving blast,  
The snow-flakes fall behind.

They pass'd the muir of berries blae,  
The stone cross on the lee;  
They reach'd the green, the bonny brae,  
Beneath the birchen tree.

This is the bonny brae, the green,  
Yet sacred to the brave,  
Where still, of ancient size, is seen,  
Gigantic Keeldar's grave.

<sup>1</sup> The rocking stone, commonly reckoned a Druidical monument, has always been held in superstitious veneration by the people. The popular opinion, which supposes them to be inhabited by a spirit, coincides with that of the ancient Icelanders, who worshipped the demons, which they believed to inhabit great stones. It is related in the *Kristni saga*, chap. 2, that the first Icelandic bishop, by chanting a hymn over one of these sacred stones, immediately after his arrival on the island, split it, expelled the spirit, and converted its worshippers to Christianity. The herb vervain, revered by the Druids, was also reckoned a powerful charm by the common people; and the author recollects a popular rhyme, supposed to be addressed to a young woman by the devil, who attempted to seduce her in the shape of a handsome young man:—

"Gin ye wish to be leman mine,  
Lay off the St John's wort, and the vervine."

By his repugnance to these sacred plants, his mistress discovered the cloven foot.

The lonely shepherd loves to mark  
 The daisy springing fair,  
 Where weeps the birch of silver bark,  
 With long dishevell'd hair.

The grave is green, and round is spread  
 The curling lady-fern ;  
 That fatal day the mould was red,  
 No moss was on the cairn.

And next they pass'd the chapel there ;  
 The holy ground was by,  
 Where many a stone is sculptured fair,  
 To mark where warriors lie.

And here, beside the mountain flood,  
 A massy castle frown'd,  
 Since first the Pictish race in blood  
 The haunted pile did found.<sup>1</sup>

The restless stream its rocky base  
 Assails with ceaseless din ;  
 And many a troubled spirit strays  
 The dungeons dark within.

Soon from the lofty tower there hied  
 A knight across the vale ;  
 " I greet your master well," he cried,  
 " From Soulis of Liddesdale.

" He heard your bugle's echoing call,  
 In his green garden bower ;  
 And bids you to his festive hall,  
 Within his ancient tower."—

Young Keeldar call'd his hunter train ;—  
 " For doubtful cheer prepare !

<sup>1</sup> Castles, remarkable for size, strength, and antiquity, are, by the common people, commonly attributed to the Picts, or Pechs, who are not supposed to have trusted solely to their skill in masonry, in constructing these edifices, but are believed to have bathed the foundation-stone with human blood, in order to propitiate the spirit of the soil. Similar to this is the Gaelic tradition, according to which St. Columba is supposed to have been forced to bury St. Oran alive, beneath the foundation of his monastery, in order to propitiate the spirits of the soil, who demolished by night what was built during the day.



And, as you open force disdain,  
Of secret guile beware.

" 'Twas here for Mangerton's brave lord  
A bloody feast was set,  
Who, weetless, at the festal board,  
The bull's broad frontlet met.

" Then ever, at uncourteous feast,  
Keep every man his brand ;  
And, as you 'mid his friends are placed,  
Range on the better hand.

" And, if the bull's ill-omen'd head<sup>1</sup>  
Appear to grace the feast,  
Your whingers, with unerring speed,  
Plunge in each neighbour's breast."

In Hermitage they sat at dine,  
In pomp and proud array ;  
And oft they fill'd the blood-red wine,  
While merry minstrels play.

And many a hunting song they sung,  
And song of game and glee ;  
Then tuned to plaintive strains their tongue,  
" Of Scotland's luv and lee."—<sup>2</sup>

To wilder measures next they turn :  
" The Black Black Bull of Noroway !"—<sup>3</sup>  
Sudden the tapers cease to burn,  
The minstrels cease to play.

<sup>1</sup> To present a bull's head before a person at a feast, was, in the ancient turbulent times of Scotland, a common signal for his assassination. Thus, Lindsay of Pittscottie relates in his History, p. 17, that " eftir the dinner was endit, once alle the delicate courses taken away, the Chancellor (Sir William Crichton) presentit the bull's head befor the Earle of Douglas, in sign and token of condemnation to the death."

<sup>2</sup> The most ancient Scottish song known is that which is here alluded to—

" Quhen Alysander our King wes dede,  
That Scotland led in luv and le," &c.

<sup>3</sup> The song alluded to is a wild fanciful popular tale of enchantment, termed "*The Black Bull of Noroway*" The author is inclined to believe it the same story with the romance of the "*Three fittit Dog of Noroway*," the title of which is mentioned in the *Complaynt of Scotland*.

Each hunter bold, of Keeldar's train,  
Sat an enchanted man ;  
For cold as ice, through every vein,  
The freezing life-blood ran.

Each rigid hand the whinger rung,  
Each gazed with glaring eye ;  
But Keeldar from the table sprung,  
Unharm'd by gramarye.

He burst the doors ; the roofs resound ;  
With yells the castle rung ;  
Before him, with a sudden bound,  
His favourite blood-hound sprung.

Ere he could pass, the door was barr'd ;  
And, grating harsh from under,  
With creaking, jarring noise, was heard  
A sound like distant thunder.

The iron clash, the grinding sound,  
Announce the dire sword-mill ;<sup>1</sup>  
The piteous howlings of the hound  
The dreadful dungeon fill.

With breath drawn in, the murderous crew  
Stood listening to the yell ;  
And greater still their wonder grew,  
As on their ear it fell.

They listen'd for a human shriek  
Amid the jarring sound ;  
They only heard, in echoes weak,  
The murmurs of the hound.

The death-bell rung, and wide were flung  
The castle gates amain ;  
While hurry out the armed rout,  
And marshal on the plain.

<sup>1</sup> The author is unable to produce any authority that the execrable machine, the sword-mill, so well known on the continent, was ever employed in Scotland ; but he believes the vestiges of something very similar have been discovered in the ruins of old castles.

Ah! ne'er before in Border feud  
Was seen so dire a fray!  
Through glittering lances Keeldar hew'd  
A red corse-paven way.

His helmet, formed of mermaid sand,  
No lethal brand could dint;  
No other arms could e'er withstand  
The axe of earth-fast flint.

In Keeldar's plume the holly green,  
And rowan leaves, nod on,  
And vain Lord Soulis's sword was seen,  
Though the hilt was adderstone.

Then up the Wee Brown Man he rose,  
By Soulis of Liddesdale;  
"In vain," he said, "a thousand blows  
Assail the charmed mail.

"In vain by land your arrows glide,  
In vain your falchions gleam—  
No spell can stay the living tide,<sup>1</sup>  
Or charm the rushing stream."

And now young Keeldar reach'd the stream,  
Above the foamy linn;  
The Border lances round him gleam,  
And force the warrior in.

The holly floated to the side,  
And the leaf of the rowan pale;  
Alas! no spell could charm the tide,  
Nor the lance of Liddesdale.

Swift was the Cout o' Keeldar's course  
Along the lily lee;  
But home came never hound nor horse,  
And never home came he.

<sup>1</sup> That no species of magic had any effect over a running stream, was a common opinion among the vulgar, and is alluded to in Burns's admirable tale of *Tam o' Shanter*.



Where weeps the birch with branches green,  
 Without the holy ground,  
 Between two old grey stones is seen  
 The warrior's ridgy mound.

And the hunters bold, of Keeldar's train,  
 Within yon castle's wall,  
 In a deadly sleep must aye remain,  
 Till the ruin'd towers down fall.

Each in his hunter's garb array'd,  
 Each holds his bugle horn ;  
 Their keen hounds at their feet are laid,  
 That ne'er shall wake the morn.

## THE BLACKSMITH'S VOYAGE.

FROM "RAMBLES IN NORTHUMBERLAND."



BOUT the middle of June 1834, a blacksmith, deaf and dumb, who had drunk too much at a *turnip kirk*, got into a small boat, at the Heather Houses, near Bamborough castle, Northumberland, about two o'clock in the morning, and pushed out to sea. In a short time he fell asleep, and the boat drifted among the Gollors,\* when he was awakened, as he afterwards by signs informed his friends, from the spray dashing over his face. As it was flood tide, the boat continued to drift towards the House island, which he attempted to reach, but could not, for want of oars. He however contrived, though unacquainted with the management of a boat, to set a small sail and to reach Holy Island, where he landed in safety, though exceedingly terrified, about nine in the morning. On arriving at home, he signified to his friends, as well as he was able, the perils to which he had been exposed in his marine excursion, and gave them to understand that he would never, either drunk or sober, enter a boat again.

\* To *gollar*, signifies to groll in a loud and threatening manner.

## EXCISEMEN AND SMUGGLERS.



THROUGHOUT the close of the last and the beginning of the present century; the Borders presented an admirable field for the exertion of those who made no scruple to defraud the crown of some slight portion of its revenue. Salt and especially whiskey were commodities which yielded the smuggler most ample remuneration: they were purchased in Scotland, and conveyed into and sold in England; and the names of those who vended them, amongst whom Willie Robson, *alias* Turkey Wull, Jamie Bonnar and Jamie Waugh hold a prominent position, are still well remembered amongst our north-country peasantry. Boomer was, also, in these days, noted for the quantities of Holland gin landed there by foreign vessels; and hence it was conveyed all over the interior of the country. Many were the scrapes and difficulties encountered by the contraband traders; yet as they became general favourites with the public, not a few were fortunate enough to elude, for a considerable time, the vigilance of the excise officers. The latter class, again, were, with the people, objects of odium; and though that feeling might so far be concealed by plausibility, it was ever severe in proportion to the strictness with which the officer performed his duty. Moreover, the mass of the people were no strangers to the weight of taxes which the legislature had imposed upon them: and they considered it more in the light of equity than wrong to supply their wants at the readiest and cheapest market. The excellence too of the whiskey manufactured in Scotland was a powerful recommendation in its favour—so much so that not unfrequently it gained admittance into almost every gentlemen's house in Northumberland. The late Mr. Ellis of Otterburne, honest man, who, to do him justice, was no niggard of a good glass, possessed it often of capital quality; and it is yet fresh in the memory of some individuals that, on one occasion, two cart loads were conveyed down Redesdale for the express use of the chief magistrate of one of the principal towns in the north of England.

Although many excisemen, who were stationed near the Borders, went the full length of their commission in repressing the inroads of their lawless opponents, examples were not wanting to show that some were even merciful men. In the neighbourhood of Woodburn,

in Redesdale, towards Whetstone House some bridle roads unite with each other; and as these run through a number of enclosures, travellers are put to the trouble of opening a number of gates—a matter of considerable difficulty, as any horseman may prove who will pass through the said locality. Here on a fine harvest day, and in fair view of a band of reapers, a smuggler, with a full cask on each side of his horse, appeared; and, unluckily to all seeming for him, an exciseman also came in the way. Like dog and cat, or rather, like cat and mouse, the wayfarers instinctively recognised each other; and then began the flight and pursuit. The smuggler very dexterously gained admittance through one of the said barriers, and applying his whip to his horse, handled it in such a way that the poor animal had cause to think its owner had gone mad, for it exerted to the utmost every bone, nerve and tendon in its frame. To open the gate was not, however, so easily accomplished by the pursuer: he spurred the horse forward to it—then the animal drew back—then it was again urged on, but the spring was remarkably stiff and would not quit its hold—then he wheeled the horse round, and took a better position, to enable him to overcome the difficulty, but it swerved still from the point of address—and thus, with turning, swerving and spurring, much time elapsed before his endeavours were successful. Through he went at last, and away like the wind after the law-breaker; but the latter had made the best use of the leisure afforded him by concealing the casks in a drain amongst the long heath over which his route lay, and, when his kindly fellow mortal appeared in sight, he was clearing one of the eminences adjoining Wanney craigs. Pursuit was needless: the excise officer drew up his horse, and proceeded on his way; while the smuggler very properly, ventured back after night-fall, and secured the casks, to which he, indeed, had the best claim.

In these days, it was no unusual circumstance if twenty or thirty smugglers on horseback sallied forth in a company to Boomer for gin. Each horse carried two casks, and the spirit being of first rate quality, these dealers found a ready sale for it all over the Borders. Once when a party of this description from Yetholm and the vicinity, were returning with their complement, they were met at Bewick Bridge by a body of armed soldiers, sufficient in number to resist all opposition, who with fixed bayonets took possession of the full casks, and had, however, the liberality to return the horses to their respective owners.\* A waggon and long cart were first loaded out of the booty, and what

\* About half a dozen had the good fortune to escape by previously detaching themselves from the main company and crossing the stream at a short distance above the bridge.



remained was removed to a barn or granary in which it was locked up with the king's seal, for security, affixed to the entrance. The impoverished smugglers, in the mean time, hung off, at a respectable distance till the *red coats* disappeared; and receiving intelligence amongst some compassionate witnesses of what had taken place, they returned together, broke into the barn, and regained a part of the spoil. It occurred also that a "thievish miller" had exerted himself, during the affray, to catch what he could of the plunder, and having been rather successful, an old conscientious woman gave a hint to the "lads" who very soon discovered the knave's hiding place, and made no hesitation to clear it in gallant style. An equal division of course was afterwards made, when the poor fellows found they had recovered about ten ankers of gin, out of the quantity they brought that morning from Boomer.

A family of the name of Gages, or Geggie as they were frequently called, resided once in the neighbourhood of Coldstream or Wark, and were noted as daring and determined smugglers. Allan or Alley Geggie was a powerful man, and being, when he was closely pressed, most fruitful in resources, many are the feats he is said to have performed. Two excisemen on a time were pursuing him, and having followed him to a ford on the river Tweed near Twizel, where a boat was stationd to convey passengers across, they enquired at the small cottage, where the boatman resided, if a person agreeing with Allan's description had been seen. The answer returned was that such a man had just been *kented* over the Tweed.\* The pursuers then requested to be conveyed over the river also, and the ferryman, as they supposed him to be, made no delay in walking them on board. Remaining himself on shore, he snatched the *kent* from the boat, and pushing her forcibly from him, she flew like an arrow upon the stream, while the gaugers were not less astonished than mortified as their conductor drew himself up to his full height and said, "Now d—m ye, am Alley Geggie!" They succeeded in gaining the shore after being borne downward for several miles; and Allan withdrew for a time to another district, where, without annoyance, he resumed the duties and dangers of his vocation.

I am indebted to a very deserving correspondent for the particulars of the following brief account of a man who had several "hair-breadth 'scapes" from Excise officers. Robert Purvis, a son of Thomas Purvis, a weaver of Angerton, on the Wansbeck, was born about 1794. With his father he learned the trade of a weaver; but it

\* When the stream is of equal depth, a *kent* or pole is used, by which motion is given to the boat from the bottom of the river instead of oaring its waters.

seems not to have agreed with his active disposition, for he never followed it. He afterwards wrought in the several capacities of a husbandman, a miller, and a smith; and about 1816 became a smuggler. In 1828, he was met on Long Horsley moor by Williamson of Morpeth, who captured his casks; but he, himself, took *leg-bail*, and escaped. Being well known, his personal freedom was now in peril; yet having saved some money out of the risks he had run, he purchased a hunting mare for his safety, and concealed himself for a time near the residence of his brother at the Blackcock, a row of cottages a few miles north of Morpeth. Once, while he was on a visit to his father at Angerton, the house was beset by a party of excisemen who effected an entrance at the moment when Purvis, with only his shirt and drawers on, made his exit at one of the windows. His pursuers saw him and gave him chase: he entered an adjoining wood bordering on the Wansbeck, and hid himself in the Ox-pool,\* where he remained with his head only above the water, till the others withdrew. His clothes were brought to him by his sister, and he got away unscathed. In March 1829, being present at a fox hunt on Thornton moor, an exciseman attempted to secure him, but, putting spurs to his mare, he speedily cleared all obstructions, and left his enemy far behind. At last finding it was unsafe for him to remain in the district, he sold his mare, and prepared to emigrate to America. Still he had to make another desperate effort for liberty; for when he and a comrade were at Bedlington on the way to Shields, our hero was again beset by Williamson and another officer, and he betook himself to flight. When hard run, he entered a cottage on the Blythe, the mistress of which, to her disgrace he registered, gave intimation to the excisemen of her guest, which the latter observing, sprang through the window, driving the casement before him, and made off. In his flight he met at the foot of a bank with his comrade, exchanged clothes with him and lay quiet, while the other ran off in sight of the avengers of the law and was taken. Purvis again withdrew in safety, went to Shields, sailed to America, married a native of that country, and became an agriculturalist in which he was very successful till the period of his death, which took place six years ago.—*R. White's MSS.*

\* Or Oaks-pool, a deep hole in the bed of the stream, partly shaded with trees.



## Lines

ON THE DEATH OF

ROBERT SURTEES, ESQ., OF MAINSFORTH,

EXTRACTED FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE FOR MARCH 1842; AND BELIEVED TO BE FROM THE  
GIFTED PEN OF MRS. SOUTHEY, BETTER KNOWN AS A POET UNDER THE NAME OF  
MISS CAROLINE BOWLES.

## " 'TIS HARD TO DIE IN SPRING."



SHORT time after this he was laid upon his sick-bed, when a bright sun reminded him of his favourite time of year, and he said, "I shall never see the peach blossom, or the flowers of spring. It is hard to die in spring!"

"God," he said, "had placed him in a Paradise, and he had every thing that could make a man happy."

Yet eminently calculated as he was to enjoy such blessings, and nervous as his constitution was, he met the nearer approach of death with composure—with gratitude and resignation to the will of Him whose beneficence had given and whose pleasure it now was to take away.—*Memoir of Robert Surtees, Esq., by Geo. Taylor, Esq.*

" 'Tis hard to die in Spring!" were the touching words he said,  
As cheerfully the light stole in—the sunshine round his bed.  
" 'Tis hard to die in spring, when the green earth looks so gay:  
I shall not see the peach blossom." 'Twas thus they heard him say.

'Twas thus the gentle spirit—Oh! deem it not offence—  
Departing, fondly linger'd among the things of sense:  
Among the pleasant places, where God his lot had cast  
To walk in peace and honour—bless'd, and blessing to the last.

While some (though heavenward wending) go mourning all their  
years,  
Their meat (so Wisdom willeth) the bitter bread of tears;  
And some, resisting proudly the soft persuasive word,  
Must feel—in *mercy made* to feel—the terrors of the Lord.



There are whom He leads lovingly, by safe and pleasant ways ;  
 Whose service—yea whose very life—is gratitude and praise :  
 Diffusive, useful, kindly ; enjoying, to impart ;  
 Receiving, to distribute—the service of the heart !

To such this earthly frame of things is not “a vale of tears ;”  
 Some vestige of its primal form amid the wreck appears :  
 And, though immortal longings oft in secret soar above,  
 The heart awhile contented fills its lower sphere of love.

“God placed me in a Paradise !” so spake *his* grateful heart—  
 As grateful still, from all he loved when summon’d to depart :  
 And blessed he in life and death, to whom, so called, ’twas given,  
 Before aught faded here, to pass from Paradise to Heaven !

## LORD DARLINGTON.

### An Ancient Ballad.



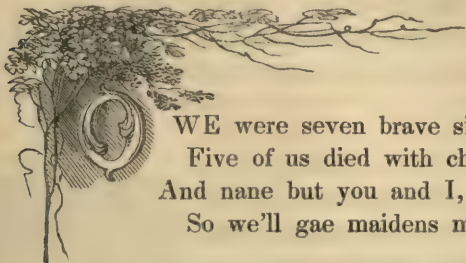
THE following Ballad, is transcribed from a MS. copy, in possession of an Antiquarian friend; collated with one printed in Buchan's "Ancient Ballads and Songs," Edinburgh 1828. It is evidently of some antiquity, and therefore the title of 'Lord,' must mean Lord of a Manor and nothing more, for the Earldom of Darlington is of too recent a creation, for us to suppose, that any of the comparatively few that have borne it, can be the hero.

There is a resemblance between this ballad, and that of "Fair Mabel of Wallington," inserted at page 141, of the first volume of the Table Book. The incidents, and the catastrophe are the same. There are three Seaton on the northern coast, viz: Seaton Carew, Seaton Delaval, and Monk Seaton, and it is not a very easy matter to determine the one where "Seaton yetts" were; but, as the 'yetts' must mean the outer-gates of some large Mansion, probably Seaton Delaval is the true locality, and the heroine was one of the family of Delaval. Seaton is described as "*ayont* the sea," and the bridegroom brings his lady "*o'er the sea.*" No one residing in the county of Durham, would in the present day, speak of a Northumbrian maritime village, as 'ayont,' or 'o'er,' the sea, but when we call to mind how the interior of the northern counties, was in the feudal ages, infested with

robbers, raiders, and marauders of all sorts, we may easily conceive that a Durham lover who, *ala'* Johnny Cope, liked "to sleep in a hale skin," would prefer a sea voyage to Seaton Delaval, to a *then* more dangerous one by land; and to one making such voyages to and fro, Seaton *would* be 'o'er' and 'ayont' the sea.

Tollington Park, 1843.

J. H. DIXON.



WE were seven brave sisters,  
Five of us died with child;  
And nane but you and I, Maisrey,  
So we'll gae maidens mild.<sup>1</sup>

O haud your tongue now Lady Margaret,  
Let a' your folly be;  
I'll gar you keep your true promise,  
To the lord ayont the sea.

O there is neither Lord nor Knight  
My true love e'er shall be,  
Except it be Lord Darlington,  
And he winna come here to me.

But when the hour o' twelve was past  
And near the hour o' ane,  
Lord Darlington came to the yetts,  
Wi' thirty Knights and ten.

It's he has wedded the Lady Margaret,  
And brought her o'er the sea;  
And there was nane that lived on earth,  
Sae happy as was she.

But when nine months were come and gane,  
Strong travailling took she;  
And ne'er a leech in a' the land  
Could ease her maladie.

<sup>1</sup> The term "mild" so frequently applied by the old ballad writers to a young female, has no doubt its origin, in the adjective "*mitis*" one of the numerous titles given to the Virgin, by the Latin Church. In many versions of the ancient Hymns the word is translated "mild" though "gentle" would more properly express the meaning.

Where will I get a little wee boy,  
That will win meat and fee ;  
That will gae on to Seaton's yetts  
And bring your mother to me ?

O! out then spake the little foot page,  
And knelt on bended knee—  
“O here am I a little wee boy  
That will win both meat and fee ;  
That will gae on to Seaton's yetts  
And bring your mother to thee.”

Then he is on to Seaton's yetts  
As fast as gang could he ;  
—Says “ye must come to Darlington  
Your daughter for to see.”

But when she came to Darlington town,  
Where there was little pride,  
The scobbs<sup>1</sup> were in the lady's mouth,  
The sharp sheer in her side.

Lord Darlington stood on the stair,  
And gart the gowd rings flee ;  
My halls and bowers, and a' shall gae waste  
If my bonny love die for me.

O haud your tongue Lord Darlington,  
Let a' your folly be ;  
I bore the bird within my side,  
I'll suffer her to dee.

He that marries a daughter o' mine,  
I wot he is a fool :  
If he marries her at Candemas tide  
She'll be frae him at Yule.

I had seven ance in companie,  
This night I go my lane ;  
When I come to the salt water  
I wish that I may drown.

<sup>1</sup> Sores.



## Silky,

### A NORTHUMBRIAN TRADITION.

COMMUNICATED BY MR. ROBT. ROBSON—EDITED BY MR. JAMES HARDY.

“ By night

The village matron, round the blazing hearth,  
Suspends the infant audience with her tales,  
Breathing astonishment! of unquiet souls,  
Risen from the grave to ease the heavy guilt  
Of deeds in life conceal'd.”

AKENSIDE.



SIXTY or seventy years ago, the inhabitants of the quiet village of Black Heddon, near Stamfordham, and its vicinity, who lived as most other villagers do, with all possible harmony amongst themselves, and relishing no more external disturbance than was consistent with their gentle and sequestered mode of existence, were dreadfully annoyed by the pranks of a preternatural being called SILKY.\* This name it had obtained, from its manifesting a marked predilection to make itself visible in the semblance of a female dressed in silk. Many a time, when any of the more timorous of the community had a night journey to perform, have they unawares and invisibly been dogged and watched, by this spectral tormentor, who at the dreariest part of the road—the most suitable for thrilling surprises—would suddenly break forth in dazzling splendour. If the person happened to be on horseback, a sort of exercise for which she evinced a strong partiality, she would unexpectedly seat herself behind, “rattling in her silks.” There after enjoying a comfortable ride; with instantaneous abruptness, she would like a thing destitute of continuity, dissolve away and become incorporated with the nocturnal shades, leaving the bewildered horseman in blank amazement.

At Belsay, some two or three miles from Black Heddon, she had a favourite resort. This was a romantic crag finely studded with trees, under the gloomy umbrage of which, “like one forlorn,” she loved to wander all the live long night. Here often has the belated peasant, with awe-stricken vision beheld her dimly through the sombre twilight,

\* A sprite of the same name and of probably corresponding character, is said, by means of unearthly noises, to have rendered untenable the once noted mansion house of Chirton.

as if engaged in splitting great stones, or hewing with many a repeated stroke some stately "monarch of the grove." And while he thus stood, and gazed, and listened to intimations, impossible to be misapprehended, of the dread reality of that mysterious being, concerning whom so various conjectures were awake, all at once, excited by that wondrous agency, he would have heard, the howling of a resistless tempest rushing through the wood-land—the branches creaking in violent concussion—or rent into fragments by the impetuous fury of the blast—while to the eye not a leaf was seen to quiver, nor a pensile spray to bend. The bottom of this crag is washed by a picturesque lake or fish-pond, at whose outlet is a waterfall, over which a venerable tree, sweeping its umbrageous arms, adds impressiveness to the scene. Amid the complicated and contorted limbs of this tree, Silky possessed a rude chair, where she was wont, in her moody moments, to sit—wind rocked—enjoying the rustling of the storm in the dark woods, or the gush of the cascade as it ascended with spirit-like fitfulness, during the pauses of the gale. It is due to the present proprietor, Sir Charles M. L. Monk, Bart., of Belsay Castle, to state, that the tree so consecrated in the sympathies and the terrors of the vicinity, has been carefully preserved. Though now no longer tenanted by its aerial visitant, it yet spreads majestically its time-hallowed canopy over the spot, awakening in the love-versed rustic when the winter's wind raves gusty and sonorous through its leafless boughs, the soul harrowing recollection of the exploits of the ancient fay,—but in the springtide beautiful with the full flushed verdure of that exuberant season, and recipient of the kindling emotions of reverence and affection. It still bears the name of "Silky's seat," in memory of its once wonderful occupant.

Silky exercised a marvellous influence over the brute creation. Horses which indisputably possess a discernment of spirits superior to man, at least, are more sharp sighted in the dark, were in an extraordinary degree sensitive of her presence and control. Having once perceived the effects of her power, she seems to have had a perverse pleasure, in meddling and arresting those poor, defenceless animals, while engaged in the most exemplary performance of their labours. When this misfortune occurred there was no remedy brute force could devise; expostulation, soothing, whipping and kicking were all exerted in vain, to make the restive beast resume the proper and intended direction. The ultimate resource, unless it might be her whim to revoke the spell, was the magic dispelling *witchwood*,\* which

\* Witchwood, the mountain ash, (*Sorbus aucuparia*), called in divers parts of North-umberland the Whicken-tree, and Rowan-tree. Under these standard terms it is pour-



it is satisfactory to learn was of unfailing efficacy. One poor wight, a farm servant, was once the selected victim of her mischievous frolics. He had to go to a colliery at some distance for coals, and it was late in the evening before he could return. Silky with spirit like pre-science, having intimation of the circumstance, waylaid him at a bridge—a “ghastly, ghost-alluring edifice,” since called “Silky’s Brig,” lying a little to the south of Black Heddon, on the road between that place and Stamfordham. Just as he had arrived at “the height of that bad eminence” the keystone, horses and cart became fixed and immoveable as fate. And in that melancholy plight, might both man and horses have continued—quaking, and sweating, and paralysed—till the morning light had thrown around them its mantle of protec-

trayed by Turner, the father of English Botany, in his Herbal, part ii. fol. 143. Cologne, 1562. “It hath rede beryis lyke corall bedes, growyng in greate clusters, whych the byrdes eat, in the beginning of winter.” They are frequently the luxurious fare of the Green Linnet, (*Coccothraustes Chlois*,) at that period. “The tre groweth in moyste woddes, and it is called in Northumberlande, a rowne tre, or a whicken tre, in the south partes of England a quick-beame tre.” Ihre derives the word rowan from *runa*, incantation, because of the use made of the wood in magical arts. As an infallible antidote to avert supernatural influences of a malignant nature, it has long been celebrated, and may still be employed by the ignorant. Nations bore attestation to its sovereign qualities, and assigned to it functions the most select. Rudbeck mentions its sacred character among the northern Gothic tribes. They inscribed their laws upon its wood, an honour which it shared with the beech. Bishop Heber noticed a parallel superstition in Hindostan connected with a species of mimosa, which at a little distance wears considerably the aspect of the mountain ash. “A sprig worn in the turban, or suspended over the bed, was a perfect security against all spells, evil eye, &c., inasmuch that the most formidable wizard would not, if he could help it, approach its shade.” (Heber’s Journal). In the days of yore, when fairies footed it on every emerald hillock, and witches cast their cantrips with unlimited might athwart the misty twilight of unenlightened mind—when such a debasing state of ideal fear prevailed, that “the sound of a shaken leaf”—inspired images of dread, rowan-tree was of paramount importance in Northumberland and elsewhere. Almost every mansion and outhouse was guarded with it in some shape. Usually the dwelling house was secured with a rowan-tree pin, that the evil thing might not cross the threshold. In addition to the *bit* in his pocket, the ploughman yoked his oxen to a rowan-tree bow, and with a whip attached to a rowan-tree shaft, drove the incorrigible steer along the ridge. Moreover, the ox not unlikely had his horns decorated with red thread, amidst which, pieces of rowan-tree were inserted, or a portion of the wood hieroglyphed with quaint devices, and similarly garnished with threads might peradventure be dangled at the tail. Thus fenced in person, home, and stall, with “rowan-tree and red thread,” the agricultural labourer bade defiance to sorcery and fiendish malice.—But it was equally requisite to a prosperous voyage on the deep, and sailors to ensure no other hazards than those incidental to their profession, had over and above their cargo, a store of this harm-expelling preservative on board their vessel. It is by no means a remote period since a withered prototype of “Norna the Reim-kennar,” tenanting a hut overlooking the steep “where Orcas howls, his wolfish mountains rounding,” obtained a miserable livelihood, by vending winds and consecrated mountain ash to credulous mariners!

J. H.



tion—had not a neighbouring servant come up to the rescue, who opportunely carried some of the potent witch-wood about his person. On the arrival of this seasonable aid, the perplexed driver rallied his scattered senses, and the helpless animals being duly seasoned after the fashion prescribed on such occasions, he had the heartfelt satisfaction, of seeing them apply themselves with customary alacrity to the draught. The charm was effectually overcome, and in a short time both he and the coals, reached home in safety. Ever afterwards however, as long as he lived, he took the precaution of rendering himself spell-proof, by being furnished with a quantity of witch-wood; by no means being disposed that Silky should a second time amuse herself at his expense, and that of his team.

She was wayward and capricious. Sometimes she installed herself in the office of that old familiar Lar,—Brownie, but with characteristic misdirection, in a manner exactly the reverse of that useful species of hobgoblin. And here it may be remarked, that throughout her disembodied career, she can scarcely be said to have performed one benevolent action for the sake of its moral qualities. She had, from first to last, a perpetual latent hankering for mischief, and gloried in withering surprises, and unforeseen movements. As is customary with that “sturdy fairy,” as he is designated by the great English Lexicographer,\* her works were performed at night; or between the hours of sunset and day dawn. If the good old dames had thoroughly cleaned their houses, which country people make a practice of doing, especially on Saturdays, so that they may have a comfortable and decent appearance on the Sabbath day; after retiring to rest, Silky would silently have turned every thing topsy-turvy, and the morning presented a scene of indescribable confusion. On the contrary, if the house had been left in a disorderly state, a plan which they generally found best to adopt, every thing would have been arranged with the greatest nicety.

At length a term had arrived to her erratic course, and both she and the peaceably disposed inhabitants whom she disquieted, obtained the repose so long mutually desired. She abruptly disappeared. It had long been surmised, by those who paid attention to those dark matters, that she was the troubled phantom of some person, who had died very miserable, in consequence of having great treasure, which, before overtaken by her mortal agony, had not been disclosed; and on that account she could not lie still in her grave! About the period referred to, a domestic female servant being alone in one of the rooms of a house at Black Heddon, was frightfully alarmed by the ceiling

\* Journey to the Western Islands. p. 171.

above suddenly giving way, and from it there dropt, with a prodigious clash, something quite black, shapeless and uncouth. The servant did not stop to scrutinize an object so hideous and startling, but fled to her mistress, screaming at the pitch of her voice, "The deevil's in the house! The deevil's in the house! He's come through the ceiling!" With this terrible announcement, the whole family were speedily convoked, and great was the consternation at the idea of the foe of mankind, being amongst them, in a visible form. In this appalling extremity, a considerable time elapsed, before any one could brace up courage to face the "enemy," or be prevailed on to go and inspect the cause of their alarm. At last the mistress, who happened to be the most stout-hearted, ventured into the room, when instead of the personage on account of whom such awful apprehensions were entertained—a great dog or calf's skin lay on the floor—sufficiently black and uncomely—but filled with *gold*.\* After this Silky was never more heard or seen. Her destiny was accomplished—her spirit laid—and she now sleeps with her ancestors, as peacefully and unperturbed, as do the degenerate and unenterprising ghosts of modern days.

\* The house wherein this occurred was, at the time, occupied by the Hepples, respectable yeomen at the place, whose descendants are yet the proprietors, and who, it is said, acquired a considerable sum from Silky's long hidden treasure so unexpectedly brought to light.

## Gallows=hill,



ALLOWS-HILL is a farm house girt with trees on the top of a sloping and fertile hill, which rises behind Hartington, about two miles north east from Cambo, Northumberland. Tradition tells of two brothers of the name of Reay, men of Clyclopean strength and stature, who farmed this place; one of whom, in the twilight of a summer's morning, seeing a band of moss-troopers driving

off their cattle, rose, ran after them, and attacked them single handed; but before his brother could get up to his assistance, the thieves had mastered him, and "cut him into collops," which his friends collected, and carried home in a sheet.—*Hodgson's Northd.*



## JOHNIE SCOT.

## A Border Ballad.



THE following excellent Ballad, is taken from Motherwell's "*Ancient and Modern Minstrelsy*." Glasgow, 1827. The editor of that work says, he "prepared it for the press, from three recited copies, all obtained from people considerably advanced in years," and that "he has been informed, that it is well known on the Border, a fact of which there is no doubt, as the Border names of *Scot* and *Percy* sufficiently identify it with that part of the country." Motherwell also says, that he "has not been able to discover any printed copy or MS. ancient or modern, but supposes it to be the ballad called by *Ritson* "*Jack the little Scot*" and contained in a MS. collection of old Ballads, which at the time *Ritson* wrote, was in the possession of the then Lord Woodhouselee." The MSS. alluded to by *Ritson*, have not been heard of since the death of Lord Woodhouselee, and there is every reason to suppose that they no longer exist; in fact that they have been *fanatically* destroyed.

From the general style and character of the Ballad, and from its mentioning King Henry of England, King James of Scotland, and the King of Spain, I consider it to be a composition of the latter portion of the reign of Henry VII, when the above three monarchs, were much mixed up in each others affairs.

Some of the phrases, and even whole verses in the Ballad, bear a striking resemblance to portions of Lord Beichan, (see page 20 vol. ii. of this work), and might lead to the conclusion, that both ballads were the production of the same author, were we not aware, that the phrases and verses in question, are to be met with in the ballads of all the Northern nations, and were evidently considered by the old minstrels as common property.

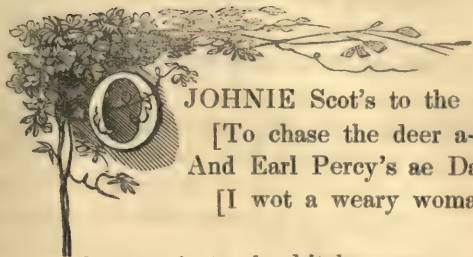
Motherwell in his book gives a few *variorum* readings—some of these I have adopted in preference to those of his text—in other respects the ballad, with a trifling alteration in the first, third, and fourth stanzas, is a transcript of his version.

J. H. DIXON.

Tollington Park, Feb. 9. 1843.



## JOHNIE SCOT.



JOHNIE Scot's to the hunting gane,  
 [To chase the deer a-bounding free;]  
 And Earl Percy's ae Daughter,  
 [I wot a weary woman is she.]

O word is to the kitchen gane,  
 And word is to the hall,  
 And word is to the highest towers  
 Among the nobles all.

"If she [has sinned,]" her father said  
 "As woe forbid it should be,  
 I'll put her into a prison strong,  
 And try the veritie."

"If [it be so,]" her mother said,  
 As woe forbid it be!  
 I'll put her into a donjon dark,  
 And hunger her till she dee."

O Johnie's called his waiting man,  
 His name was Germanie;  
 "It's thou must to fair England hie  
 And bring me that gay ladie.

And here see is a silken sark,  
 Her ain hand sewed the glove;<sup>1</sup>  
 Bid her come to the merry green wood  
 To Johnie her true love."

He rode till he came to Earl Percy's gate,  
 He tirl'd at the pin;  
 "O wha is there," said the proud porter,  
 "But I dare na let thee in?"

It's he rode up, and he rode down,  
 He rode the castle about;

<sup>1</sup> i. e., the sleeve.

Until he spied a fair ladie  
At a window looking out.

"Here is a silken sark," he said,  
"Thy ain hand sewed the glove ;  
And ye must gae to the merry green wood  
To Johnie Scot thy love."

"The castle it is high, my boy,  
And walled round about ;  
My feet are in the fetters strong,  
And how can I get out ?

My garters are o' the black iron,  
And oh ! but they be cold ;  
My breast plate's of the sturdy steel,  
Instead of the beaten gold.

But had I paper, pen, and ink,  
Wi' lamp at my command ;  
It's I would write a long letter,  
To John in fair Scotland."

Then she has written a braid letter,  
And sealed it wi' her hand ;  
And sent it to the merry green wood  
Wi' her own boy at command.

The first line o't that Johnie read,  
A loud loud laugh laugh'd he ;  
But he had not read a line or twa,  
Till the saut tears did blind his ee.

"Oh I must up to England go,  
Whatever me betide ;  
For to relieve mine own fair ladie,  
And mak her my bonny bride."

Then up and spak Johnie's auld mither,  
A weel spoke woman was she ;  
"If you do go to England, Johnie,  
I may take fareweel o' thee."

And out and spak his father then,  
And he spak weel the same;  
"If thou to fair England go,  
I fear ye'll ne'er come hame."

And out and spak his uncle then,  
And he spak bitterly;  
"If ye do to England go,  
I will bear thee companie."

And out and spak then gude King James,  
And he spak manfullie;  
"Five hundred of my good life guards,  
Shall bear him companie."

When they were all on saddle set,  
They were comely to behold;  
The hair that hung o'er Johnie's neck, shined  
Like links o' the yellow gold.

When they all were marching away,  
Most pleasant they were to see;  
There was not so much as a married man,  
In Johnie's companie.

Johnie Scot was the foremost man  
In the company that did ride;  
His uncle was the second man,  
Wi' his rapier by his side.

The first gude toun that Johnie came to,  
He made the bells be rung;  
And when he rode the toun all o'er,  
He caused the mass be sung.

The next gude toun that Johnie came to,  
He made the drums beat round;  
And the third gude toun that he came to,  
He made the trumpets sound;  
Till King Henry, and all his merry men,  
A-marvelled at the sound.

And when they came to Earl Percy's gates,  
They rode them round about,



And who saw he but his own true love,  
At a window looking out!

"Oh the doors are bolted with iron and steel,  
So are the windows about;  
And my feet they are in fetters strong,  
And how can I get out?"

"My garters they are of the lead,  
And oh! but they be cold;  
My breast plate's of the hard hard steel,  
Instead of the beaten gold."

But when they came to Earl Percy's gate,  
They tird at the pin;  
None was so ready as Earl Percy,  
To open, and let them in.

"Art thou the Duke of Mulberry,  
Or art thou the King of Spain?  
Or art thou one of the gay Scots lords,  
Maybe McNachtan be thy name?"

"I'm not the duke of Mulberry,<sup>1</sup>  
Nor yet the King of Spain;  
But I am one of your gay Scots lords,  
And Johnie Scot I am called by name."

When Johnie came before the King,  
He fell low down on his knee:

"If Johnie Scot be thy name, he said,  
"As I trow well it be;  
Then the bravest lady in a' my court,  
Has been [disgraced] by thee."

"If she be"—bold Johnie he said,  
'As I trow well she be,  
Her wene shall be heir owre a' my land,  
And her my dear ladie."

<sup>1</sup> The *Duke of Mulberry*, was in all probability, a character in some of the masques of the day.—At the time I suppose this ballad to have been written, (see introductory remarks) the name of the *King of Spain*, would be in every Borderer's mouth, peace between England and Scotland, having been effected through the interference and mediation of Ayala, the Spanish ambassador to Henry VIIIth's court.

"Nay," said her father, "at eight o'clock  
The morrow morn thou hanged shall be."

Out and spoke Johnie's uncle then,  
And he spak bitterlie;  
Before that we see fair Johnie hanged,  
We'll a' fight till we dee."

"But is there e'er a Tailliant<sup>2</sup> about your court,  
That will fight duels three?  
For before that I be hanged," Johnie said,  
"On the Tailliant's sword I'll dee."

"Say on, say on then," said the King,  
"It is well spoken of thee;  
For there is a Tailliant in my court,  
Shall fight you three by three."

O some is to the good green wood,  
And some is to the plain;  
The queen with all her ladies fair,  
The King with his merry men:  
Either to see fair Johnie flee,  
Or else to see him slain.

They fought on, and Johnie fought on,  
Wi' swords o' tempered steel;  
Until the draps o' red red blood  
Ran trinkling down the field.

They fought on, and Johnie fought on,  
They fought right manfullie;  
Till they left not alive in a' the king's court  
A man only but three.

And they began at eight in the morn,  
And they fought on till three;

<sup>1</sup> Motherwell does not know what to make of this word, but thinks it means a *Champion*, and may be derived from the French verb *Taillader*. Is it not merely a corruption of the word "*Italian*?" Early English ballad literature swarmed with Translations, and Adaptations of Italian tales of Chivalry and Romance, and *Italian* may have been used by the Author, as synonymous with *Hero*, *Warrior*, or *Champion*; just as at the present day, we frequently hear the words *Jew*, *Goth* and *Turk*, used to designate particular individuals.

When the Tailliant like a swallow swift,  
O'er Johnie's head did flee.

But Johnie being a clever young man,  
He wheeled him round about ;  
And on the point of Johnie's broad sword,  
The Tailliant he slew out.

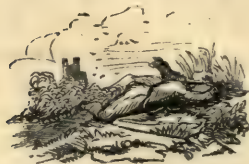
"A priest, a priest," fair Johnie cried,  
"To wed my love and me."  
"A clerk, a clerk," her father cried,  
To sum her dower free."

"I'll ha' none of y' gold," Johnie cried,  
"Na none of y' other gear ;  
But I will have my own fair bride,  
For this day I've won her dear."

He's ta'en his true love by the hand,  
He led her up the plain ;  
"Have ye any more of y' English Dogs  
You want for to have slain ?"

He put a little horn to his mouth,  
He blew it baith loud and shrill ;  
And Honour is unto Scotland gone  
In spite of England's skill.

He put his little horn to his mouth,  
He blew it o'er again ;  
And aye the sound that horn cried  
Was "Johnie and his men."





SIR EDWARD WALPOLE  
AND THE  
POSTMASTER OF DARLINGTON'S DAUGHTER.

FROM "FLOWERS OF ANECDOTE."



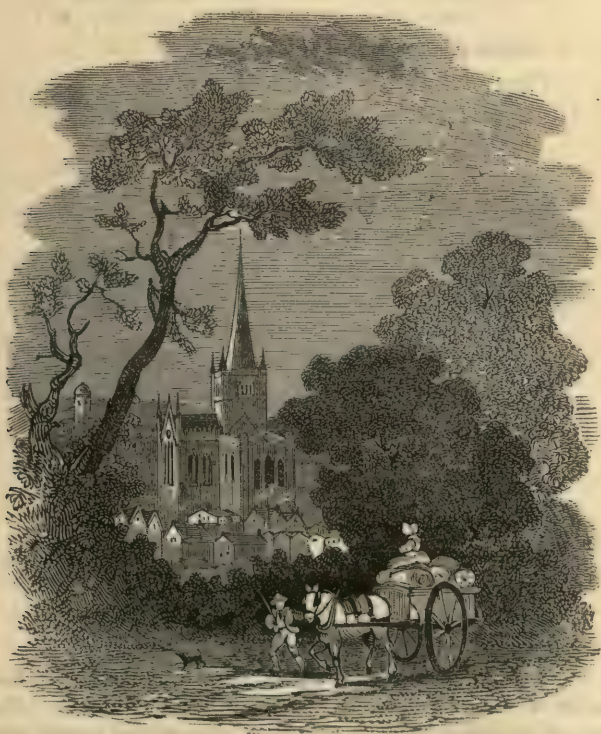
ABOUT the year 1730, Mr. Edward Walpole (afterwards sir Edward, knight of the Bath) returned from his travels on the continent, where the magnificence of his father the famous Sir Robert, who was then prime minister to George II., had enabled him to make a brilliant figure; and so very engaging was he found by the ladies, that he had no other appellation in Italy than that of "the handsome Englishman." Mr. Walpole had lodgings taken for him on his return at a Mrs. Rennie's, a child's coat-maker, at the bottom of Pall Mall. On returning from visits, or public places, he often passed a quarter of an hour in chat with the young women of the shop. Among them was one who had it in her power to make him forget the Italians, and all the beauties of the English court. Her name was Clement: her father was at that time, or soon after, postmaster at Darlington, a place of fifty pounds per annum, on which he supported a large family. This young woman had been bound apprentice to Mrs. Rennie, and was employed in the usual duties of such a situation, which she discharged (as the old lady used to say) honestly and soberly. Her parents, however, from their poverty, could supply her but very scantily with clothes or money, Mr. Walpole observed her wants, and had the address to make her little presents, in a way not to alarm the vigilance of her mistress, who exacted the strictest morality from the young persons under her care. Miss Clement was as beautiful as an angel, with good, though uncultivated parts. Mrs. Rennie had begun to suspect that a connection was forming, which would not be to the honour of her apprentice. She apprised Mr. Clement of her suspicions, who immediately came up to town, to carry her out of the vortex of temptation. The good old man met his daughter with tears: he told her his suspicions; and that he should carry her home, where, by living with sobriety and prudence, she might chance to be married to some decent tradesman. The girl, in appearance, acquiesced, but whilst

her father and mistress were discoursing in a little dark parlour behind the shop, the object of their cares slipped out, and without hat or cloak ran directly through Pall-Mall to Sir Edward's house, at the top of it (that lately inhabited by Mrs. Keppel) where, the porter knowing her, she was admitted, although his master was absent. She went into the parlour, where the table was covered for dinner, and impatiently waited his return. The moment came; Sir Edward entered, and was heard to exclaim with great joy,—“You here!” What explanations took place were of course in private; but the fair fugitive sat down that day at the head of his table, and never after left it. The fruits of this connection were the late Mrs. Keppel; Maria, afterwards Lady Waldegrave, and subsequently Duchess of Gloucester, the second; Lady Dysart, the third; and Colonel Walpole, the fourth; in the birth of whom, or soon after, the mother died. Never could fondness exceed that which Sir Edward always cherished for the mother of his children; nor was it confined to her or them only, but extended itself to her relations, for all of whom he some way or other provided. His grief at her loss was proportioned to his affection: he constantly declined all overtures of marriage, and gave up his life to the education of his children. He had often been prompted to unite himself to Miss Clement by legal ties; but the threats of his father, Sir Robert, prevented his marriage; who avowed, that if he married Miss Clement, he would not only deprive him of his political interest, but exert it against him. It was, however, always said, by those who had opportunity of knowing, that had Miss Clement survived Sir Robert, she would then have been Lady Walpole.

In the year 1758, his eldest daughter, Laura, became the wife of the hon. Frederick Keppel, brother to the Earl of Albemarle, and afterwards Bishop of Exeter. The Miss Walpoles now took a rank in society in which they had never before moved. The sisters of the Earl of Albemarle were their constant companions, and introduced them to persons of quality and fashion; they constantly appeared at the first routes and balls; and, in a word, were received every where but at court. The shade attending their birth shut them out from the drawing-room, till marriage (as in the case of Mrs. Keppel) had covered the defect, and given them the rank of another family. No one watched their progress upwards with more anxiety than the earl of Waldegrave. This nobleman (one of the proudest in the kingdom) had long cherished a passion for Maria. The struggle between his passion and his pride was not a short one, and having conquered his own difficulties, it now only remained to attack the lady's who had prepossessions; and Lord Waldegrave, though



not young, was not disagreeable. Her very amiable conduct through the whole life of her Lord, added respect and esteem to the warmest admiration. About five years after their marriage, the small-pox attacked his lordship, and proved fatal. His lady found herself a young widow, of rank and beauty. Had Lord Waldegrave possessed every advantage of youth and person, his death could not have been more sincerely regretted by his amiable relict. At length she emerged again into the world, and love and admiration every where followed her. She refused many offers; amongst others, the Duke of Portland loudly proclaimed his discontent at her refusal. But the daughter of Mary Clement was destined to *royalty*! The Duke of Gloucester was not to be resisted, and two children, a prince and a princess, were the fruits of their marriage; and hence it came within the bounds of *probability* that the descendants of the postmaster of Darlington might one day have swayed the British sceptre.



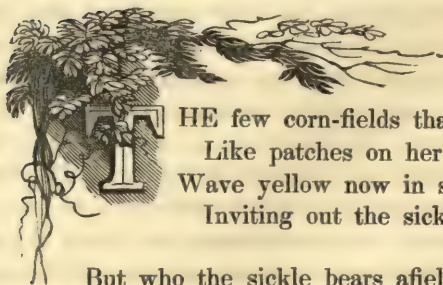
DARLINGTON, FROM THE YARM ROAD.



## TO THE HEROINE

OF A JUVENILE POEM, ENTITLED "HARVEST HOME."

BY ROBERT STORY.\*



HE few corn-fields that Craven<sup>1</sup> sees,  
Like patches on her landscape green,  
Wave yellow now in sun and breeze,  
Inviting out the sickle keen.

But who the sickle bears afield ?  
I see no fair and youthful band,  
The shining weapon prompt to wield,  
And clear—with mirth—the waving land.

A single reaper—(sight of grief !)—  
Plies awkwardly his lonely toil ;  
He makes the band, he binds the sheaf,  
And rears the shock—without a smile !

Yet e'en this sight of single field  
And single reaper, brings to me  
A mood to which I like to yield—  
A dream of Roddam fields and Thee !

On Roddam's Harvest-land, who now  
Bid the hot day unheeded fly ?  
Is there a Maiden fair as thou ?  
Is there a Lover fond as I ?

Dost recollect, when, side by side,  
'Twas ours to lead the jovial band,  
With what delight and heart-felt pride  
I saw thee grace my dexter hand ?

\* Robert Story, the author of the above poem, is a native of Wooler, in Northumberland, and author of "Harvest Home," "The Magic Fountain," &c. &c. Many of his lyrical pieces are exquisitely beautiful, and would have enjoyed greater popularity, if their author had not unfortunately embarked as a violent political partizan, and injured his fame, by too often appearing before the public, as the writer of party ballads, having no *recommendation* whatever but their violence.

<sup>1</sup> The author resided for some time at Gargrave, in Craven, Yorkshire.

Dost recollect—'mid sickles' jar—  
 How rung, at jests, the laughter-chorus,  
 Our line, the while, extending far,  
 And driving half a field before us!

Dost recollect, at resting time,  
 Announced by Roddam's village-clock,  
 (Methinks e'en now I hear the chime!)  
 The *squeeze* beside the yellow shock?

Dost recollect, when evening came,  
 The dance got up with ready glee?  
 How active grew each wearied frame!  
 How lightly then I danced with thee!

Dost recollect—when half asleep  
 Were grumbling sire, and easy mother—  
 The pleasant watch we used to keep,  
 By fire thou took'st good care to smother?

When e'en the fair Moon's radiance pure,  
 That trembled through the window blue,  
 Along the cottage furniture  
 Too strong a light—for lovers—threw?

But where art thou? and where am I?  
 And Roddam's corn-fields, where are they?  
 Ah! where the days when thou wert nigh,  
 The Rainbow of my darkest day?

For fair thou wert; though ne'er perchance  
 So fair as my young fancy drew thee—  
 I see, e'en yet, the rougish glance  
 That linked my captive heart unto thee!

And when I think of thee, I scarce  
 Can think of thee as differing aught,  
 From Her who once inspired my verse—  
 Though in *myself* a change is wrought.

The reaper's part that once I bore  
 Untired, I could not bear again;  
 And did thy Sire make fast the *door*,  
 I could not thrid the *window pane*!

The toilsome day would slowly pass;  
 Reflection nought could bring but woe;  
 And for the nightly dance, alas,  
 One reel would make me puff and blow.

Suppose us met in Roddam field,  
 I verging towards my fortieth year,  
 And thou not far behind, to wield  
 One more the sickle keen and clear.

We could not choose but laugh—or weep:  
 The last would be our first employment,  
 To feel emotions—long asleep—  
 Re-wakening but to *past* enjoyment!

Is *that* the hand I loved to grasp!  
 Thine cannot be that cheek so wan!  
 Nor thine that waist! I used to clasp  
 A waist that my two hands could span!

And so the truth we might have known,  
 But would not, flashes on us now—  
 That youth must fly—for it *hath* flown,  
 And ceased to love have I and Thou!

On Roddam fields another race  
 The parts we took of old, have ta'en;  
 They toil or toy in each dear place,  
 That ne'er shall meet our glance again!

Thus when a boy on Beaumont Side,  
 (A scene that is not strange to thee)  
 I saw the heath bloom in its pride,  
 Bend to the kiss of mountain bee:

And bees and blooms, no doubt, are rife  
 By Beaumont still; but never—never—  
 Shall *those* I saw in early life,  
 Be seen again by that sweet river!

—Well; Time does but to us award  
 The fate, by millions felt before;  
 And I am “Roddam’s youthful bard,”  
 Thou “Calder’s fairest Flower” no more!



## THE

## “WAGS OF DURHAM,”

THEIR DIVERTING TRICKS, AND HOW THEY SET AT REST THE QUESTION “WHO WROTE  
THE LINES ON THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE?”

“Dear friend I often ponder o'er  
Those days, alas! now days of yore;  
Those happy, happy days,  
When you and I were lawyers' clerks,  
The foremost of the brilliant sparks,  
That kept the town a-blaze.

Not with regret! I don't repent  
Of “talents wasted, time mispent”

As says the sacred song—  
Our jokes were only *jokes*, our fun  
Mere jollity, and made time run  
More pleasantly along.”

MS. Epistle to — — Esq.



HE tricks and jokes of the North country farmers, have been already alluded to in the Table Book, but they must certainly yield to those of the “Wags of Durham,” whose celebrated jokes, practical and otherwise, may be said to have commenced about the year 1821, and to have extended over a space of five or six years; during this time

—————“jollity  
Fun and frivolity”

were in the ascendant, in the good city of Durham, and caused no little amusement to many, and, we need scarcely add, considerable annoyance to others. Those were the times, when knockers made their nightly mysterious disappearances, when signs were altered and removed, and when *Red Lions*, and similar Heraldic monstrosities, were gifted with as great powers of locomotion, as the tawny inhabitant of an oriental forest himself—while ever and anon, Tradesmen were sent on “sleeveless” errands, and in some instances miles out of their way, having merely their labour for their pains. Those were the times, when the Market people were ready to split their sides at beholding Neptune\* their *genius loci*, dressed in shirt and cravat!

\* A figure of Neptune, is placed over the fountain or ‘pant’ in Durham Market place.

—those were the times, when ludicrous local songs, as “*St. Giles’ legend*,” “*The garden of Eden*,” &c., &c. were industriously put into circulation to convulse the lieges! and when ballads of a still more strange description, were written, and put into the hands of wandering songsters. Oh those *street* ballads! We have four lying besides us *now*. Here is “The Bloody Squire, or the Derbyshire Tragedy,” “Nancy’s ghost, or the Flintshire murder,” “The Damsel’s lament for her Johnny” and the “Roundabout treadmill.” Ye Wits of the present Day! ye Hoods and Fitzgeralds, match their bathos and pathos, *if ye can*! Here’s a verse from “The Bloody Squire”

“After this foul deed he’d done, his conscience vexed him sore,  
He thought each night he saw her ghost, which made him *for to roar*!  
A priest he call’d, and unto him his sin he did confess,  
And he was hanged on a gallows tree all for his wickedness!”

take another sample from “Nancy’s Ghost”

“When he was tried, the judge unto the jurymen did say  
“*You cannot doubt he’s guilty, lads! a verdict find that way!*”  
The jury found him guilty, as the judge did them advise,  
And they tucked him up on a gallows tree at the end of the assize!”

There is no matching the above; indeed the “Wags of Durham” were glorious fellows, most choice spirits after all! But the “Wags” did not limit their exertions, to either the city or county of Durham, no! “Durham saw them spurn her bounded reign” and the London press had the full benefit of several of their tricks; hoax after hoax was perpetrated on the daily and weekly journals, till it was almost impossible to glance at a London paper, without meeting with paragraphs headed “The Wags of Durham again!” The *Religious Magazines* of the day too, came in for *their* share of the jokes, and a remarkable ‘conversion’ which never occurred, and the *interesting* services connected with the opening a Dissenting chapel which was never built, obtained ready insertion in two respectable Dissenting periodicals, and gave no little annoyance to the members of their respective communions. The whole ‘press’ of the country was up in arms, and many were the prophecies what would be the fate of ‘the Durham Wags,’ and even a minister of religion, proclaimed from the pulpit, that they were pursuing a course, which would inevitably end in their—being *hanged*! Very different however was their fate! The “Wags of Durham” like other wags played their mad pranks, sowed their wild oats, and one and all settled down into orderly and respectable members of society, so that at last, even their victims for-



gave them, and merely summed up their deeds, or rather their misdeeds, with remarking on their dynasty, that "there never were such times!" It is not our intention, to give a minute detail of of their tricks in general. We could make our readers laugh at our narrations if we did so, but we remember the old story of the "Priest and the Hostler" and, as we have young readers, refrain. There was one of their tricks, however, which was so ingeniously contrived, and so ludicrous in many of its results, and which moreover led to a settlement of the question "Who wrote the lines on the burial of Sir John Moore?" that we are induced to give a particular account of it. Before doing so, however, we would observe, that in the year 1824, there resided in or near the city of Durham, an eccentric farrier, well known by the cognomen of "Veterinary Doctor Marshall," a title which he not only required himself to be addressed by, but which he even subscribed to all his letters and poems, instead of his Christian and surname "Henry Marshall." We believe the Doctor, though long since removed from his ancient quarters, is still living, and at a very advanced age, and we regret to say, in adverse circumstances. Marshall was a poet, and although he has been called the "legitimate successor of James Brown," it is but justice to say, that he was very superior in poetic talent, to that celebrated personage. There was *some* little merit in Marshall's poems, a stroke of wit would now and then obtrude itself, and occasionally a really good idea might be met with, though clothed in an uncouth garb. However nothing could be more dissimilar between the style of the "Veterinary Doctor" and that of the late Rev. Charles Woolf, and no one who knew anything of the productions of the former, would have thought him capable of writing the lines on Sir John Moore, much less of dishonourably putting forward, a false and barefaced claim to their authorship. However in the London Courier of December 30, 1824, there appeared the following letter—

"To the Editor of the Courier.

Sir, Permit me, through the medium of your respectable journal, (which I have chosen as the channel of this communication, from my having been a subscriber to it, for the last fifteen years) to observe, that the statement lately published in the *Morning Chronicle*, the writer of which, ascribes the lines on the burial of Sir John Moore, to Woolf, is FALSE and as bare-faced a FABRICATION, as ever was foisted on the public. The lines in question are not written by Woolf, nor by Hailey, nor is Deacon\* the author, but they were composed by *me*. I

\* The lines had been attributed to Mr. Deacon, the author of the Innkeeper's Album, and are now, often printed with his name attached.



published them originally, some years ago, in the *Durham County Advertiser*, a journal in which I have, at different times, inserted several poetical trifles as "The Prisoner's Prayer to Sleep."\* "Lines on the lamented death of Benjamin Galley, Esq.,"+ and some other little effusions.

I should not, Sir, have thought the lines on Sir John Moore's funeral worth owning, had not the false statement of the Chronicle met my eye. I can prove by the most incontestible evidence the truth of what I have asserted. The first copy of my lines was given by me to my friend and relation Captain B—— and it is in his possession at present; it agrees perfectly with the copy now in circulation, with this exception, it does not contain the stanzas commencing with "Few and short" which I added afterwards at the suggestion of the Rev. Dr. Alderson of Butterby.‡

I am Sir, yours &c,

H. Marshall, M. D.

South St. Durham, Nov. 1. 1824."

It is almost unnecessary to say, that the above letter emanated from the "Durham Wags," and was a pure invention from beginning to end. Marshall had nothing whatever to do with it. It was in fact, written to draw forth the Author, of an anonymous paragraph, in the "Morning Chronicle," and so put him, whoever he might be, to the proof of what he had asserted, viz:—that "the lines on the burial of Sir John Moore, were the production of the late Rev. Charles Woolf." The design of the letter, was seen through at once, by the good citizens of Durham, who laughed heartily at it, at the same time that they condemned the liberty taken with the name of Dr. Marshall, who however having for years figured as a local satirist, could not *himself* complain of being in *one* solitary instance, brought before the public under a "waggish" guise.

\* "*The Prisoner's Prayer to Sleep*" a most beautiful poem, had long been ascribed to the writer of the lines on the burial of Sir John Moore, but in consequence of the above letter, Professor Wilson of Edinburgh, acknowledged himself to be the author.—Thus the disputed authorship of *two* productions, was set at rest by the "Wags of Durham," whose motto might have been appropriately, "*ex fumo dare lucem*."

† Benjamin Galley was a poor Durham idiot—Marshall never wrote any "lines" on his death, nor did any of Marshall's poems, ever appear in the *Durham Advertiser*, except in the way of quiz or joke. The Doctor's poems were never ushered to the public, through so respectable a source.

‡ *Dr. Alderson*—by this personage was meant Hutchinson Alderson, the then *Bellman* of Durham, whose claim to rank as a Rev. Doctor, and Church Dignitary, was derived from the same imaginary source, which invested Marshall with a Physician's Diploma. See a humorous article in Hone's *Table Book*, called "*The Bishop of Butterby*."

The Durham 'Wags' were certainly successful, in raising a good laugh in that city, where Marshall's character, literary and otherwise, was well known; but in the South, in one breast at least, the letter excited feelings of a very opposite nature. The anonymous paragraph in the *Morning Chronicle*, as it turned out, had been inserted by the late John Sidney Taylor, Esq., a gentleman who was one of the kindest creatures that ever breathed, and whose exertions to ameliorate the criminal code of this country, as well as to put down cruelty to the brute creation, will be ever remembered. Yet with all his kindness of disposition, Mr. Taylor ever laboured under strong nervous excitement, owing to the weakness of his constitution, and his generally debilitated state of health. He and the late Rev. Chas. Woolf had been bosom friends, and indignant at the claim put forward in Marshall's letter (and which claim of course Mr. Taylor well knew to be *false*), he, not knowing the letter signed 'H. Marshall, M.D.' to be a fabrication, treated it as the *bonâ fide* production of a real physician, and in a letter in reply, in which he acknowledged himself, to be the inserter of the anonymous paragraph, and incontestibly proved the truth of what he had there asserted, he penned one of the most powerful and angry philippics, that we ever met with. "I know not" says he "who this *professor of medicine* is, but this rampant rudeness strikes me, as being characteristic of the Quack!" he then goes on to advise Doctor Marshall, to "go back to CELSUS and GALEN" names we dare say the Doctor had never before heard of, and after telling him that he is "not ambitious of taking his medicine" *Horse balls!* recommends him "instead of claiming verses which do not belong to him" to "content himself with writing verses for the tomb stones of his patients!!" *His patients!*

In reference to Mr. Taylor's angry letter, the Durham Chronicle observed "In glancing over the Morning Chronicle of Thursday last, the first thing that attracted our attention, was a long and well written, though somewhat elaborate, letter of John Sidney Taylor, in which he maintains, that his deceased friend Mr. Woolf was the Author of the lines in dispute, and in which he animadverted in rather severe language on our worthy fellow citizen Dr. Marshall, whom he designated a quack, and abused most unsparingly. We could not help pitying the poor Doctor, but we could not refrain at the same time from indulging in a hearty laugh, at the idea of a student of the middle Temple, throwing aside his Brackton, Glanville, and Coke, and sitting down to pen a philippic against an humble practitioner of the Veterinary art, and thinking (there's the rub!) all the time he was thus employed, he was cutting up a regular physician!!"



There was one good result from all this "waggery." The lines were proved, beyond a doubt, to have been written by the Rev. Charles Woolf, and the long disputed question as to their Authorship, was for ever set at rest; and we may here state, that we have good reasons for knowing, John Sydney Taylor not only forgave the "Wags of Durham" but said over and over again, that their letter was the best practical joke he ever met with. It certainly was a good joke, so *good*, that the Wags did not seem to like to part with it too soon, and therefore, as a *second* act in the same drama, they persuaded Dr. Marshall, that the world was by no means satisfied, that he was *not* the Author of the lines, and that he ought accordingly, to send up to London, a specimen of his veritable writing, and this he actually did! the lines he sent to the Globe Newspaper, for the purpose of clearing his poetical character, are entitled "Lines on the death of Mr. John Bolton, (formerly of Chester-le-street) Clock and Watch maker, Elvet, Durham." They are too long for insertion, but the first four lines, we think, must have been enough, to convince the most hardened sceptic, that Marshall did *not* write the lines on the burial of Sir John Moore—they are as follows—

"Bolton the great Mechanic is no more;  
I hope he's landed on the Elysian shore.  
He died on Saturday, collected, sober,  
The twenty seventh day of last October."

In reference to the above joke, there appeared in the Durham Chronicle of Oct. 24, 1824, the following admirable parody, and which, we know not how justly, has been attributed to the Author of some popular ballads.

### **Ode on the Writing of Doctor Marshall's letter.**

Not a snoring note, not a sound was heard,  
As we sat by our old round table;  
And we none of us laughed, tho' we all averred  
To refrain we were scarcely able.

We in conclave met at the dead of night,  
All fear of detection spurning,  
By a farthing candle's twinkling light,  
And an oil lamp dimly burning.

No useless masks did our forms invest,  
Nor in cloaks for disguise we bound us;  
But calmly, we did in our arm chairs rest,  
With the brandy bottles round us.



Few and short were the words we wrote,  
For to brevity we were partial ;  
But we put 'Hut Alderson' into our note,  
And signed it 'Henry Marshall.'

We "waggishly" thought as we penned our hoax,  
And leaned o'er the bath-post paper,  
How the wits of the North, would laugh at our jokes,  
And Taylor would storm and vapour.

We thought how Taylor, our new M. D.  
Would abuse, and in print upbraid him,  
And how the horse doctor would laugh to see  
What We "Durham Wags" had made him.

But now that our pleasant task was done,  
The hour was each enquiring,  
When the bell of St. Cuthbert's tolling one,  
*Told* it was time for retiring.

So we gave the Doctor's health as a toast,  
And we all sallied forth in our glory ;  
Our effusion we put in the Durham post,  
And the knowing ones gulled with the story.

With this ode we leave the subject of the "Durham Wags" merely remarking in conclusion, that, during the five or six years of their reign, so complete was their organization, and so admirably did they keep their own counsel, that not in one single instance, could any of their mischievous pranks be brought home to any of their doors. They were marshalled under an able leader, and the secrets of Freemasonry could not be better kept, than were the secrets of the "Wags of Durham."—*The communication of a Durham Gentleman who was in the confidence of "the Wags," and well acquainted, with all the circumstances above narrated.*

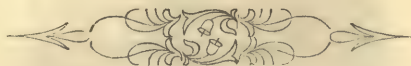


## SAINTE GILES OF BUTTERBIE,

## His Holie Legende.

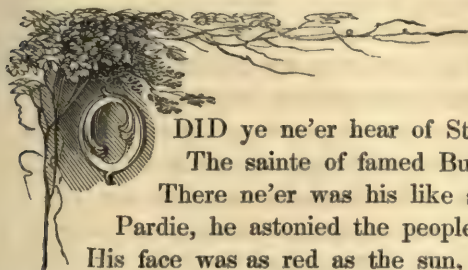


THE following admirable local song, has appeared in print, in two publications, viz. in *Hone's Table Book*, and in Prest's *London Singer's Penny Magazine*, the editor of which latter publication, has thought proper to ascribe its authorship, to two gentlemen who formerly resided in the city of Durham—it is however very doubtful, whether either of those gentlemen, had any thing to do with concocting this most ludicrous production. Of the song, judging from a M.S. in the possession of a correspondent, the copy in the *Magazine*, appears to be the best, and we accordingly give it, in preference to the one in the *Table Book*; to which work however, we are indebted for an account, of the presumed origin of so *authentic* a piece of Legendary History. "In the slang of Durham," says Mr. Hone, a *Butterby* Church goer is one who does not frequent any church; and when such an one is asked "What church have you attended to day?" the customary answer is—"I have been attending service at Butterby." [A hamlet, about three miles distant, from the city of Durham.] Butterby church has been dedicated to St. Giles, (i. e. St. Giles à Scroggins), and several articles have been written, and privately circulated, descriptive of the architecture of this imaginary edifice; every arch has had its due meed of approbation, and its Saint has been exalted in song. A legend has been written—I beg pardon, *found* in one of the vaults of Bear park, containing an account of divers miracles performed by St. Giles; which legend is no doubt as worthy of credit, and equally true, as some of Alban Butler's."—*Hone's Table Book*, page 366. The following reprint of "the Legende" with its notes, annotations, &c., has been edited for *our Table Book*, by a gentleman well known in the Antiquarian world, who is the correspondent above alluded to, and is also, a Member of the *Percy Society*.



## SAINTE GILES HIS HOLIE LEGENDE.

WRITTEN IN LATIN BY FATHER PETER, MONKE OF BEAUPAIRE, AND DONE INTO ENGLISH • THIS YEAR OF REDEMPTION 1555, BY MAISTER IOHN WALTON, SCHOOL-MAISTER, SAINTE MAGDALENE HER CHAPEL YARD, DVRHAM: AND DEDICATED TO OVR GOOD QUEEN MARY, WHOM GOD LONG PRESERVE.



Sainte Giles,  
his description,  
and strange  
appearance.

DID ye ne'er hear of St<sup>e</sup>. Giles,  
The sainte of famed Butterbie steeple?  
There ne'er was his like seen for miles,  
Pardie, he astonied the people!  
His face was as red as the sun,  
His eyne were a couple of sloes, sir,  
His bellie was big as a tun,  
And he had a huge bottle nose, sir,  
O what a strange fellow was he!

His birtle  
and  
manie wagers  
thereonne.  
His discoverie  
by a holie Pryor,  
and the  
good man's  
hearing of  
celestial musick.

Of woman he never was born,  
And wagers have been laid upon it!  
They found him at Fynchale one morn,  
Wrapp'd up in an old hood and bonnet:<sup>1</sup>  
The pryor was taking his rounds,  
As he was wont after his *brick-fast*,  
He heard most celestial sounds,  
And saw something in a tree stick fast,  
Like a bundle of dirty old clothes.

The fears and  
prayers  
of the holie man,  
and his cautious  
approach

Quite frightened, he fell on his knees,  
And said avēs five,<sup>2</sup> and ten credos,  
When the thing in the tree, gave a sneeze,  
And out popp'd a hand, and then three toes:

\* Judging from the first verse of the *original*, which is all we have seen, "Maister Walton" appears, to have made a *free* translation—it is as follows:

"Cantate nunc, Egidii,  
Confessoris Butterbii;  
Ecclesiam, illic posuit,  
Et turres magnas condidit.  
Non talis est, si quæsumus;  
Vultus, erat rubricus;  
Vaccinia nigra, oculi;  
Amator, ille, poculi."

<sup>1</sup> Var. lect. "An heavenly bonnet."—*Hone's version.*

<sup>2</sup> Var. lect. "*thirteen aves.*"—*Hone's copy.*



to the  
Sainte, whom he  
interrogateth,  
as followeth  
in the next stave.

Now, when he got out of his fainte,  
He approached, with demeanour most humble,  
When, what should he see but the sainte,  
Not a copper<sup>1</sup> the worse for his tumble,  
But lying all sound wind and limb.<sup>2</sup>

The Pryor's  
speech, and  
the stern reply  
of the babie Sainte,  
which for its  
finis, containeth  
a threat  
of combustion.

Says the pryor, "From whence did you come,  
Or how got you into my garden?"  
But the babie said nothing but mum—  
And for the prieste cared not a *farden*:  
At length, the sainte opened his gobbe,  
And said, "I'm from heaven, d'ye see, sir,  
Now don't stand there scratching your nobbe,  
But help me down out of the tree, sir,  
Or I'll soon set your Abbey a-blaze!"

The Pryor's  
amazement and  
compliance.  
Ste Giles becomes  
an apte and  
diligent fryar, in  
due time.

The pryor stood quite in a maze,  
To hear such an infant so queerly call,  
So he fell on his knees,<sup>3</sup> and gave praise  
To our Ladie, for so great a miracle:  
Sainte Giles from the bush then he tooke,  
And led him away to the priorie;  
Where for years he stuck close to his booke,  
A holie and sanctified fryar, he  
Was thought by the good folks around.

His sanctitie—  
his exorcisms,  
and somewhat  
unsaintlie advice  
to the sinner,  
which, I pray the  
lector may  
not follow.

In sanctitie he passed his years,<sup>4</sup>  
Once or twice exorcised a demoniac;  
And, to quiet his doubts and his fears,  
Applied to a flask of old Cogniac;  
To heaven he shewed the road faire,  
And, if he saw sinner look glum or sad,  
He'd tell him to drive away care,  
And say, "Take a swig of good rum, my lad,  
And it will soon give your soul ease."

<sup>1</sup> "*Not an angel.*" M.S. in the possession of the executors of the late J. Catnach, Esq. of London.

<sup>2</sup> "*Wind and limb.*" "This line is not found in some of the old MSS. and is probably a modern interpolation." Note, in a copy of *Prest's* work, formerly in the possession of Thomas Cribb, Esq., M.P.R.

<sup>3</sup> "*So humbling himself.*"—*Hone's* copy.

<sup>4</sup> *Hone* "*Days.*" An evident mistake.

In miracles too the sainte dealt,  
 And some may be seen to this minute ;  
 At his bidding he'd make a rock melt,  
 Tho' <sup>1</sup> the devil himself might be in it :  
 One evening when rambling out,  
 Boh ! Were's winding stream stopp'd the rover,  
 So he told it to turn round about,  
 And let him go quietly over,  
 And the river that instant, complied !<sup>2</sup>

His diverse  
 miracles, and  
 especially, his  
 turning the Were  
 to the right  
 about—  
*O magnum opus,  
 incredibile, et  
 inexplicable !*

To Butterbie often he'd stray,  
 And sometimes look in at the well,<sup>3</sup> sir ;  
 And if you'll attend to the lay,  
 How it came by its virtues I'll tell, sir ;  
 One morning, as wont, the sainte call'd,  
 And being tremendously fainte then,  
 He drank of <sup>4</sup> the lympe till he stall'd,  
 And out spake the reverend sainte then,  
 " My blessing be on thee for aye !"

Ye Sainte ramb-  
 leth to Butterbie,  
 his visit  
 to the well, and  
 his benison  
 thereonne.

Thus saying, he bent his way home,  
 Now mark the event which has followed,  
 The fount has from that time, become  
 A cure for sick folk—for it's hallowed :  
 And many a pilgrim goes there,  
 From many a far distant part, sir,  
 And, piously uttering a prayer,  
 Blesses the sainte's pious heart, sir,  
 That gave to the fount so much grace.

The wondrous  
 effect, of  
 the benison  
 on the well,  
 and the  
 multitudinous  
 pilgrimages  
 thereto,  
 in consequence  
 thereof.

At Fynchale, his saintship did dwell,  
 Till the devil got into the cloister,

<sup>1</sup> Var. lect. "*Tho' Saint Sathanas.*"—*Hone's copy.*

<sup>2</sup> In the neighbourhood of the Nab End, a place in the environs of the City of Durham, it is evident, that the Were, has at some period, changed its course—the *old* channel of the stream, may be distinctly traced. Whether this event occurred at the bidding of Saint Giles, we leave to the Antiquary and Geologist to determine.

<sup>3</sup> There are three mineral springs at Butterby, one called "The Sweet Spring" is a clear water, slightly impregnated with carbonate of lime, the second is the "Salt Water Spring," and the other is the "Sulphur Well," which is probably the one alluded to in the Legend, as it is much frequented, and deemed highly efficacious in cutaneous affections.

<sup>4</sup> "*The Stuff.*"—*Hone's copy.*

Ye Sainte  
quitteth  
Fynchale  
perforce, and  
voweth as to the  
destroyers  
thereof, that he  
will serve them  
out!

And left the bare walls as a shell,  
And gulp'd the fat monkes like an oyster :  
So the sainte was enforced to quit,<sup>1</sup>  
But swore he'd the fell legions all amuse,  
And pay back their coin every whit,  
Tho his hide should be flayed like Bartholemew's,  
And red as Sainte Dunstan's red nose.

He buildeth a  
kirke at Butterbie,  
wherein he  
endeth his daies,  
in the odour  
of sanctitie,  
after a  
well spent life.

Another kirke straight he erected,  
And for holiness, one which famed much is,<sup>2</sup>  
Where sinners and saintes were protected,  
And kept out of Beelzebub's clutches :  
And thus in the eve of his days,  
He still paternosters and avēs sung,  
His lungs were worn threadbare with praise,  
Till death, who slays priors, rest gave his tongue,  
And sent him to sing in the spheres!

Of his burial  
by the monkes  
after his decease,  
which happened  
in the Holie  
season of Lente.

It would be too long to tell here,  
Of how, when and where, the monkes buried him ;  
Suffice it to say, it seems clear,  
To regions of bliss angels hurried him.<sup>3</sup>  
His odd life by death was made even,  
He popp'd off, on one of Lente Sundaies,  
His corse was to miracles given,  
And his quiristers sung "*De profundis*  
*Clamabí, ad te Domíne!*"

*Finis coronat opus.*

*Eaplycit I. W.*

<sup>1</sup> "So forced his warm quarters to quit,"—*Prest's copy*. We, here, prefer the reading of *Hone*.

<sup>2</sup> "Which for its Sanctity, famed much is."—*Hone*. Though there is no church at Butterby now, yet in days of old, there were a church and hospital there, dedicated to Saint Leonard. They stood in a field adjoining the ancient moated manor house. Many stone coffins, vases for holy water, &c., have been dug up at different times.—See *View of Durham*, Hoggett, Durham, 1824. Page 89.

<sup>3</sup> "That somewhere or other, they carried him."—*Hone*.



## Adages, Proverbs,

&c. &c.,

IN FREQUENT USE IN THE NORTHERN COUNTIES.

SIR,



HAVING expressed your willingness to admit my quota of contributions in the shape of Adages, Proverbs, or Prognostics of the Seasons, the Weather, &c., into the Traditional part of your Table Book, I herewith send you a supply. I flatter myself that I possess almost the best collection of Proverbs on those particular matters or subjects, to be met with in the English language: and considering them too good, too rich, too valuable an offering for the "Altar of Forgetfulness," I do hereby dedicate them to you, as a votive tribute for your repository of local events.

Yours most truly,

M. AISLABIE DENHAM.

Pierse Bridge,

November 4, 1843.

### PART I.

### GENERAL PROVERBS.



SATURDAY'S moon,  
Come when it will, it comes too soon.  
If a Saturday's moon  
Come once in seven years it comes too soon.  
A new moon soon seen, is long thought of.  
After a storm comes a calm.  
It does not rain but it pours down.  
A rainbow in the morning  
Is the shepherd's warning.  
A rainbow in the night  
Is the shepherd's delight.

Drought never bred dearth in England.

Whoso hath but a mouth  
Shall never in England suffer drought.

When the sand doth feed the clay,  
England woe and well-a-day;  
But when the clay doth feed the sand,  
Then it is well for Angle-land.

After a famine in the stall,  
Comes a famine in the hall.

If the cock moult before the hen,  
We shall have weather thick and thin;  
But if the hen moult before the cock,  
We shall have weather hard as a rock.

No weather is ill if the wind be still.

When the wind is south,  
It blows the bait to the fishes' mouth.

As the day lengthens, so the cold strengthens.

If there be a rainbow in the eve, it will rain and leave,  
But if there be a rainbow in the morrow, it will neither lend nor borrow.

When the wind's in the east,  
It's neither good for man nor beast;  
When the wind's in the south,  
It's in the rain's mouth.

A green winter makes a fat church-yard.

Hail brings frost in the tail.

A snow year—a rich year.

Winter's thunder's—summer's wonder.

Frost and fraud both end in foul.

The south wind always brings wet weather,  
The north wind wet and cold together;  
The west wind always brings us rain,  
The east wind blows it back again.

If the sun in red should set,  
The next day surely will be wet;  
If the sun should set in grey,  
The next will be a rainy day.

A west wind and an honest man go to bed together.

This rule in gardening never forget—  
To sow dry and plant wet.

Good husbandry is good divinity.

Corn and horn go together.\*

\* i. e. when bread is cheap, beef is the same.

Dearth always begins in the horse-manger.  
If frogs make a noise in the time of cold rain, warm dry weather will follow.

An evening red and a morning grey,  
Will set the traveller on his way ;  
But an evening grey, and a morning red,  
Will pour down rain on a traveller's head.

If it rains on a *Sunday before mass*,  
It will rain all the week ; more or less.

An evening red and morning grey,  
Are sure signs of a fine day.

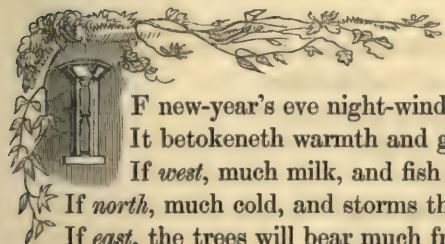
There is good land where there is a foul way.

Friday night's dreams on Saturday told,  
Are sure to come true—be they never so old.

If during the night the temperature fall and thermometer rise,  
We shall have fine weather and clear skies.

Our forefathers supposed that the malignant influence of the Dog Star, when in conjunction with the Sun, caused the sea to boil, wine to become sour, dogs to go mad, and all other creatures to languish ; while in men it produced fevers and other malignant disorders ! !

## PART II.



F new-year's eve night-wind blow *south*,  
It betokeneth warmth and growth ;  
If *west*, much milk, and fish in the sea ;  
If *north*, much cold, and storms there will be ;  
If *east*, the trees will bear much fruit,—  
If north-east, flee it man and brute.

At new-year's tide  
The days lengthen a cock's stride.

Many hips and haws,  
Many frosts and *snows*.

If the grass grows in Janiveer,  
It grows the worse for't all the year.

March in January, January in March I fear.

Winter never rots in the sky.

Remember, on St. Vincent's day\*  
If the sun his beams display,

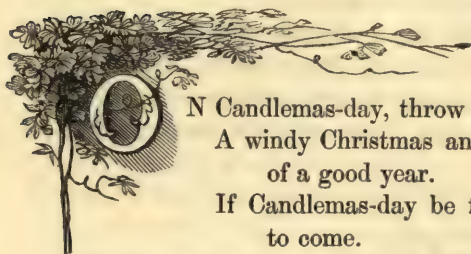
\* 22 January.



Be sure to mark the transient beam  
Which through the casement sheds a gleam ;  
For 'tis a token bright and clear,  
Of prosperous weather all the year.

If St. Paul's day\* be fair and clear,  
It doth betide a happy year ;  
But if by chance it then should rain,  
It will make dear all kinds of grain ;  
And if the clouds make dark the sky,  
Then neat † and fowls this year shall die ;  
If blustering winds do blow aloft,  
Then wars shall trouble the realm full oft.

## PART III.



N Candlemas-day, throw candle and candlestick away.  
A windy Christmas and a calm Candlemas are signs  
of a good year.  
If Candlemas-day be fine, it portends a hard season  
to come.

If Candlemas-day be cloudy and lowering, a mild and gentle season.  
The hind had as lief see his wife on the bier,  
As that Candlemas-day be pleasant and clear.

If Candlemas-day be fair and bright,  
Winter will have another flight.

If Candlemas-day be clouds and rain,  
Winter is gone, and will not come again.

When Candlemas-day is come and gone,  
The snow lies on a hot stone.

February fill dike, be it black or be it white,  
But if it be white, it's the better to like.

Of all the months in the year, curse a fair February.

If Candlemas-day be dry and fair,  
The half of winter's to come and mair.

If Candlemas-day be wet and foul,  
The half of winter's gone at Yule. ‡

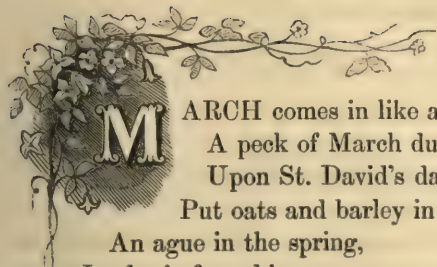
If Candlemas-day is fair and clear,  
There 'll be two winters in the year.

\* 25 January.

† Cattle.

‡ Christmas.

## PART IV.



ARCH comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb.

A peck of March dust is worth a king's ransom.

Upon St. David's day,\*

Put oats and barley in the clay.

An ague in the spring,

Is physic for a king.

Tid, Mid, and Misera,

Carling, Palm, and Paste-egg-Day.†

Care Sunday, care away

Palm Sunday and Easter-day.

March winds and May suns

Make clothes white and maids dun'd.

In March, kill crow, pie, and cadow,

Rook, buzzard and raven,

Or else go desire them

To seek a new haven.

First comes David,‡ next comes Chad,§

And then comes Winnold, || as though he was mad.

A dry March never begs its bread.

March grass never did good.

March winds and April showers,

Bring forth May flowers.

The spring is not always green.¶

A bushel of March dust is a thing,

Worth the ransom of a king.

So many mists in March you see,

So many frosts in May will be.

Sow wheat in dirt and rye in dust.

When Easter falls in our lady's lap,

Then let England beware a rap.\*\*

One swallow does not make a spring, nor a woodcock a winter.

A windy March and a showery April make a beautiful May.

\* 1 March.

† Or Easter-Day.

‡ 1 March.

§ 2 March.

|| A corruption of Winwaloe; father Cressy calls him Winwaloc; and father Porter, Winwaloke. His day is March 3.

¶ 6 March, Spring Quarter commences.

\*\* This sounds rather like a prophecy.

A March wisher, is never a good fisher.  
 March birds are best.  
 When the sloe tree is white as a sheet,  
 Sow your Barley whether it be dry or wet.

## NORTH SUNDERLAND.



ORTH Sunderland, so called to distinguish it from Sunderland near the sea, is situate three miles south by east from Bambrough. It is a port chiefly frequented by fishing vessels, and small schooners, which convey corn from the depôts in the neighbourhood to London. Yet though this be the case, the pier is built at a great expence, with freestone, and the harbour, which is capacious enough to receive vessels of considerable burden, is securely guarded against the attacks of the ocean. Those who paid for the erecting of the pier may not be amply remunerated, but the work must excite the praise of the beholder, and be looked upon with gratitude by every seaman upon this exposed coast, who can here, in time of danger, find a secure refuge. The pier was built about forty years ago, by an architect of the name of Crawmond; and with a species of grateful remembrance too seldom met with, the inhabitants still distinguish one of the buildings connected with it by his name. Crawmond was possessed of great masculine power, and once having to cross a field in which a furious bull was kept, he armed himself with a pick belonging to one of the workmen. The animal saw, and ran outrageously at him: he waited his approach, and meeting its eye with a glance of his own, overawed it. So soon as he observed his mastery, he raised his weapon, struck the brute between the horns, and brought it to the ground, from whence it soon rose, and scampered off without offering him any further molestation.—*Border Tour.*





# The King and a poor Northern Man :

OR,

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

ATTRIBUTED TO MARTIN PARKER.



OR our copy of this very humorous production we are indebted to the edition printed for the *Percy Society*, in 1841, The editor of which, makes the following remarks.—

“Although somewhat modernized in the following copy, there is little doubt that the humorous story of “The King and the poor Northern Man” is much older than 1640. It reads in particular places like a narrative of considerable antiquity; but when it was “printed by Tho. Cotes,” whose name appears at the bottom of the title-page of the black-letter edition which we have employed, it was intended that the reader should suppose the tale a new one, and that it was the authorship of Martin Parker, the celebrated and popular ballad-maker: his well known initials are placed quite at the end, after the word “*Finis*,” but possibly he was not concerned in the imposition, which might be concocted by Francis Grove, the bookseller. No older edition is extant than that we have reprinted, and as far as yet appears it is the only remaining copy of it. We find it mentioned in no bibliographical work, nor have we been able to trace it in any catalogue.

“Besides the internal evidence, there is external proof of the antiquity of the story, and even of the title of the piece. In Henslowe’s Diary, under the date of 1601, we meet with two entries, the first of which runs thus:

“Lent at the apoyntment of the company, and my sonne, unto Hary Chettell, in earnest of a playe called To good to be trewe or Northern Man, the some of 5<sup>s</sup>: the 14 of novmbr. 1601.”

“The second is as follows:

“Pd. at the apoyntment of Robart Shawe, and Thomas Towne, unto Mr. Hathwaye and Mr. Smythe, in part of payment of a booecke called To goode to be trewe, the 6 of Janewary 1601, the some of 1<sup>s</sup>.”

“Hence we see that as early as 1601 a play had been written by Henry Chettle, Richard Hathewaye and Wentworth Smith, called “Too good to be true, or the Northern Man,” though the second

title is omitted in Henslowe's latest entry. This play was, no doubt, founded upon the popularity of the subsequent story; the incidents of which are highly laughable, and would have afforded much scope to the rustic comicalities of such actors as Pope, Singer, or Kempe.

"That the story was known of old by the name of "Too good to be true" we are not without proof. The same incidents are employed in a broadside in verse under the title of "The King and Northern Man," printed "by W.O., and to be sold by the Booksellers in Pye Corner and London Bridge," a copy of which is in the British Museum. The wording of the body of the ballad does not differ very materially from our version of 1640, but it varies at the beginning and end. The writer professes in the outset to have borrowed from a work already in print, for the broadside thus opens:

"To drive away the weary day  
A book I chanc'd to take in hand,  
And therein I read assuredly  
A story, as you shall understand.  
"Perusing many a history over,  
Amongst the leaves I chanc'd to view  
The books name, and the title is this,  
The Second Lesson, *too good to be true.*"

"Thus we have both the titles of the play mentioned by Henslowe in his first memorandum. The book which the writer of the broadside employed, must have been a now lost collection of popular histories, divided into what were called "Lessons," the "second lesson" being the tale of "The King and a poor Northern Man," or "Too good to be true." This was probably the same as the story used by Chettle, Hathwaye, and Smith for the foundation of their play, which story was furbished up in 1640, and printed in a separate duodecimo pamphlet. It is this pamphlet that we have now accurately reprinted, with the omission only of some coarse and uncouth woodcuts, at the time intended to be attractive.

"Many of our readers will be aware that the same circumstance of a visit to the King by one of his country tenants, though much abridged, forms the subject of a comic song, which has kept its place in various modern collections."

The comic song alluded to, is the one known by the title of "*The King and the Countryman*," and which commences,

"There was an old chap in the west country."

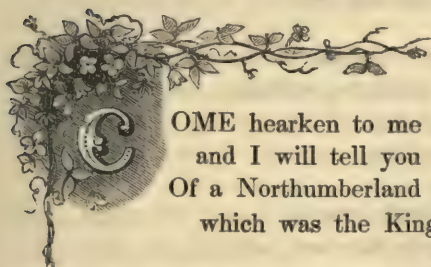
Before the reprint of the Percy Society, the comic song had been generally considered to be a *modern* composition, written by the late Mr. Knight, whose name is affixed to it as the author, in various

publications, though we have no authority for supposing, that Mr. Knight had anything to do with such prefix. If however, any one will take the trouble of examining the song with the old story, he will at once perceive that the former is a mere abridgement of, and wholly taken from, the latter. We have been given to understand, that the *King and the Countryman* was, some years ago, sold to a London Music Publisher, as a modern composition, and have no doubt it was so, for another Music Publisher has informed us, that he was once deterred from bringing out an edition of it, by the threat of an injunction being moved for by the original publisher, to restrain him if he attempted to do so.

Who the individual was who palmed off the abridgement as his own original, we are unable to say, but whoever he was, he was guilty of an offence far more common than is generally supposed. In Mackay's "Songs and ballads of the London Prentices," published by the *Percy Society*, page 59, is an old ditty which is almost verbatim the same, as one we have met with in many modern collections as "a new song." Besides the above two instances of literary larceny, we have no doubt there are several others not yet discovered, but which the future publications of the *Percy Society* will bring to light.

## THE KING AND A POORE NORTHERNE MAN.

SHewing HOW A POORE NORTHUMBERLAND MAN, A TENANT TO THE KING, BEING  
WRONGED BY A LAWYER (HIS NEIGHBOUR), WENT TO THE KING HIMSELF TO  
MAKE KNOWNE HIS GRIEVANCES. FULL OF SIMPLE MIRTH AND MERRY  
PLAINE JESTS.\*



OME hearken to me all around,  
and I will tell you a merry tale  
Of a Northumberland man that held some ground,  
which was the Kings land in a dale.

He was borne and bred thereupon,  
and his father had dwelt there long before,  
Who kept a good house in that country,  
and stav'd the wolfe from off his doore.

\* Printed at London by *Tho. Cotes*, and are to be sold by *Francis Grove*, dwelling upon Snow hill. 1640.



Now, for this farme the good old man  
just twenty shillings a yeare did pay:  
At length came cruell death with his dart,  
and this old farmer he soone did slay:

Who left behinde him an aude wife then,  
that troubled was with mickle paine,  
And with her cruches she walkt about,  
for she was likewise blinde and lame.

When that his corpes were laid in the grave  
his eldest sonne possesse did the farme,  
At the same rent as the father before:  
he took great paines and thought no harme.

By him there dwelt a Lawyer false,  
that with his farme was not content,  
But over the poore man still hang'd his nose,  
because he did gather the King's rent.

This farme layd by the Lawyer's land,  
which this vild kerne had a mind unto:  
The deelee a good conscience had he in his bulke,  
that sought this poore man for to undoe.

He told him he his lease had forfite,  
and that he must there no longer abide:  
The King by such lownes hath mickle wrong done,  
and for you the world is broad and wide.

The poore man pray'd him for to cease,  
and content himselfe, if he would be willing;  
And picke no vantage in my lease,  
and I will give thee forty shilling.

It's neither forty shillings, no forty pound,  
Ise warrant thee, so can agree thee and me,  
Unlesse thou yeeld me thy farme so round,  
and stand unto my curtesie.

The poore man said he might not do sa:  
his wife and his bearnes will make him ill warke.  
If thou wilt with my farme let me ga,  
thou seemes a good fellow, Ise give thee five marke.

The Lawyer would not be so content,  
but further in the matter he means to smell.  
The neighbours bad the poor man provide his rent,  
and make a submission to the King him sell.

This poore man now was in a great stond,  
his senses they were almost wood:  
I thinke, if he had not tooke grace in 's mind  
that he would never againe beene good.

His head was troubled in such a bad plight,  
as though his eyes were apple gray;  
And if good learning he had not tooke  
he wod a cast himselfe away.

A doughty heart he then did take,  
and of his mother did blessing crave,  
Taking farewell of his wife and bearnes;  
it earned his heart them thus to leave.

Thus parting with the teares in his eyne,  
his bob-taild dog he out did call:  
Thou salt gang with me to the King;  
and so he tooke his leave of them all.

He had a humble staffe on his backe,  
a jerkin, I wat, that was of gray,  
With a good blue bonnet, he thought it no lacke;  
to the king he is ganging as fast as he may.

He had not gone a mile out o' th' toone,  
but one of his neighbours he did espy:  
How far ist to th' King? for thither am I boone,  
as fast as ever I can hye.

I am sorry for you, neighbour, he sayd,  
for your simplicity I make mone:  
Ise warrant you, you may ask for the King,  
when nine or ten dayes journey you have gone.

Had I wist the King wond so farre  
Ise neere a sought him a mile out o' th' toone:  
Hes either a sought me, or wee'd neere a come nare;  
at home I had rather spent a crowne.

Thus past he alang many a weary mile,  
in raine, and wet, and in foule mire,  
That ere he came to lig in his bed  
his dog and he full ill did tire.

Hard they did fare their charges to save,  
but alas hungry stomackes outerie for meate,  
And many a sup of cold water they dranke,  
when in the lang way they had nought to eate.

Full lile we know his hard grieve of mind,  
and how he did long London to ken ;  
And yet he thought he should finde it at last,  
because he met so many men.

At length the top of kirkes he spide,  
and houses so thicke that he was agast :  
I thinke, quoth he, their land is full deere,  
for ther's nought that here lies wast.

But when he came into the city of London,  
of every man for the King he did call.  
They told him that him he neede not feare,  
for the King he lies now at Whitehall.

For Whitehall he then made inquire,  
but as he passed strange geere he saw :  
The bulkes with such gue gawes were dressed,  
that his mind a tone side it did draw.

Gud God, unto himselfe he did say,  
what a deele a place I am come unto !  
Had a man, I thinke, a thousne pounds in's purse,  
himselfe he might quickly here undoe.

At night then a lodging him a got,  
and for his supper he then did pay :  
He told the host then heed go lig in his bed,  
who straight took a candle and shewd him the way.

Then with spying of farlies in the citie,  
because he had never been there beforene,  
He lee so long a bed the next day,  
the Court was remov'd to Windsor that morne.



You ha laine too long then, then said his host,  
you ha laine too long by a great while :  
The king is now to Windsor gone ;  
he's further to seeke by twenty mile.

I thinke I was corst, then said the poore man ;  
if I had been wise I might ha consider.  
Belike the King of me has gotten some weet :  
he had neere gone away had not I come hither.

He fled not for you, said the hoste ;  
but hie you to Windsor as fast as you may :  
Be sure it will requite your cost,  
for looke, what's past the king will pay.

But when he came at Windsor Castle.  
with his bumble staff upon his backe,  
Although the gates wide open stood  
he layd on them till he made um cracke.

Why, stay ! prey friend, art mad ? quoth the Porter ;  
what makes thee keepe this stirre to day ?  
Why, I am a tenant of the Kings,  
and have a message to him to say.

The King has men enough, said the Porter,  
your message well that they can say.  
Why, there's neere a knave the King doth keepe  
shall ken my secret mind to day.

I were told, ere I came from home,  
ere I got hither it would be dear bought :  
Let me in, Ise give thee a good single penny.  
I see thou wilt ha small, ere thou't doe for nought.

Gramercy, said the Porter then ;  
thy reward's so great, I cannot say nay.  
Yonder's a Nobleman within the court,  
He first heare what he will say.

When the Porter came to the Nobleman,  
he sayd he would shew him a pretty sport :  
There's sike a clowne come to the gate,  
as came not this seven yeares to the Court.

He calls all knaves the King doth keepe ;  
he raps at the gates and makes great din ;  
He's passing liberall of reward ;  
heed give a good single penny to be let in.

Let him in, sayd the Nobleman.  
Come in, fellow, the Porter gan say :  
If thou come within thy selfe, he sayde,  
thy staffe behind the gate must stay.

And this cuckolds curre must lig behind :  
what a deelee, what a cut hast got with thee !  
The King will take him up for his owne sel,  
Ise warrant, when as he him doth see.

Beshrew thy limbes, then said the poore man ;  
then mayst thou count me foole, or worse.  
I wat not what bancrout lies by the King ;  
for want of money he may picke my purse.

That's to be fear'd, the Porter said ;  
Ise wish you goe in well arm'd ;  
For the King he hath got mickle company,  
and among them all, you may soone be harm'd.

Let him in with his staffe and his dog, said the Lord,  
and with that he gave a nod with's head, and beck with's knee.  
If you be Sir King, then said the poore man,  
as I can very well thinke you be ;

For I was told ere I came from home,  
you're the goodliest man ere I saw beforne ;  
With so many jingle jangles about ones necke,  
as is about yours, I never saw none.

I am not the King, said the Nobleman,  
fellow, although I have a proud coat.  
If you be not the King, helpe me to the speech of him,  
you seeme a good fellow, Ise gi you a groat.

Gramercy, said the Nobleman ;  
the rewards so great, I cannot say nay.  
Ile go to know the Kings pleasure, if I can ;  
till I come again be sure thou stay.

Heres sike a staying, then said the poor man ;  
belike the Kings better than any in our countrey.  
I might be gone to th' farthest nuke i'th' house,  
neither lad nor lowne to trouble me.

When the Nobleman came to the King,  
he said he would shew his Grace good sport :  
Heres such a clowne come to the gate,  
as came not this seven yeares to the Court.

He cals all knaves your Highnesse keepes,  
and more than that, he termes them worse.  
Heele not come in without his staffe and his dogge,  
for fear some bankrout will picke his purse.

Let him in with his staffe and his dog, said our King,  
that of his sport we may see some.  
Weele see how heele handle everything,  
as soone as the match of bowles is done.

The Nobleman led him through many a roome,  
and through many a gallery gay.  
What a deele doth the king with so many toome houses,  
that he gets um not fild with corne and hay ?

What gares these bables and babies all ?  
some ill have they done that they hang by the walls ?  
And staring aloft at the golden rooffe toppes,  
at a step he did stumble, and downe he falles.

Stand up, good fellow, the Nobleman sayd ;  
what, art thou drunke or blind, I trow ?  
Ise neither am blinde nor drunke, he sed,  
although, in my sowle, you oft are so.

It is a disease, said the Lord againe,  
that many a good man 'is troubled withall.  
Quoth the Country man then, yet I made your proud stones  
to kisse my backside, though they gave me a fall.

At last they spide the King in an ally,  
yet from his game he did not start.  
The day was so hot, he cast off his doublet ;  
he had nothing from the wast up but his shirt.



Loe, yonder's the King, said the Noble man :  
behold, fellow ; loe, where he goes.

Beleevet hee's some unthrift, sayes the poore man,  
that has lost his money and pawnd his cloathes.

How hapt he hath gat neere a coate to his backe ?  
this bowling I like not ; it hath him undone.

Ise warrant that fellow in those gay cloathes,  
he hath his coyne and his doublet won.

But when he came before the King,  
the Nobleman did his curtesie :  
The poore man followed after him,  
and gave a nod with his head and a becke with his knee.

If you be Sir King, then said the poore man.  
as I can hardly thinke you be ;  
Here is a gude fellow that brought me hither,  
is liker to be the King than ye.

I am the King, his Grace now sayd ;  
Fellow, let me thy cause understand.  
If you be Sir King, Ime a tennant of yours,  
that was borne and up brought within your owne lande.

There dwels a Lawyer hard by me,  
and a fault in my lease he sayes he hath found ;  
And all was for felling five poor ashes,  
to build a house upon my owne ground.

Hast thou a lease here ? said the King,  
or canst thou shew to me the deed ?  
He put it into the Kings owne hand,  
and said, Sir, tis here, if that you can read.

Why, what if I cannot ? said our King ;  
that which I cannot, another may.  
I have a boy of mine owne, not seven yeares old,  
a will read you as swift as yould run i'th' highway.

Lets see thy lease, then said our King :  
then from his blacke boxe he puld it out.  
He gave it into the Kings owne hand,  
with foure or five knots ty'd fast in a clout.

Wast neere unloose these knots ? said the King :  
 he gave it to one that behind him did stay.  
 It is a proud horse, then said the poore man,  
 will not carries owne provinder along the highway.

Pay me forty shillings, as Ise pay you,  
 I will not thinke much to unloose a knot :  
 I would I were so occupied every day.  
 Ide unloose a score on um for a groat.

When the King had gotten these letters to read,  
 and found the truth was very so :  
 I warrant thee, thou hast not forfeit thy lease,  
 if that thou hadst feld five ashes moe.

I, every one can warrant me,  
 but all your warrants are not worth a flea ;  
 For he that troubles me and will not let me goe,  
 neither cares for warrant of you nor me.

The Lawyer he is sike a crafty elfe :  
 a will make a foole of twenty such as me ;  
 And if that I sald gang hang my sel,  
 Ise trow, he and I sud neere agree.

For he's too wise for all our towne,  
 and yet we ha got crafty knaves beside.  
 Heele undoe me and my wife and bearnes :  
 alas, that ever I saw this tide !

Thoust have an injunction, said our King ;  
 from troubling of thee he will cease :  
 Heele either shew thee a good cause why,  
 or else heele let thee live in peace.

What's that injunction ? said the poore man,  
 good Sir, to me I pray you say.  
 Why, it is a letter lle cause to be written :  
 but art thou as simple as thou shewest for to day ?

Why. ift be a letter, Ime neere the better :  
 keep't to yourselfe and trouble not me.  
 I could a had a letter cheaper written at home,  
 and neere a come out of mine owne countrey.

Thoust have an attachment, said our King:  
charge all thou seest to take thy part.  
Till he pay thee an hundred pound,  
be sure thou never let him start.

A, wais me! the poore man saide then;  
you ken no whit what you now do say.  
A won undoe me a thousand times,  
ere he such a mickle of money will pay.

And more than this, there's no man at all  
that dares anongst him for to lift a hand;  
For he has got so much guile in his budget,  
that he will make all forfeit their land.

If any seeme against thee to stand,  
be sure thou come hither straight way.  
A, marry, is that all Ise get for my labour?  
then I may come trotting every day.

Thou art hard a beleefe, then said our King:  
to please him with letters he was right willing.  
I see you have taken great paines in writing,  
with all my heart Ile give you a shilling.

Ile have none of thy shilling, said our King;  
man, with thy money God give thee win.  
He threw it into the Kings bosome;  
the money lay cold next to his skin.

Beshrew thy heart, then said our King;  
thou art a carle something too bold:  
Dost thou not see I am hot with bowling?  
the money next to my skin lies cold.

I neere wist that before, said the poore man,  
before sike time as I came hither.  
If the Lawyers in our country thought twas cold,  
they would not heape up so much together.

The King call'd up his Treasurer,  
and bad him fetch him twenty pound.  
If ever thy errant lye here away,  
Ile bear thy charges up and downe.



When the poore man saw the gold tendred,  
for to receive it he was willing.  
If I had thought the King had so mickle gold,  
beshrew my heart, Ide a kept my shilling.

Now, farewell, good fellow, quoth the King :  
see that my command you well doe keepe ;  
And when that the Lawyer you have in your hands,  
looke that he doe pay you before he doe sleepe.

Gods benison light on your soule, then he sayd,  
and send you and yours where ever you gang :  
If that I doe ever meete with your fewd foes,  
Ise sweare by this staffe that their hide I won bang.

And farewell, brave lads now, unto you all :  
I wod all may win and neane of you leese.  
Haude ; take this same tester among you awe :  
I ken that you Courtiers doe all looke for fees.

Thus with a low courtsie of them he tooke leave,  
thinking from the Court to take his way ;  
But some of the gentlemen then of the Kings  
would needs invite him at dinner to stay.

A little entreaty did soone serve his turne :  
a thought himsel as good a man as them all.  
But where (quoth he) sall I have this same feast ?  
then straightway they ushered him into the hall.

Such store of cheare on the board there was plast,  
that made the countryman much for to muse.  
Quoth he, I doe think you are all craftie knaves,  
that such a service you will not refuse.

I nere saw such a flipper 'de flapper before ;  
here's keele I doe think is made of a whetstone.  
Heer's dousets and flappjacks, and I ken not what ;  
I thinke, in the worlde such feasts there is none.

When he had well din'd and had filled his panch,  
then to the winecellar they had him straight way,  
Where they with brave claret and brave old Canary,  
they with a foxe tale him soundly did pay.

So hard they did ply him with these strong wines,  
 that he did wrong the long seames of his hose,  
 That two men were faine to leade him up stayres;  
 so, making indentures, away then he goes.

The poore man got home next Sunday:  
 the Lawyer soone did him espy.  
 Oh, Sir, you have been a stranger long,  
 I thinke from me you have kept you by.

It was for you indeed, said the poore man,  
 the matter to the King as I have tell.  
 I did as neighbours put it in my head,  
 and make a submission to the King my sel.

What a deel didst thou with the King? said the Lawyer:  
 could not neighbours and friends agree thee and me?  
 The deel a neighbour or friend that I had,  
 that would a bin sike a daies man as he.

He has gin me a letter, but I know not what they cal't;  
 but if the King's words be frue to me,  
 When you have read and perused it over,  
 I hope you will leave, and let me be.

He has gin me another, but I know not what 'tis;  
 but I charge you all to hold him fast.  
 Pray you that are learned this letter reade;  
 which presently made them all agast.

Then they did reade this letter plaine,  
 the Lawyer must pay him a hundred pound.  
 You see the King's letter, the poore man did say,  
 and unto a post he sal stright way he bound.

Then unto a post they tide him fast,  
 and all men did rate him in cruell sort;  
 The lads, and the lasses, and all the towne  
 at him had great glee, pastime and sport.

Ile pay it, Ile pay it, the Lawyer said:  
 the attachment, I say, it is good and faire;  
 You must needes something credit me,  
 till I goe home and fetch some meare.

Credit! nay, thats it the King forbad:  
 he bad, if I got thee, I should thee stay,  
 The Lawyer payd him an hundred pound  
 in ready money, ere he went away.

Would every Lawyer were served thus!  
 from troubling poore men they would cease:  
 They'd either show them a good cause why,  
 or else they'd let them live in peace.

And thus I end my merry tale,  
 which shewes the plain mans simplenesse,  
 And the Kings great mercy in righting his wrongs,  
 and the Lawyers fraud and wickednesse.

FINIS.

M. P.

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**Early Traits**  
 OF THE  
**QUAKERS IN THE NORTH.**

BY JOSEPH RIDLEY.



It has often been a subject of remark, and sometimes of regret, that there should be none of the Society of Friends, located in Hexham. That a town of so considerable a size should not for a whole generation hold a solitary quaker, whilst places of far less magnitude in various directions are inhabited by them, is not easily accounted for: especially when it is known that Hexham, when less populous was favoured with the residence of some of that fraternity, and that it was once honoured with a visit from the Founder of the sect. The little towns of Allendale, and Alston, have each their Friends' Meeting House; and the small village of Winnowsley has it's Quaker's Burying-ground.

In the year 1653, there came to Hexham a little company of interesting strangers. One may imagine them attracting some notice as they entered the town from the east, dressed in plain grey



clothes, with hats of more than the usual breadth of brim, and mounted on roan coloured horses, they enquired their way to an Inn, and were directed, may be by our great grand-mother, protruding her head through a window under a thatched roof in Priestpopple, to the Gaping Goose, at the foot of the Broad Gates. Hither we may suppose them to repair, and having put up their horses and refreshed themselves, they proceeded to hold a meeting on the top of the Seal, the leader of the party, a portly young man, under thirty, distinguished by a pair of Leather Breeches, being the Preacher; and no less a personage than George Fox, His visit has been thus recorded.

"Then passed we on to Hexham, where we had a great meeting at the top of a hill. The priest\* threatened that he would come and oppose us, but he came not, so that all was quiet: and the everlasting day and renowned truth of the Everlasting God was sounded over those dark countries, and his Son exalted over all. So after that all were directed to the Light of Christ, by which they might see him and receive him, and know where their true Teacher was, and the Everlasting Truth had been largely declared amongst them, we passed away through Hexham peaceably, and came into Gillsland, a country noted for thieving."



OLD TOWER, MARKET-PLACE, HEXHAM (1836).

\* Who the Curate at that time was, is uncertain The Rev. Thomas Tilham was Lecturer; and three years after the elder Ritschell held both offices.

This remarkable man, and uncompromising preacher, wherever he went, protested against the Established Church; and was equally zealous in exposing abuses which were found to exist amongst other denominations; at one place in the North of England, we find him standing up in the Church-yard, and declaring to the people, that "he came not there to uphold their idol temples, nor their priests, nor their tithes, nor their augmentations, nor their priest's wages, nor their Jewish and heathenish ceremonies and traditions, for he denied all these; and told them that that piece of ground was no more holy than another piece of ground."

One of Fox's early associates in the Ministry was Myles Holhead. About the period of their visit to Hexham, above described, "Myles went to Newcastle, and there said to the Mayor, Rulers, and Priests of that town, that God's anger was kindled against them, because they had shut the kingdom of heaven against men, and would not enter themselves, nor suffer them that would. Because of this he was imprisoned, But the Mayor being much troubled, sent for the Sheriff\* (for those two had committed Myles to prison), when come, he said to him, we have not done well in committing an innocent man to prison. Pray let us release him. The Sheriff consenting, Myles was set at liberty. Then he declared the word of the Lord in those parts, and many were convinced of the truth held forth by him."

In 1657, we find George Fox, and another eminent Friend in the Ministry, Anthony Pearson, at Newcastle, where they visited several members of the Corporation, particularly Alderman Ledger, who shewed great hostility; and with whom they had a discussion. But "No leave for a Publick Meeting being obtained, George Fox got a meeting among his Friends, and some friendly people at Gateside."

These Memorials of a worthy people are chiefly gathered from George Fox's Journal, and partly from a rare Folio, "originally written in Low Dutch, by William Sewell, and by himself translated into English." In the former work there are repeated notices of visits paid by the author to Bishoprick, (Durham) and more particularly to Derwentwater. No doubt Shotley Bridge, and Benfieldside, in its immediate neighbourhood, were scenes of his early ministrations. About 1653, he writes, "I passed through Northumberland to Derwentwater, where there was a great meeting, and the priests threatened that they would come, but none came. The everlasting word of life was freely preached, and freely received, and many hundreds were turned to Christ, their Teacher." The founding of the original Quaker's Meeting House in this locality, may probably be dated from

\* Willm. Johnson, was Mayor; and Rt. Johnson, Sheriff; at that period.



about this period ; and not so early by ten or twelve years at least, as it has been placed by Ryan, in his history of Shotley Spa.

“Benfieldside is also famous for one of the first Quaker Meeting Houses in England, there having been one there for near two centuries, though the Meeting House now existent is not the original. All the general Historians have briefly noticed an account, taken they say, from “Turner on Providence,” of the Devil having appeared at that Meeting House in great wrath and attempted to snatch away the key which was destined to imprison him for ever. But the author has not been able to procure Turner’s work, and Tradition is utterly silent concerning this adventre of Satan. But whether the fact remain in question or be assumed, the details of such an apparition are quite as elegantly understood and not expressed, page 59.

We have before mentioned the very old Meeting House of the Friends at Benfieldside, where there used to be long ago, it would seem, many more of that persuasion than have been there of late years. They are now considerably multiplied, either as permanent residents, or frequent visitors, and it is hoped they will exert an influence somewhat corresponding to that of their great and good progenitors.” page 147.

Our introductory remark on there being no Quakers in Hexham, applies strictly to the township ; but as far as we are acquainted, may be extended to Hexhamshire—a district thinly peopled for the most part, but of great extent, being seventeen miles in length, by about six in breadth. To what extent it was the residence of Friends, we cannot precisely say ; but that it was frequented by a multitude of that persuasion, full forty years after their doctrines had been promulgated in the parish by honest George Fox, is a matter of History, as we gather from the ‘*Hexham Charities*,’ a rare little Book.

“There had been in old time a little chapel by the highway-side which leads from the head of the shire to Hexham, where a branch of it turns off to the east to the Steel and Dukes’-field mills, dedicated to St. Helen, commonly called Whitley chapel, which had been entirely ruined, and was rebuilt by subscription sometime before the Restoration, to teach school, and the neighbourhood to meet in upon occasion, as is set forth in the preamble to the said subscriptions, which having no date, the precise time cannot now be remembered.

“In the year of our Lord 1694, the Quakers from distant parts meeting at the said Chapel hill, and great numbers out of curiosity resorting to them, the said chapel was made fit, and appropriated to Divine service, and the minister of Slealey officiated there every other Sunday, which proved effectual to defeat their designs.” So then for aught that appears, the good folk of Hexhamshire might have



remained to this day without "divine service," had not the meetings of Friends provoked an unfriendly feeling on the part of the Episcopal Church: but however effectual the opposition proved, it is not to be inferred that the "great numbers" who were wont to attend the Quakers' Meetings on the Chapel-hill, continued to frequent the Episcopal Chapel of St. Helen's. The writer has been present when not more than a score, including the Priest's family were there; and has witnessed a Communion on an Easter Sunday, when the Clergyman and his clerk were the only male communicants.

There has been one Quaker inhabitant, and only one, in the Town of Hexham, in the course of the present generation. That was Betty Bowman, the Bread-baker, and Milk-seller. We recollect but one thing that she said; and have but one incident to record of her. Those who art sparing in speech, may reasonably be expected to talk wisely. There was going to be a general illumination—it matters not now what the subject of the rejoicing was—the practice is foolish at all times. So out spake Betty, and said—"I wish the folk had their hearts illuminated." The solitary incident may be thought too trifling to be put upon paper, but it has a recommendation which many trifles want—it will take up little time. Betty's being the only Quaker bonnet accustomed to be seen in the streets of Hexham, any other which happened to appear was sure to be stared at: and it was a very natural thought of a lass in Prietspopple, who chanced to meet a wandering Friend, to think that one person so habited would like to see another. So accosting the stranger, she said—"If ye please do ye want Betty Bowman." "Aye," was the answer, "that's the very woman I want. Does thou know where she lives."

There is a spot in Hexhamshire called the Quaker's Hole, which we shall not now stop to explore: but a field known to old people in Hexham, by the name of the Quaker's garth, extending from near the foot of the Battle-hill, to the head of Bone-street, must not be entirely overlooked. Many years ago, but long after it had obtained that name, it was almost if not entirely common. It seemed as if the land had been alienated, and its owner lost or disinherited. It came however, to be appropriated; was fenced and cultivated; has been bequeathed, and is now inherited by an heir of the late T. Leadbitter, Esq., *Solicitor*. It was this spot—the Quaker's garth—which was selected for the site of the New House of Correction, *that was to be*—a project now happily numbered with things that are passed. An expence to the county that has been saved, by a wholesome investigation of its accounts. We want no New House of Correction at Hexham; and such an appropriation of the *Quaker's Garth*, would have been a sad desecration.

It has not been the writer's happiness to be located amongst Quakers; but as a tradesman, he has not found more honourable men of any religious persuasion than the Friends; and will close this sketch with a brief notice of a worthy member of that respectable fraternity, which was registered in the Newcastle Chronicle about the period of the occurrence of the affair—November, 1829.

A Glove manufacturer in Hexham, a few days ago, received from a wholesale dealer in —, a letter enclosing a bill, remitted in part payment of a debt due to his father, at the time of the merchant's failure, which took place in 1820; and accompanied with a promise to make up the whole deficiency, which was about one hundred pounds. This is the more to be admired, as it is the voluntary act of a bankrupt, out of whose estate two dividends had been paid soon after his failure, and nine years having elapsed, nothing more was expected. This exemplary tradesman is a member of the SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

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### EPIGRAM.

On hearing the Rev. D. Crosthwaite ask his congregation "What Saint Paul lost by preaching Christianity to the Jews?"

What Paul might lose we cannot see,  
 In so perverse a nation:  
 But had he preached so ill as thee,  
 He'd lost — *his congregation.*

This epigram appeared in the Durham Chronicle, and is deserving of preservation for its wit, at which no one laughed more heartily than the worthy clergyman at whom it was aimed, and who often quoted it with great glee. So far however, from the late Rev. Daniel Crosthwaite of Houghton-le-Spring, being a *bad* preacher, he was one of the most effective that ever addressed a humble audience. His use of provincial terms, and proverbial expressions, might occasionally offend a refined ear, but he had the power of winning

"The hearts and thoughts of *simple* men,"

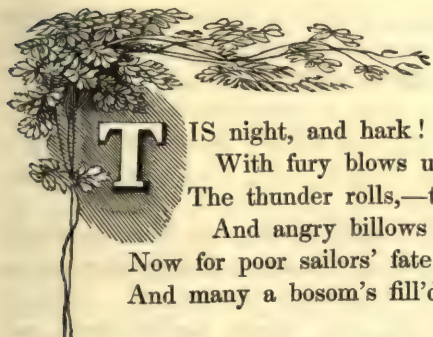
and will long be remembered as one, who turned many a sinner from the thralldom of satan to the liberty of the sons of God.



## The Northumberland Life Boat.

ADDRESSED TO HENRY GREATHEAD, ESQ. THE INGENIOUS INVENTOR.

BY JOHN SHIELD.



THIS night, and hark! the eastern blast  
 With fury blows upon the shore.  
 The thunder rolls,—the rain pours fast,—  
 And angry billows madly roar!  
 Now for poor sailors' fate falls many a tear,  
 And many a bosom's fill'd with anxious fear.

The morn returns—still thunders roar—  
 Loud blows the wind—the billows foam—  
 Shall sailors greet their friends on shore,  
 Or see again their much-lov'd home?  
 Alas! so dire, so ruthless is the storm,  
 No chance of safety Hope herself can form!

A *shriek* now mingles with the blast;  
 Each sad forboding proves too true;  
 See, on the rocks a ship is cast,  
 See, to the rigging clings the crew!  
 Ah! who the fury of the surge can brave,  
 And snatch the suff'ers from a watery grave?

Thy sacred claims now, Pity, urge,  
 Now prompt to bold exploit the brave:  
 Tis done—the *Life-Boat* cleaves the surge,  
 Intent the hapless crew to save;  
 The wreck's approach'd—on board are all receiv'd,  
 Rescued from danger, and from death repriev'd.

Blow on, blow on, ye ruthless winds,  
 And idly rage, thou troubled main,—  
 Snatch'd from your power, the sailor finds  
 His much-lov'd friends and home again,  
 And blesses oft, with grateful heart, the name  
 Of him whose genius did the *Life-Boat* frame.



That name shall ever live renown'd,  
 Alike to Fame and Albion dear,  
 Whilst commerce spreads her sails around,  
 Whilst British tars the world revere;  
 To latest ages still it shall descend,  
 Grac'd with the title of—*The Sailor's Friend.*

## Borrowed Fire,

A NEW-YEAR'S SUPERSTITION.



NEW-YEAR'S tide, has been the fertile occasion of many a goodly superstition, and time-worn observance. And in fruitful vale, village double-rowed, and brown moorland seclusion; nay even within the vaunted precincts of the emporia of commerce—amid the "*fumum et opes strepitumque Romae*," such still resist every aggressive influence. The radicle shoots retain their vitality long after the gigantic trunk has crumbled to its elements. One is deserving of record as the fragment of an original at once remote and vast, and for its ramified connection with various systems of the light "that led astray."

To request a light on the morning of the New Year, is held by those retentive of old scruples, as a most portentous omen. Several, will not for any consideration, even allow a *borrowed fire* to proceed from their dwellings. And to justify their firm persuasion, they will adduce such connections of premises and conclusion, as the following. At a farm house, a careless servant, neglecting to perform the curfew duties to the fire on the old-year's night, had to be obliged to her neighbours, before it would kindle in the morning. Her master apprised of the fatal omission, predicted some unforeseen evil would be the consequence, and accordingly, *some time after*, two valuable cows perished,—strangled at the stake!

About A. D. 746, it appears from a letter of St. Boniface to Pope Zachary, condemnatory of the sanction given to pagan festivities, that "at Rome on New year's day, no one would suffer a neighbour to take fire out of her house, or any thing of iron, or lend any thing." (Hospinian, *apud* Brand. Pop. Antiq. I. 9.) Boniface has written

epistles, and Zachary fulminated in vain as regards this practice in Northumberland, and we are informed, that the good dames of Lanarkshire in Scotland persist with equal pertinacity to oppose the long-recorded *dicta* and decrees of that illustrious diumvirate. A portion of a kindred creed appears likewise to flourish in that hilarious wakefulness, which some lovers of good cheer account requisite to the right celebration of the eve of the departing year, when circling the festive bowl, as honest Barnabe Googe expresses it,

“A good beginning of the yeare they wishe and wishe againe,  
According to the auncient guise of heathen people vaine.”

Among the Celtic tribes, the great festival of *La Bealtine*, was annually celebrated with solemn pomp, at the vernal equinox,—the commencement of their year. On that eventful eve, the fires on every hearth throughout the land were quenched, and not until the lurid fire of Baal glared from the sacred mountain, were they permitted to be rekindled with fire derived exclusively from that pure flame, of which the Druids were the consecrated guardians. If any individual repaired not to the hallowed circle, but was indebted for a supply to the embers of his neighbour, the awful doom of excommunication awaited him—devotion to the undying element whose efficacy he had contemned. It might be that deeply fixed impressions of that night of bondage, may have left traces that still endure, in the superstitious dread of strange or *Borrowed fire*.—*From J. Hardy's Col.*

### INSCRIPTION.



AT the Ferry-hill, which is situated on an eminence on the north road between Rushyford and Sunderland Bridge, in the county of Durham, is a gavel-ended house with an ancient enclosed garden, now the property of Mrs. Arrowsmith. On the wall of the garden the following inscription is cut:—

“How happily seated these Lares are,  
Who feed on prospect and fresh air,  
Dine moderately every day,  
And walk their supper time away.”

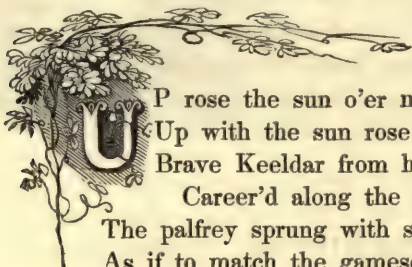


## THE DEATH OF KEELDAR.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.



PERCY, or Percival Rede, of Troughen, in Redesdale, Northumberland, is celebrated in tradition as a huntsman and a soldier. He was, upon two occasions, singularly unfortunate: once when an arrow, which he had discharged at a deer, killed his celebrated dog Keeldar; and again when, being on a hunting party, he was betrayed into the hands of a clan called Crossar, by whom he was murdered. Mr. Cooper's painting of these incidents suggested the following stanzas, which first appeared in "*The Gem*," at the time that *now* defunct annual was prosperous, under the able editorship of Thomas Hood, Esq.



U P rose the sun o'er moor and mead;  
 Up with the sun rose Percy Rede;  
 Brave Keeldar from his couples freed,  
 Career'd along the lea;  
 The palfrey sprung with sprightly bound,  
 As if to match the gamesome hound;  
 His horn the gallant huntsman wound:  
 They were a jovial three!

Man, hound, or horse, of higher fame,  
 To wake the wild deer never came,  
 Since Alnwick's Earl pursued the game  
 On Cheviot's rueful day;  
 Keeldar was matchless in his speed,  
 Than Tarras ne'er was stauncher steed,  
 A peerless archer Percy Rede:  
 And right dear friends were they.

The chase engross'd their joys and woes,  
 Together at the dawn they rose,  
 Together shared the noon's repose,  
 By fountain or by stream;



And oft, when evening skies were red,  
The heather was their common bed,  
Where each, as wildering fancy led,  
Still hunted in his dream.

Now is the thrilling moment near  
Of sylvan hope and sylvan fear,  
Yon thicket holds the harbour'd deer,  
The signs the hunters know ;—  
With eyes of flame, and quivering ears,  
The brake sagacious Keeldar nears ;  
The restless palfrey paws and rears ;  
The archer strings his bow.

The game's afoot !—Halloo ! Halloo !  
Hunter, and horse, and hound pursue ;—  
But woe the shaft that erring flew—  
That e'er it left the string !  
And ill betide the faithless yew !  
The stag bounds scathless o'er the dew,  
And gallant Keeldar's life-blood true  
Has drenched the grey-goose wing.

The noble hound—he dies, he dies,  
Death, death has fixed his glassy eyes,  
Stiff on the bloody heath he lies,  
Without a moan or quiver.  
Now day may break and bugle sound,  
And whoop and hollo ring around,  
And o'er his couch the stag may bound,  
But Keeldar sleeps for ever.

Dilated nostrils, staring eyes,  
Mark the poor palfrey's mute surprise,  
He knows not that his comrade dies,  
Nor what is death—but still  
His aspect hath expression drear  
Of grief, and wonder, mix'd with fear,  
Like startled children when they hear  
Some mystic tale of ill.

But he that bent the fatal bow,  
Can well the sum of evil know,  
And o'er his favourite bending low,  
In speechless grief recline ;

Can think he hears the senseless clay  
 In unreprouchful accents say,  
 'The hand that took my life away,  
 Dear master, was it thine ?

'And if it be, the shaft be bless'd,  
 Which sure some erring aim address'd,  
 Since in your service, priz'd, caress'd,  
 I in your service die ;  
 And you may have a fleeter hound,  
 To match the dun deer's merry bound,  
 But by your couch will ne'er be found  
 So true a guard as I.'

And to his last stout Percy rued  
 The fatal chance, for when he stood,  
 'Gainst fearful odds in deadly feud,  
 And fell amid the fray,  
 E'en with his dying voice he cried,  
 'Had Keeldar but been at my side,  
 Your treacherous ambush had been spied—  
 I had not died to day !'

Remembrance of the erring bow  
 Long since had join'd the tides which flow,  
 Conveying human bliss and woe,  
 Down dark Oblivion's river ;  
 But Art can Time's stern doom arrest,  
 And snatch his spoils from Lethe's breast,  
 And, in her Cooper's colours drest,  
 The scene shall live for ever.

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### BISHOP EGERTON AND HIS STEWARD.

ON Dr. John Egerton coming to the see of Durham, he employed one DUE as his agent, to find out the true value of the estates held by lease under him, and, in consequence of Due's report, greatly raised both the fines and reserved rents of his tenants ; on which account, the following toast was frequently drunk in and about Durham, " May the Lord take the Bishop and the Devil have his Due."—*Grose's Olio*, 1796.

## Candle-Creel.

A NORTHUMBRIAN CUSTOM.



IF the attachment to games of chance which the farmers in some of the retired, inland districts of Northumberland, exhibit in the disposal of certain pendicles of their property, a characteristic example has been already presented to the readers of the Table Book, in the custom of *Guse-plays*. An additional instance of their predilection to reward with articles of household worth, successful adventure and skill, exists in

another singular device they practise, called *Candle-creel*, consisting in playing at cards for candles. After the Martinmas, when the nights grow chill and frosty, and "sober suns must set at five o'clock," the cattle and horses are no longer permitted to pass the night in the open fields, but are harboured snugly, in stable and stall, sheltered from the bitter blasts, unwholesome dews, and pinching frosts, that announce winter's approach, and being then no longer able to forage for their own sustenance, are dependent for provender upon the now increasing activity of the clanking flail. These animals being foddered and *bedded* in the grey of the evening, are left to rest and rumination, till about eight o'clock or "beast-time," when all the male population of the place headed by the farmer himself, bearing under his arm a massive lantern, are summoned forth, to furnish a fresh supply of food and litter where wanted, and to curry and rub the horses. To provide the light requisite for inspection of the bestial, forms an important item of the farmer's domestic arrangements, and numerous and sage are the calculations—and manifold the schemes—so that illumination may be procured at the most reasonable outlay, and with the least accruing waste. This is at least the fashion of the present age, "*pejor avis*." In the olden times, the little farmers, less perplexed with the hideous phantom of rack-rent, indulging a more genial strain, converted it into an occasion of festivity. Parties of three or four convened at a little side-way ale-house, or in their own cheerful homes, each man with a *creel* or basket of candles at his side, out of which he hazarded or "lantered" stakes, till the rage for play abated, or some vigorous competitor bore off the lion's share. The victors generally secured a store, sufficient to "look the beasts"



for a whole winter. Thus at the risk of a trifling sacrifice, many an hour of overflowing happiness gladdened the peaceful dwelling, gave relish to the unbroken level of country life, and diffused a civilizing influence over scenes where human abodes were scant and scattered, and man remote from intercourse with his fellows, was exposed to the danger of becoming churlish and unsocial.—*From J. Hardy's Col.*

### A BORDER PROPHECY.

Atween Craig-cross and Eildon tree  
 A bonny bairn there is to be,  
 That'll neither have hands to fecht nor feet to flee,  
 To be born in England, brought up in Scotland, and to gang hame  
 again to England to dee.



HIS prophecy has been popular in the south of Scotland from time immemorial. It is usually ascribed to Alexander Peden the Cameronian seer; but as that right worshipful personage succeeded to a great deal of the fame and literary property of Thomas the Rhymer, and has been more than once detected in repredicting what his predecessor had long before foretold, it may be in reality of much greater antiquity. Be the Author who he may it is certain that the prophecy came to pass in recent times.

About the middle of the last century a boy was born without hands or feet at Ballen mill, near Falstone in Northumberland. His name was Paterson, soon after his birth he was removed to Talnash mill, near the head of the Teviot water, about eight miles above Hawick. Here he was brought up. While yet a child he was taken back to England with the rest of the family, and died at Carlisle, aged 7 years, thus completely fulfilling every particular of the prediction and thereby confirming all the people who knew the circumstances, in a belief of Mr. Peden's prophetic powers.—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*, No. 61.



## ROOKHOPE RYDE.

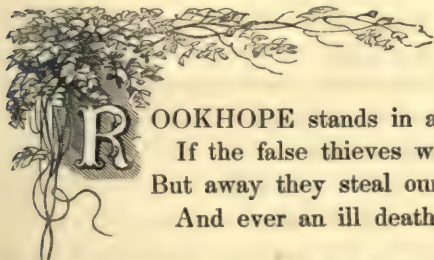
FROM RITSON'S BISHOPRIC GARLAND.



HIS is a Bishopric Border song, composed in 1572, taken down by Ritson from the chanting of George Collingwood the elder, late of Boltsburn, in the neighbourhood of Rookhope, who was interred at Stanhope, the 16th of December, 1785.

"Rookhope is the name of a valley about five miles in length; at the termination of which, Rookhope burn empties itself into the river Wear: the dale lies in the north part of the parish of Stanhope, in Weardale. Rookhope-head is the top of the vale. The ballad derives some additional interest, from the date of the event being so precisely ascertained to be the 6th December, 1569, when the Tynedale robbers, taking advantage of the public confusion occasioned by the rebellion of Westmoreland and Northumberland, and which particularly affected the bishopric of Durham, determined to make this foray into Weardale.

To the illustrations of Ritson have been added those of the late Robert Surtees, Esq., of Mainsforth, printed in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border."



ROOKHOPE stands in a pleasant place,  
If the false thieves wad let it be,  
But away they steal our goods apace,  
And ever an ill death may they die!

And so is the man of Thirlwa' <sup>1</sup> 'nd Willie-haver, <sup>2</sup>  
And all their companies thereabout,

<sup>1</sup> Thirlwall, or Thirlitwall, is said by Fordun, the Scottish historian, to be a name, given to the Picts' or Roman wall, from its having been thirled, or perforated, in ancient times, by the Scots and Picts. Wyntown also, who most probably copied Fordun, calls it Thirlwall. Thirlwall castle, though in a very ruinous condition, is still standing by the site of this famous wall, upon the river Tippal. It gave name to the ancient family, De Thirlwall.

<sup>2</sup> Willie-haver, or Willeva, is a small district or township in the parish of Lanercost, near Bewcastledale, in Cumberland, mentioned in the old border ballad of *Hobbie Noble*:—

"Warn Willeva, and Spear Edom,  
And see the morn they meet them a'."

That is minded to do mischief,  
And as their stealing stands not out.

But yet we will not slander them all,  
For there is of them good enough;  
It is a sore consumed tree  
That on it bears not one fresh bough.

Lord God! is not this a pitiful case,  
That men dare not drive their goods to t' fell,  
But limmer thieves drives them away,  
That fears neither heaven nor hell.

Lord, send us peace into the realm,  
That every man may live on his own!  
I trust to God, if it be his will,  
That Weardale-men may never be overthrown.

For great troubles they've had in hand,  
With Borderers pricking hither and thither,  
But the greatest fray that e'er they had,  
Was with the men of Thirlwa' 'nd Willie-haver.

They gather'd together so royally,  
The stoutest men and the best in gear;  
And he that rade not on a horse,  
I wat he rade on a weil-fed mear.

So in the morning, before they came out,  
So well I wot they broke their fast;  
In the [forenoon they came] unto a bye fell,  
Where some of them did eat their last.<sup>1</sup>

When they had eaten aye and done,  
They say'd, some captains here needs must be:  
Then they choose'd forth Harry Corbyl,  
And Symon Fell, and Martin Ridley.

Then o'er the moss, where as they came,  
With many a brank and whew,  
One of them could to another say,  
"I think this day we are men enew.

<sup>1</sup> This would be about eleven o'clock, the usual dinner hour in that period.



“For Weardale-men is a journey ta'en,  
 They are so far out o'er yon fell,  
 That some ofe them's with the two earls,<sup>1</sup>  
 And others fast in Bernard-castell.

“There we shal get gear enough,  
 For there<sup>is</sup> nane but women at hame;  
 The sorrowful fend that they can make,  
 Is loudly<sup>2</sup> cries as they were slain.”

Then in at Rookhope-head they came,  
 And there they thought tul' a' had their prey,  
 But they were spy'd coming over the Dry-rig,  
 Soon upon Saint Nicholas' day.<sup>3</sup>

Then in at Rookhope-head they came,  
 They ran the forest but a mile;  
 They gather'd together in four hours  
 Six hundred sheep within a while.

And horses I trow they gat,  
 But either ane or twa,  
 And they gat them all but ane  
 That belanged to great Rowley.

That Rowley was the first man that did them spy,  
 With that he rais'd a mighty cry;  
 The cry it came down Rookhope-burn,  
 And spread through Weardale hastily.

<sup>1</sup> The two Earls were Thomas Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and Charles Nevil Earl of Westmoreland, who, on the 15th of November, 1569, at the head of his tenantry and others, took arms for the purpose of liberating Mary, Queen of Scots, and restoring the old religion. They besieged Barnard Castle, which was, for eleven days, stoutly defended by Sir George Bowes, who, afterward, being appointed the Queen's marshall, hanged the poor constables and peasantry by dozens in a day, to the amount of 800. The Earl of Northumberland betrayed by the Scots, with whom he had taken refuge was beheaded at York, on the 22nd of August, 1572; and the Earl of Westmoreland, deprived of the ancient and noble patrimony of the Nevils, and reduced to beggary, escaped over sea, into Flanders, and died in misery and disgrace, being the last of his family. See two ballads on this subject, in Percy's Collection, (i. 271, 281,) and consider whether they be genuine.—RITSON.

<sup>2</sup> This is still the phraseology of Westmoreland: a *poorly* man, a *softly* day, and the like.

<sup>3</sup> The 6th of December.

Then word came to the bailifs house  
 At the East-gate,<sup>1</sup> where he did dwell;<sup>2</sup>  
 He was walk'd out to the Smale-burns,  
 Which stands above the Hanging-well.<sup>3</sup>

His wife was wae when she hear'd tell,  
 So well she wist her husband wanted gear,  
 She gar'd saddle him his horse in haste,  
 And neither forgot sword, jack,<sup>4</sup> nor spear.

The bailif got wit before his gear came,  
 That such news was in the land,  
 He was sore troubled in his heart,  
 That on no earth that he could stand.

His brother was hurt three days before,  
 With limmer thieves that did him prick;  
 Nineteen bloody wounds lay him upon,  
 What ferly was't that he lay sick?

But yet the bailif shrinked nought,  
 But fast after them he did hye,

<sup>1</sup> Now a straggling village so called; originally, it would seem, the gate-house, or ranger's lodge, at the east entrance of Stanhope park. At some distance from this place is West-gate, so called for a similar reason.—*RITSON*.

<sup>2</sup> The mention of the bailiff's house at the East-gate is (were such a proof wanting) strongly indicative of the authenticity of the ballad. The family of Emerson of East-gath, a fief, if I may so call it, held under the bishop, long exercised the office of bailiff of Wolsingham, the chief town and borough of Weardale, and of Forester, &c., under successive prelates; and the present bishop's gamekeeper and ranger within Weardale, may be said to claim his office by maternal descent, being Emerson Muschamp, (another ancient name,) and, though somewhat shorn of his beams, the lineal heir of the old bailiffs of Weardale. "Rob. Emerson Parcarius de Stanhopp. 13 Aug. 7 Rob. Nevill Epi.—Cuthb. Emerson de Eastgat sub Forestar. Parci de Stanhopp. 1 Wolsey.—Lease of the East-gate to Mr. George Emerson for 30 years, 10*l*. p. ann. 4 Ed. C. Bp. Tunstall.—Rob. Emerson de Eastgat sede vacante p. depriv. Tunstall parcar. Dne Regine.—Geo. et Ric. Emerson Ballivi de Wolsingham. 12 Sept. 1616, sicut Geo. Rolli vel. Rollands Emerson olim tenuere."—*SURTEES*.

<sup>3</sup> A place in the neighbourhood of East-gate, known at present, as well as the Dry-rig, or Smale-burns; being the property of Mr. Robert Richardson, by inheritance, since before 1583.—*RITSON*.

<sup>4</sup> A jacket, or short coat, plated or institched with small pieces of iron, and usually worn by the peasantry of the Border in their journeys from place to place, as well as in their occasional skirmishes with the moss-troopers, who were most probably equipped with the same sort of harness.—*RITSON*.

And so did all his neighbours near,  
That went to bear him company.

But when the bailif was gathered,  
And all his company,  
They were number'd to never a man  
But forty under fifty.

The thieves was number'd a hundred men,  
I wat they were not of the worst ;  
That could be choos'd out of Thirlwa' 'nd Willie-haver,  
"I trow they were the very first."<sup>1</sup>

But all that was in Rookhope-head,  
And all that was i' Nuketon-cleugh,  
Where Weardale-men o'ertook the thieves,  
And there they gave them fighting enugh.

So sore they made them fain to flee,  
As many was a' out of hand,  
And, for tul have been at home again,  
They would have been in iron bands.

And for the space of long seven years  
As sore they mighten a' had their lives,  
But there was never one of them  
That ever thought to have seen their wives.

About the time the fray began,  
I trow it lasted but an hour,  
Til many a man lay weaponless,  
And was sore wounded in that stour.

Also before that hour was done,  
Four of the thieves were slain,  
Besides all those that wounded were,  
And eleven prisoners there was ta'en.

George Carrick, and his brother Edie,  
Them two, I wot they were both slain ;  
Harry Corbyl, and Lennie Carrick,  
Bore them company in their pain.

<sup>1</sup> The reciter, from his advanced age, could not recollect the original line thus imperfectly supplied.—RITSON.



One of our Weardale-men was slain,  
Rowland Emerson his name hight ;  
I trust to God his soul is well,  
Because he fought unto the right.

But thus they say'd, " We'll not depart  
While we have one :—Speed back again !"—  
And when they came amongst the dead men,  
There they found George Carrick slain.

And when they found George Carrick slain,  
I wot it went well near their heart ;  
Lord, let them never make a better end,  
That comes to play them sicken a part.

I trust to God, no more they shal,  
Except it be one for a great chance ;  
For God wil punish all those  
With a great heavy pestilence.

Thir limmer thieves, they have good hearts,  
They never think to be o'erthrown ;  
Three banners against Weardale-men they bare,  
As if the world had been all their own.

Thir Weardale-men they have good hearts,  
They are as stif as any tree !  
For, if they'd every one been slain,  
Never a foot back man would flee.

And such a storm amongst them fell,  
As I think you never heard the like ;  
For he that bears his head so high,  
He oft-times falls into the dyke.

And now I do entreat you all,  
As many as are present here,  
To pray for singer of this song,  
For he sings to make blithe your cheer.



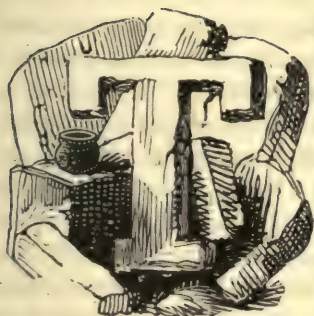
## JACK STOKOE.

He was a man of a strange temperament,  
Of mild demeanour though of savage mood,

and meant

For something better.

BYRON.



HERE is a little house in one of those broken glens, so numerous in the wild uncultivated moors stretching between the North and South Tyne, that has from the time of its rearing been the haunt of smugglers, poachers and others of the free calling. The appearance of the place sufficiently attests its character, or literally speaking, that of its inhabitants.—There is no direct, immediate

passage into the dwelling. You first enter an obscure, dirty cow-house, and proceed through it, at the imminent hazard of dislocating your neck over a ruminating cow or a dozing donkey, not to mention the innumerable piled fragments of heath, bent, wood, tin, &c. left by tinkers and besom-makers for the last dozen years. Through a dusky door-way, you are ushered into the den of the owner. This consists of a large, square, undivided room, in which furniture, utensils, and the inmate's whole wardrobe and patrimony lie at once exposed to the gaze. The floor is of clay—the tenacious mortar-like clay of the fens—not smooth and well laid as such floors commonly are—but disfigured by inequalities, and broken into shapeless holes, which once worn by repeated footsteps in the soft material, have never been considered worth the trouble of being levelled or filled up. This apartment is little better illuminated than the one you have left, the solitary window it boasts, being of scarcely greater dimensions than two ordinary panes, and as if this did not abundantly render “darkness visible” and exclude the cheering beam, a part of it is stuffed up with the tails of a coat, a wisp of hay, a brimless hat, or an endless *et cætera* of nameless articles enveloped in an old sack! The “loft” above is formed of rough sticks, still bristling with the attempted polish of the hatchet—rudely crossed and interlaced with rods and accumulated rubbish—and on this is “stowed away” a large quan-

tity of peats, turf, and hay. The means of communication betwixt this depository of stores and the region below, is by a short ladder or *stee*, as it is styled in those parts, usually occupying a prominent position in the midst of the floor.

About seventy years ago, this hovel was occupied by a smuggler yeapt Jack Stokoe,\* a man of great personal strength and resolute character. He carried on an extensive trade in tea, brandy, and illicit wares, and kept in his employ several followers, entrusted with the charge of a number of those ponies or shelties, which have proved so well adapted to the purposes of the inland contrabandist. His manner of life was viewed favourably by the lower orders, and connived at by the farmers and country gentry—and no exciseman had ever had the hardihood to enter his dwelling, or otherwise molest him. It happened however, that a revenue officer, a stranger in those parts, succeeded to the charge of the district, to whom intimations having been conveyed of the nature of Stokoe's dealings, he was resolved, at the earliest opportunity, to bring him to account. Being furnished with certain intelligence of the arrival of a large cargo of spirit, he decided upon pouncing upon him without hesitation, and applied to a magistrate for a warrant of search. The worthy dispenser of law, who was it seems of the Squire Inglewood school,—strongly advised him against such a measure, assuring him that Stokoe was an extremely dangerous man and disliked very much to have his private affairs too intimately scrutinized—above all by gentlemen of a particular class, and that he regarded the life of a man in a case of that kind, as little as that of a dog. But the officer was not to be swayed from what he considered his duty, by such appeals to the weaker side of his humanity—so after obtaining the warrant, he set forth on his mission,—alone but well armed.

On arriving at the house he found Stokoe and a little girl, sole inmates—and nowise daunted at the formidable aspect of the former, he disclosed to him his errand unhesitatingly. Stokoe nodded, but neither spoke, nor stirred from his seat in the chimney corner. The gauger then commenced ransacking the house, from the closet bed in the corner, turning all the bed-clothes out upon the floor, to the bulky oatmeal chest behind the door—but without success. He then lifted and tossed over the straw and litter in the cow-house, prying curiously into every hole and aperture—but nothing appeared. The loft filled with hay next attracted notice, and he expressed a desire to explore it also. Stokoe pointed to the ladder, but still preserved

\* It may not be improper to mention that our hero was of the same family as the "Frank Stokoe" of a former communication. See p. 80.



his imperturbable silence. The gauger ascended accordingly, highly elated at the gratifying manner in which he had bullied his stalwart host, and no doubt fully satisfied that a bold face will carry a man through any difficulty. Greater part of the hay he tumbled into the room below,—but without meeting with any thing like the article sought. Tired and disappointed, he descended the ladder and prepared to depart.—“Lassie,” cried the smuggler in a stern voice, speaking for the first time since the gauger entered his house,—“Lassie, bring me *Brown Janet*.” The girl disappeared for an instant behind the bed, and returned with a large oak sapling, enough to have felled an ox. “Now you rascal,” cried the smuggler, taking the stick and stepping between his visitor and the door—“if ye have license to turn an honest man’s house upside down—ye mun leave it as ye fand it.” “What do you mean,” exclaimed the astounded gauger, now beginning for the first time to think that he had met with an ugly customer. “Mean !” roared Stokoe, in a furious voice, flourishing his ponderous cudgel above his head, “why I mean you must stow that hay away to its place, or,” uttering a tremendous oath, “I’ll break every bone in your skin !” The gauger stepped back and drew a pistol from his pocket, but ere he could present it, a blow from *Brown Janet*, sent it whirling to the other side of the house, where it harmlessly exploded,—and in another second, the cudgel was close to his face, whilst a glare of savage fury fired the eyes of his antagonist, and the scowl of wrath ruffled his ferocious features. The terrified gauger supplicated aloud for mercy, promising to replace every thing, and never to trouble him more Stokoe after taking the remaining pistol from him—commanded him to “fall to”—and he fell to accordingly—toiling and carrying the hay in small bundles up the rickety ladder, at the utmost bodily peril. For four hours did he labour, and during the whole of that time, did his taskmaster stand by him, cudgel in hand, without uttering a word. When he had finished, Stokoe told him to be seated, and as this request could not only not be gainsayed, but was also very acceptable, he obeyed. His host then disappeared behind the bed, and returned with a *Brown Janet* of a different description, to wit, a huge bottle or “gray-hen” of brandy, or, as the poet otherwise expresses it, of “moonlight run when moon was none.” He filled up a measure of the raw, and handing it to his guest, desired him to drink. The latter did not hesitate to comply, but drained the cup with a relish that furnished abundant proof, that the non-payment of custom-house tribute had deprived the liquor of none of its genuine properties.

“Now,” said Stokoe, “you can go—you are the first that ever

searched my house—and in consideration of your being a stranger, I forgive you—but mind, if you come a second time—*get measured for your coffin before ye leave hame.*”—*Communicated by Wm. Pattison.*

## Adages, Proverbs, &c.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 216.

### PART V.



APRIL with his hack and his bill  
Plants a flower on every hill.  
On the 3rd April  
Comes in the cuckoo and nightingale.  
One swallow does not make a summer.\*

When April blows his horn,  
It's good both for hay and corn.  
April and May are the keys of the year.  
A cold April the barn will fill.  
The cuckoo has picked up the dirt.  
He that hath not a palm in his hand on Palm Sunday, must have  
his hand cut off.

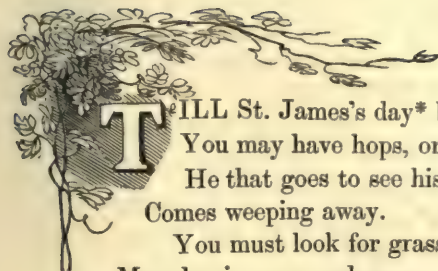
When the cuckoo comes to the bare thorn,  
Sell your cow and buy your corn ;  
But when she comes to the full bit,  
Sell your corn and buy your sheep.

In April, the cuckoo shews his bill.  
In May, he sings both night and day.  
In June, he altereth his tune.  
In July, away he'll fly.  
In August, go he must !

\* The 15th of April is, in some parts of England, known by the name of "Swallow day."



## PART VI.



TILL St. James's day\* be come and gone,  
 You may have hops, or you may have none.  
 He that goes to see his wheat in May,  
 Comes weeping away.

You must look for grass on the top of the oak tree.

May-day is come and gone,

Thou art a gosling and I am none.

As welcome as flowers in May.

He who bathes in May

Will soon be laid in clay.

He who bathes in June

Will sing a merry tune.

He who bathes in July

Will dance like a fly.

A cold May and a windy,  
 Makes a fat barn and a findy.

A hot May makes a fat church-yard.

A swarm of bees in May

Is worth a load of hay.

A swarm of bees in June

Is worth a silver *spune*.

A swarm of bees in July

Is not worth a fly!

A May flood—never did good.

If you look at your corn in May,

You'll come weeping away.

If you look at the same in June,

You'll come home in another tune.

When the oak puts on his gosling gray,

'Tis time to sow barley, night and day.

Cast not a clout till May be out.

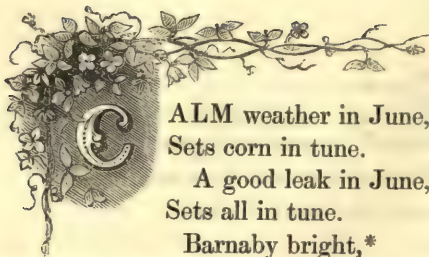
When the elder is white, brew and bake a peck;

When the elder is black, brew and bake a sack.

May rain kills lice!



## PART VII.



ALM weather in June,  
Sets corn in tune.

A good leak in June,  
Sets all in tune.

Barnaby bright,\*

The longest day, and the shortest night.

A dry summer ne'er made a dear peck.

When the fern is high as a spoon,

You may sleep an hour at noon.

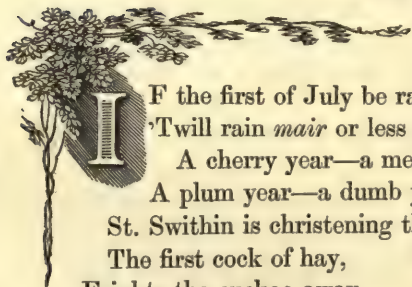
An English summer,—two fine days and a thunder storm.

There's no summer but it has a winter.

If woolly fleeces spread the heavenly way,

No rain, be sure, disturbs the summer's day.

## PART VIII.



IF the first of July be rainy weather,  
'Twill rain *mair* or less for forty days together.

A cherry year—a merry year,

A plum year—a dumb year.

St. Swithin is christening the apples.

The first cock of hay,

Frights the cuckoo away.

In July some reap rye,

In August, if one will not the other must.

St. Swithin's day† if thou dost rain,

For forty days it will remain :

St. Swithin's day if thou be fair,

For forty days 'twill rain *na mair*.

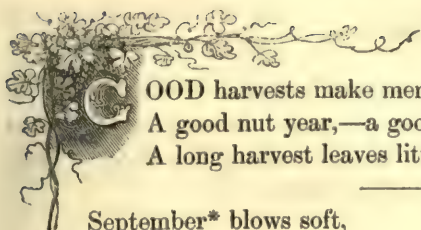
No tempest good July,

Lest corn come off blue by.

\* 11 June.

† 15 July.

## PART IX.



GOOD harvests make men prodigal, bad ones provident.

A good nut year,—a good corn year.

A long harvest leaves little corn.

September\* blows soft,  
'Till the fruit's in the loft.

If you eat goose on St. Michael's day,†  
You will never want money all the year.

Good October a good blast,  
To blow the hogs acorn and mast.

November take flail,  
Let ships no more sail.

As dark as a Yule midnight.  
Every day's no Yule day,—cast the cat a castock.  
He's a *fule* that marries at Yule;

For when the bairn's to bear,  
The corn's to shear.

Yule, Yule! a pack of new cards and a christmas Fool.  
A green Yule makes a fat kirk yard.

A black Christmas makes a fat church-yard.

If you bleed your nag on St. Stephen's day,‡  
He'll work your *wark* for ever and A.

\* September possesses one property which no other month can lay a similar claim to, viz:—that its 15th day is, at least six times out of seven, a beautifully fine one!—See *Dr. Forster's Per. Calendar*.

† 29th September, or Michaelmas day.

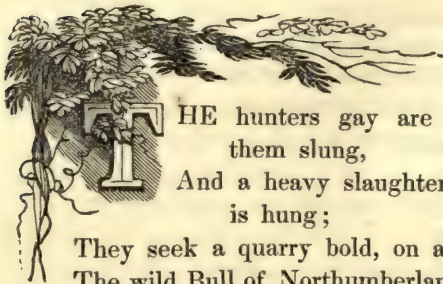
‡ 26 December.



## THE CHILLINGHAM BULL HUNT.

## A Ballad,

Written by Mr. William Air Foster, a native of Coldstream on Tweedside, but now a resident of Glasgow. Several of his lyrical pieces have appeared in "Whistle Binkie," and "The Book of Scottish Song,"—two publications of superior merit.



THE hunters gay are mounted, their rifles round  
them slung,  
And a heavy slaughter axe from each saddle bow  
is hung;  
They seek a quarry bold, on a field both broad and fair—  
The wild Bull of Northumberland, to rouse him from his lair.

The ladies fair, in bright array, crowd every rampart wall,  
And noble lords and gallants gay have left the Castle Hall—  
To match the monarch of the wold—the fearless and the free,  
Who never knew a prison fold, nor shed, save forest tree.

The milk-white Bull of Chillingham lies crouched in Brodnell glen,  
The plains around his browsing ground, the Cheviots form his pen;  
So swift in flight, so strong in fight, the lord of wood and plain,—  
Of shaggy brow and mighty lowe—of crisp and curling mane.

The wild Bull of Northumberland—a quarry bold is he,  
Who seeks to face him in the chase right stout of heart must be—  
Of bearing high, and steady eye—a marksman keen and true,  
Whose hand or nerve ne'er knew a swerve, as bullet from it flew.

One horseman dashes onward before the gallant train,  
And by a circuit wider seeks the upland copse to gain;  
Who now with silent motion waves them onward to the height,  
For couch'd among the ferns high he holds the game in sight.

The Bull is stirring in the brake, he winds his foes afar,  
And rushing on in mighty speed he clears each tangled bar;  
Away he flies before them, who dare not hem him round,  
With horsemen swift upon his track, each moment gaining ground.



No more—no more he flies before, but wheeling on his foes,  
From eye of flame the noble game his bold defiance throws;  
His rolling tail sweeps on the gale, the ground in anger spurns,  
As bursting on in giant strength the tide of chase he turns.

Away, away before him, the mounted hunters fly,  
Each gallant steed at utmost speed the sward is tossing high;  
With levell'd horn and brow of scorn, like thunder loud his tone,  
In hot pursuit the noble brute is madly coursing on.

From rifle sling, one clear sharp ring sped from behind a tree,  
And from his height of savage might has brought him to his knee;  
The shock he felt, short time he knelt, but sprang with louder roar—  
A fiercer beast, a stronger foe, than ere he seemed before.

One noble horseman—one alone—has left the gallant train;  
Scarce half a furlong from the Bull his steed has felt the rein;  
But ere his rifle left the sling, the game with sudden bound,  
Dash'd, at a single stroke, the horse and rider to the ground.

From flank to shoulder, at a blow, he ripp'd the courser's side:  
The blood in torrents gushing ran upon his snow-white hide,—  
The piercing cry rose loud and high, as stretch'd upon the plain  
The charger lay, the Bull at bay, blood dropping from his mane.

Like streaming tide, through nostrils wide, he breathes with slaver'd  
jaws,  
And throws aloof, with polished hoof, the green sward as he paws;  
The wrinkles on his brawny neck lie stretch'd along the crest,  
Like wreathes of snow, they stand below, against his massive chest.

His brow is lower'd, his knee is bent, his tail is tossing high,—  
His horns are set, their points of jet are level with his eye;—  
The rider lies before him, from out the saddle thrown,  
The Bull is bending o'er him, like thunder loud his tone.

With ready hand, a yeoman stout sprang from his saddle high,  
Unslung the rifle from his side, and drew it to his eye;—  
With steady aim the bullet sped, when, with a mighty bound,  
The monarch of the wood and wold roll'd headlong on the ground.

The shock is o'er, with deaf'ning roar again he seeks the strife,  
That yeoman good before him stood, to save his master's life

Still breathing free, he gains his knee, in bloody combat now,  
But deep the stalwart yeoman's axe has cleft his shaggy brow.

The milk-white Bull of Chillingham fell dead beneath the blow,  
With foot at rest upon his chest, the hunter eyes his foe ;  
His steady hand drew forth the brand, and smote the juggler vein,  
In ruddy gleam, the crimson stream gush'd o'er the grassy plain.

The white Bull of Northumberland has points to mark his breed,  
With height and length, for weight and strength, combined with  
    swiftest speed ;

His hams are stout, and small his snout, the bosom broad and low,  
While loose the hide clings to his side, as pure as driven snow.

The noble Bull has withers full, his ears are brown and small,  
His horns lie like the waning moon, a crescent broad and tall ;  
Each graceful limb is round and slim, a quarry bold is he  
That knew no fold but heathy wold, nor shed save forest tree.

*Glasgow, Oct. 26, 1843.*



COURT-YARD, CHILLINGHAM CASTLE.

## THE PASCHAL EGG.

CONTRIBUTED BY J. H. DIXON, ESQ.



THE local song of "*The Pitman's Courtship*" has, in reference to a custom very prevalent in Northumberland and Durham, the following passage:

"And to please the pit laddies at Easter  
A dish-full of gilty paste eggs."

Of the many who have sung the song, and observed the practice alluded to, how few have enquired into the why and the wherefore!—and yet the custom of pre-

paring these Easter eggs, which some deem a purely local one, and confined to one or two counties, would if sought into, be found to prevail in different, and widely separated, parts of the globe, to be more catholic than local, and peculiar to no place. It is found all over Asia minor, and we trace it throughout the north of Europe, more particularly in those countries where, as in the Russian empire, the Greek church is the religion of the people. Köhl, one of the most observant of travellers, thus speaks in his late work, "*Russia*," "The Easter Eggs play a very important part, at this time of the year. St. Petersburg, lying in a plain, little peopled either by man or barn-door fowls, must procure her eggs from a great distance. Moscow, in particular, supplies large quantities. On a very moderate computation, there cannot be less than ten millions used at Easter in this capital; for as it is always customary at Easter, on greeting an acquaintance, to press an egg into his hand, many an individual may consume his hundreds. Nothing is more amusing, than to visit the markets and stalls, where the *painted* eggs are sold. Some are painted in a *variety of patterns*; some have verses inscribed on them, but the more usual inscription, is the general Easter greeting "*Christohs vosskress*," (Christ is risen) or "eat and think of me." The wealthier do not, of course, content themselves with veritable eggs *died with Brazil wood*, but profit by the custom to shew their taste and gallantry. Scarcely any material is to be named, that is not made into Easter eggs. At the imperial glass cutting manufactory, we saw two halls filled with workmen, employed on nothing else, but in cutting flowers and figures on eggs of crystal. Part of them, were for the emperor



and empress to give away, as presents to the courtiers. The wax-fruit makers and confectioners produce some pretty pieces of workmanship, in elegant boxes filled with eggs of all sizes, in regular order, from the mighty ostrich egg down to the nightingale's, and all in wax and sugar. Very costly presents are also offered in egg shells. Some are transparent, and in place of the yolk contain little fairy bouquets, and some have a magnifying glass neatly fitted in, and display pictures of saints and tiny angels couched on roses."\*

In giving the above extract, I have marked one or two parts in *italics*, to shew how the "paste eggs" of the Northumbrian and Durham "pit laddie," painted, decked with tinsel, or dyed with log wood, find their exact counterpart in the Easter eggs of the Russians. I have hitherto only spoken of the "paste egg" as connected with the customs of our Northern counties, or with the religious observances of the Greek church. The "Paste egg" is however found in countries where the *Latin* church is the prevalent faith, as in Italy, Spain,† &c. In Italy, as I am informed by my friend, the Rev. Dr. David Meldola of London, [an Italian by birth, and the present High Priest of the Spanish and Portuguese Jews worshipping in England,] it is customary at Easter, among the Catholics, to prepare currant cakes similar to English Christmas cakes, but having a painted egg stuck on the top of them. If therefore, the "paste eggs" had been found in one particular spot, and there *only*, we might suppose the practice had its commencement in caprice or whim, but when the very same custom is observed in various parts of Christendom, (Catholic, Greek, and Protestant,) and with trifling variation, we feel curious on the subject, and wish to trace out its origin. And here I would premise, that the term "paste" is a corruption—the proper word is "pasche" or "pasque,"‡ i. e. passover. In fact, the "paste" or pasque eggs are the *paschal* eggs, and the practice of using them, was

\* By referring to two works quoted by Brand in his "Popular Antiquities," viz. the Abbé d'Auteroche's "Journey to Siberia," and Hakluyt's *Voyages*. fol. London 1589, it will be seen, that in the Russian empire, the custom has hardly undergone any change, since the time of the above authors.

† It does not, however, appear to be known in Ireland. The Rev. W. Mc Avila, the respected Catholic pastor of Islington, assures me that the Irish do not prepare the paste eggs. This may be easily accounted for, from the peculiar notions which St. Patrick found attached to the egg and the oval shape by the heathen inhabitants of Ireland, when he came amongst them, and owing to which he would not introduce the practice.

‡ The festival of the Resurrection, was in early Christian times, known by various names; one of these was "*Pasque Sunday*," another was "*Goddus Sunday*." By the Anglo Saxons it was first called "*Easter day*," according to some authors from the Saxon verb *Oster*, to rise—others deriving the term from the goddess who used to be worshipped at that season. The fact is, that the Saxon verb itself is derived from the name of the

adopted by the early Christians, from the *passover* ceremonies of the Jews. If the reader will refer to a translation of the Jewish daily prayers, by my friend the Rev. D. De Sola, Minister of the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue, London, he will find, that the egg is an important part in the religious ceremonies, observed at the paschal festival; particular directions are given in the rubric to those prayers, as to its preparation and where it is to be placed, [it is not intended for food], and the learned Rabbi in his preface says, in reference to its origin amongst his brethren, "*it is used in commemoration of the festive offering, formerly brought in the Temple,*" a rational and simple explanation of the matter, with which, taking into consideration the source from whence it emanates, I am perfectly satisfied. Every reader of the Bible, is aware what the Temple offerings were; and that they were various, some of them consisting of living creatures, as doves and pigeons. Since the abolition of the Temple service, it has not been customary, amongst the Jews, to make any *living* offerings, but to present in their stead such things as may be deemed appropriate substitutes, and certainly the egg may be regarded as a good vicarious offering for the Temple dove. Some of our Historians, who fancy themselves far more knowing in such matters than any Hebrew Divine, have however had recourse to all sorts of fanciful theories, and invested with an air of mystery, the origin of that, which without their learned labours, would be as clear as the sun at noon day. *Ex. gr.* Hutchinson, in his History of Northumberland says, "the Jews adopted the egg, to suit the circumstances of their History, as a type of their departure from the land of Egypt; and it was used in the feast of the Passover, as part of the furniture of the table with the paschal lamb."

Hutchinson in thus accounting for the origin of the practice, seems to take it for granted, that the Egg was an object of veneration and respect, and a religious and national emblem amongst the ancient Egyptians, which is by no means certain. Since the days of Hutchinson there have been much inquiry into, and investigation of, Egyptian antiquities, and nothing has been hitherto discovered, to shew that the egg was ever with them either a religious, or even a national\* emblem. It is not found sculptured on any of their temples or sarcophagi, except as an hieroglyphic, i. e. as a simple

Goddess, the Phœnician *Æstarte* (the personified Moon,) and who is identical with Isis, Luna, Venus-genetrix, &c. The word Oster, was used in the sense of "*To rise*" from the fable of the goddess having *risen* from the sea. The real signification of the word *Æstarte*, is fecundity.

\* Samuel Sharpe, Esq., the author of some learned works on Egypt, is of opinion that the egg was never either a religious, or national emblem of the Egyptians.



letter. In many mythologies of an unquestionable oriental origin, as the Drudical &c., the egg figures as an emblem of creative and reproductive power, along with the phallus, the triangle, the serpent, the round pillar, and various other symbols indicative of the same mythic worship; but although some of these objects were pressed into the worship of the ancient Egyptians, we are, I think, without sufficient evidence to shew, that the egg was ever regarded by them, in any other light than, as I have before stated, a simple egg, or a symbol for a letter. Had it been otherwise, and had the paschal egg been adopted by the Jews as a memento of their deliverance from Egyptian bondage, it would no doubt have been in use at the passover from the period of its institution, but the Rev. D. De Sola assures me, it formed no part of the ceremonies of such feast, till after the destruction of the Temple, when it was used solely, for the reason assigned by him in the extract I have given from his edition of the Daily service. He also informs me that there is no notice of the Paschal egg in the Talmud, and no allusion whatever in the writings of the ancient Rabbins to any supposed Egyptian origin, nor when it is placed on their domestic altar, is it accompanied by any prayer, in which reference is made either to their Egyptian bondage or deliverance therefrom.

Fanciful, however, as Hutchinson has been, he is far exceeded by the French writer, Basnage, who in his *Historie des Juifs* says, that a *hard egg* is amongst the provision of the modern paschal feast, in reference to an enormous bird called Ziz "*a cause d'un oiseau prodigieusement grand,*" &c., and which, he says, the Talmudists absurdly supposed caused, by expansion of its wings, the eclipses of the sun! The simple answer to which, Mr. De Sola observes, is, that no Jew ancient or modern ever believed in the existence of such a bird, but, whether Rabbi or layman, regarded the Talmudical account of Ziz, as purely allegorical or figurative.

Having explained the Jewish origin and meaning of the paschal egg, it may be asked why such a practice was engrafted upon the observances of a *Christian* festival, and what is signified by it *there*; and having no account as to the time when it was so introduced, vague conjecture is all we can arrive at. The most rational conclusion to which I can come is the following; that by the Christian pass-over egg, two things are typified, viz:—the tomb in which our Saviour was laid, and a resurrection\* and future life, and such I may remark

\* Brand says, that the church of Rome has considered eggs as emblematical of the resurrection, may be gathered from the subsequent prayer, which the reader will find in an extract from the Ritual of Pope Paul the fifth, for the use of England, Ireland, and



is the opinion of the learned and Rev. Charles Wellbeloved, of York, in a communication with which he has obligingly favoured me.

From the very nature of the egg, and the latent vitality within it, it seems a most fitting emblem of the latter, and that it was deemed emblematic of our Saviour's tomb, may be deduced from the Russian, or rather the Greek, practice of depriving it of its yolk, and filling it with figures of angels couched on roses,\* intended no doubt to represent the glorious beings who proclaimed that "death was swallowed up in victory" and that the Lord was "not there but risen."

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Since I prepared the above communication for the Table Book, I have been introduced to the Rev. Dr. Shufami, of Salonichi, and who is at present, February, 1844, in London. He informs me that his countrymen the Greeks, consider the paschal eggs as commemorative of the *death* of Christ, and that the *red* paint with which they cover them is emblematical of his blood. If a Greek is asked why (as he always does) he paints his paschal egg *red*, he invariably answers, "because it is the colour of blood, and as at this time, Christ died for mankind." It is worthy of remark as bearing out this idea that Hyde in his work "*De Ludis orientalibus*," 8vo. Oxon. 1694. alludes to the Mesopotamian Christians dying their paschal egg red, and says it is "*in memoriam effusi sanguinis Salvatoris eo tempore crucifixi*."; Dr. Shufami reminds me, that the Jews have in addition to their Paschal egg, the "*egg of Mourning*," which is presented to the mourners on the burial ground, after the funeral rites are concluded, and says that he believes the Pasche egg to be taken not from the Jewish *paschal* egg, but from the egg of mourning. It is by no means improbable, that our pasche eggs *may* be derived from *two* Jewish ceremonies, though, I see no reason for altering the opinion at which I have arrived, that their origin is to be found alone in the egg of the Jewish passover.

Scotland. "Bless O Lord! we beseech thee, this thy creature of eggs, that it may become a wholesome sustenance to thy faithful servants eating it in thankfulness to thee, on account of the resurrection of our Lord," &c., &c. I was not aware of any such prayer, when I wrote the above passage.

\* It is an old Ecclesiastical Tradition, that *roses* sprung up in the tomb of our Lord. Bishop Heber has a beautiful verse, evidently suggested by the fancy :

Now empty are the gates of death,  
And crushed thy sting Despair ;  
And roses bloom in the desert tomb,  
For the Saviour hath been there.

## Sir Guy, the Seeker ; \*

### A NORTHUMBRIAN LEGENDARY TALE.

BY M. G. LEWIS, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "THE MONK," "ADELGITHA," &c.

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE EARL GREY.

EDITED BY J. H. DIXON, ESQ.



HIS interesting ballad first appeared in the Author's "Romantic Tales," 4 vols. 12mo., London, 1808, a work which is now very scarce, the late pretended reprint not containing above one half of the original publication.† In Lewis's preface are some remarks on the subject of the Legend, which it is not thought necessary to reprint, as with one exception nothing is contained in them, which will not be found in the "Legends of King Arthur and of Sewingshields," by Mr. Hardy, at page 37 of the present volume. Lewis mentions one part of England however, where the Legend is current, which is not taken notice of by Mr. Hardy, and that is the county of Lancaster, where near Chorley is a public-house called "The Iron Gates," the sign to which exhibits a warrior (a Sir John Stanley) following an unearthly looking personage, who beckons him to enter a gothic archway. This sign no doubt suggested to Lewis, the idea of his

"Ancient man of visage wan."

It says much in favour of the interesting nature of the Legends of Northumbria, that they should have been deemed worthy of illustration, by such minds as Walter Scott, Leyden, Hogg, and Lewis.

The Legend of Sir Guy the Seeker has been versified in a very pleasing manner by Service and also by Wright, and we have seen an excellent MS. version of the same story by Robert Owen, Esq. formerly of North Shields. It is no disparagement to the versions of Messrs. Service Wright and Owen to say that Lewis's is the best.

\* "This Romance," says Lewis, "was written in the castles neighbourhood at Howick, the seat of Earl Grey."

† The whole of the ballads are omitted. To call such a *thing* by the name of the original work is a downright fraud on the purchaser. Lewis's "Tales of Wonder" have been mutilated in a similar manner by a recent publisher.

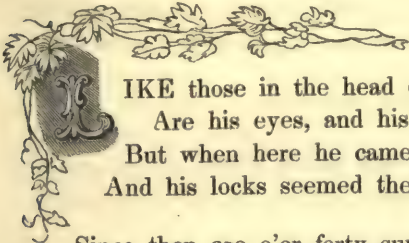
In speaking of Lewis, we may use the language of Johnson, in his life of Collins, and say, "He loved fairies, genii, giants and monsters; he delighted to rove through the meanders of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, to repose by the waterfalls or Elysian gardens."

The youth of Lewis was spent in Germany listening to the wild stories narrated by the villagers and charcoal burners of the Hartz mountains, till he almost like Collins

"Held each strange tale devoutly true,"

and thus his mind was peculiarly fitted, for versifying "the tales of the times of old, the deeds of the days of other years."

"Sir Guy the Seeker" has since the publication of the "Romantic Tales," been reprinted in a work published at Alnwick called "Metrical Legends of Northumberland," and also very incorrectly in a periodical publication called "Tales of Terror, or Legends of the wild and wonderful," published in 1827, in London. It has been translated into the German, and other languages. The present reprint is carefully transcribed from the work in which it first appeared. In the "Metrical Legends" is a poem by W. G. Thompson, called "The Coral Wreath, or the Spell-bound Knight," in which the author has freed the fair captive of Dunstanborough.



IKE those in the head of a man just dead  
Are his eyes, and his beard's like snow;  
But when here he came, his glance was a flame,  
And his locks seemed the plumes of the crow.

Since then are o'er forty summers and more;  
Yet he still near the castle remains,  
And pines for a sight of that lady bright,  
Who wears the wizard's chains.

Nor sun nor snow from the ruins to go  
Can force that aged wight;  
And still the pile, hall, chapel, and aisle,  
He searches day and night:

But find can he ne'er the winding stair,  
Which he past that beauty to see,  
Whom spells enthrall in the haunted hall,  
Where none but *once* may be.



That once, regret will not let him forget!—

'Twas night, and pelting showers  
Did patter and splash, when the lightning's flash  
Showed Dunstanburgh's grey towers.

Raised high on a mound that castle frowned  
In ruined pagean-trie ;  
And where to the north did rocks jut forth,  
Its towers hung o'er the sea.

Proud they stood, and darkened the flood ;  
For the cliffs were so rugged and steep,  
Had a plummet been dropt from their summit unstopped  
That plummet had reached the deep.

Nor flower there grew ; nor tree e'er drew  
Its nurture from that ground,  
Save a lonely yew, whose branches threw  
Their baleful shade around.

Loud was the roar on that sounding shore ;  
Yet still could the Knight discern,  
Louder than all, the swell and the fall  
Of the bellowing Rumble Churn !

With strange turmoil did it bubble and boil,  
And echo from place to place ;  
So strong was its dash, and so high did it splash,  
That it washed the castle's base :

The spray, as it broke, appeared like smoke  
From a sea-volcano pouring ;  
And still did it rumble, and grumble, and tumble,  
Rioting ! raging ! roaring !

Up the hill Sir Guy made his courser fly,  
And hoped, from the wind and the rain,  
That he there should find some refuge kind,  
But he sought it long in vain ;

For fast and hard each portal was barred,  
And against his efforts proof ;  
Till at length he espied a porch spread wide  
The shelter of its roof.

—"Gramercy, St. George!" quoth glad Sir Guy,  
And sought the porch with speed;  
And fast to the yew, which near it grew,  
He bound his Barbary steed.

And safety found on that sheltered ground  
From the sky's increasing gloom,  
From his brow he took his casque, and he shook  
The rain off, that burthened its plume.

Then long he stood in mournful mood,  
With listless sullen air,  
Propped on his lance, and with indolent glance  
Watched the red lightning's glare;

And sadly listened to the shower,  
On the clattering roof that fell;  
And counted twice the lonely hour,  
Tolled by some distant bell.

But scarce that bell could midnight tell,  
When louder roared the thunder,  
And the bolt so red whizzed by his head,  
And burst the gates asunder.

And, lo! through the dark a glimmering spark  
He espied of lurid-blue;  
Onward it came, and a form all flame  
Soon struck his wondering view!

'Twas an ancient man of visage wan,  
Gigantic was his height;  
And his breast below there was seen to flow  
A beard of grizzled white:

And flames o'er-spread his hairless head,  
And down his beard they streamed;  
And in his hand a radiant wand  
Of burning iron gleamed.

Of darkest grain, with flowing train,  
A wond'rous robe he wore,  
With many a charm to work man's harm  
In fire embroidered o'er;

And this robe was bound his waist around  
With a triple chain red-hot!—  
And still came nigher that phantom of fire,  
Till he reached the self-same spot,  
Where stood Sir Guy, while his hair bristled high,  
And his breath he scarce could draw;  
And he crost his breast, for, I wot, he guess'd,  
'Twas Belzebub's self that he saw!

And full on the Knight that ghastly wight  
Fixt his green and glassy eyes;  
And he clanked his chain, and he howled with pain,  
Ere his words were heard to rise.

—"Sir Knight, Sir Knight! if your heart be right,  
And your nerves be firm and true,  
Sir Knight, Sir Knight! a Beauty bright  
In durance waits for you.

"But, Sir Knight, Sir Knight! if you ever knew fright,  
That Dame forbear to view;  
Or, Sir Knight, Sir Knight! that you feasted your sight,  
While you live, you'll sorely rue!"

—"That mortal ne'er drew vital air,  
Who witnessed fear in me:  
Come what come will, come good, come ill,  
Lead on! I'll follow thee!"—

And now they go both high and low,  
Above and under ground,  
And in and out, and about and about,  
And round, and round, and round!

The storm is hushed, and lets them hear  
The owlet's boding screech,  
As now through many a passage drear  
A winding stair they reach.

With beckoning hand, which flamed like a brand.  
Still on the Wizard led;  
And well could Sir Guy hear a sob and a sigh,  
As up the first flight he sped!



While the second he past with footsteps fast,  
He heard a death-bell toll !  
While he climbed the third, a whisper he heard,  
—" God's mercy on thy soul !"—

And now at the top the wanderers stop  
A brazen gate before  
Of massive make ; and a living snake  
Was the bolt, which held the door.

In many a fold round the staple 'twas rolled ;  
With venom its jaws ran o'er ;  
And that juice of hell, where-ever it fell,  
To a cinder burned the floor.

When the monster beheld Sir Guy, he swelled  
With fury, and threw out his sting ;  
Sparks flashed from each eye, and he reared him on high,  
And prepared on the Warrior to spring ;

But the Wizard's hand extended his wand,  
And the reptile drooped his crest,  
Yet strove to bite in impotent spite  
The ground, which gave him rest !

And now the gate is heard to grate,  
On its hinges turning slow ;  
Till on either side the valves yawn wide,  
And in the wanderers go.

'Twas a spacious hall, whose sides were all  
With sable hangings dight ;  
And whose echoing floor was diamonded o'er  
With marble black and white ;

And of marble black as the raven's back  
A hundred steeds stood round ;  
And of marble white by each a knight  
Lay sleeping on the ground ;

And a hundred shafts of laboured bronze  
The fretted roof upheld ;  
And the ponderous gloom of that vaulted room  
A hundred lights dispelled ;

And a dead man's arm by a magic charm  
Each glimmering taper bore,  
And where it was lopt, still dropt and dropt  
Thick gouts of clotted gore.

Where ends the room, doth a chrystal tomb  
Its towering front uphold;  
And one on each hand two skeletons stand,  
Which belonged to two giants of old :

That on the right holds a faulchion bright,  
That on the left a horn ;  
And crowns of jet with jewels beset  
Their eyeless skulls adorn :

And both these grim colossal kings  
With fingers long and lean  
Point tow'rds the tomb, within whose womb  
A captive Dame is seen.<sup>1</sup>

A form more fair than that prisoner's ne'er  
Since the days of Eve was known ;  
Every glance, that flew from her eyes of blue,  
Was worth an Emperor's throne,  
And one sweet kiss from her roseate lips  
Would have melted a bosom of stone.

Soon as Sir Guy had met her eye,  
Knelt low that captive maid ;  
And her lips of love seemed fast to move,  
But he heard not what she said.

Then her hands did she join in suppliant sign,  
Her hands more white than snow ;  
And like dewes that streak the rose's cheek,  
Her tears began to flow.

The warrior felt his stout heart melt,  
When he saw those fountains run :  
—" Oh ! what can I do," he cried, " for you ?  
What mortal can do, shall be done ! "—

<sup>1</sup> The female captive I believe is peculiar to Dunstanburgh castle.—*Author's note.*

Then out and speaks the Wizard ;  
Hollow his accents fall !

—"Was never man, since the world began,  
Could burst that chrystal wall :

"For the hand, which raised its magic frame,  
Had oft clasped Satan's own ;  
And the lid bears a name.....Young Knight, the same  
Is stamped on Satan's throne ;

"At its maker's birth long trembled the earth ;  
The skies dropt showers of gore ;  
And she, who to light gave the wonderous wight,  
Had died seven years before ;

"And at Satan's right hand while keeping his stand,  
The foulest Fiend of fire  
Shrunk back with awe, when the babe he saw,  
For it shocked its very sire !

"But hark, Sir Knight ! and riddle aright  
The riddle I'll riddle to thee ;  
Thou'lt learn a way without delay  
To set yon damsel free.

"See'st yonder sword, with jewels rare  
Its dudgeon crusted o'er ?  
See'st yonder horn of ivory fair ?  
'Twas Merlin's horn of yore !

"That horn to sound, or sword to draw,  
Now, youth, your choice explain ;  
But that which you choose, beware how you lose,  
For you never will find it again :

"And that once lost, all hopes are crost,  
Which now you fondly form ;  
And that once gone, the sun ne'er shone,  
A sadder wight to warm ;

"But such keen woe, as never can know  
Oblivion's balmy power,  
With fixed despair your soul will share,  
Till comes your dying hour.



“Your choice now make for yon Beauty’s sake ;  
To burst her bonds endeavour;<sup>1</sup>  
But that which you choose, beware how you lose ;  
Once lost, ’tis lost for ever!”—

In pensive mood awhile now stood  
Sir Guy, and gazed around ;  
Now he turned his sight to the left, to the right,  
Now he fixed it on the ground.

Now the faulchion’s blaze attracted his gaze ;  
On the hilt his fingers lay ;  
But he heard fear cry,—“you’re wrong, Sir Guy !”  
And he snatched his hand away !

Now his steps he address tow’rds the North and the West ;  
Now he turned tow’rds the East and the South ;  
Till with desperate thought the horn he caught,  
And prest it to his mouth.

Hark ! the blast is a blast so strong and so shrill,  
That the vaults like thunder ring ;  
And each marble horse stamps the floor with force,  
And from sleep the warriors spring !

And frightful stares each stony eye,  
As now with ponderous tread  
They rush on Sir Guy, poisoning on high  
Their spears to strike him dead.

At this strange attack full swift sprang back,  
I wot, the startled Knight !  
Away he threw the horn, and drew  
His faulchion keen and bright.

But soon as the horn his grasp forsook,  
Was heard a cry of grief ;  
It seemed the yell of a soul in hell  
Made desperate of relief !

<sup>1</sup> In the neighbourhood of Dunstanburgh castle certain shining stones are occasionally found, and which are called “Dunstanburgh Diamonds.” They are supposed by the peasants to form part of that immense treasure, with which the Lady will reward her Deliverer.—*Author’s note.*

And straight each light was extinguished quite,  
Save the flame so lurid-blue  
On the Wizard's brow, (whose flashings now  
Assumed a bloody hue),  
And those sparks of fire, which grief and ire  
From his glaring eye-balls drew !

And he stamped in rage, and he laughed in scorn,  
While in thundering tone he roared,  
"Now shame on the coward who sounded a horn,  
When he might have unsheathed a sword !"

He said, and from his mouth there came  
A vapour blue and dank,  
Whose poisonous breath seemed the kiss of death,  
For the Warrior senseless sank.

Morning breaks ! again he wakes ;  
Lo ! in the porch he lies,  
And still in his heart he feels the dart,  
Which shot from the captive's eyes.

From the ground he springs ! as if he had wings,  
The ruin he wanders o'er,  
And with prying look each cranny and nook  
His anxious eye explore ;

But find can he ne'er the winding stair,  
Which he climbed that Dame to see,  
Whom spells enthrall in the haunted hall,  
Where none but once may be.

The earliest ray of dawning day  
Beholds his search begun ;  
The evening star ascends her car,  
Nor yet his search is done :

Whence the neighbours all the Knight now call  
By "Guy, the Seeker's" name ;  
For never he knows one hour's repose  
From his wish to find the Dame ;

But still he seeks, and aye he seeks,  
And seeks, and seeks in vain ;

And still he repeats to all he meets,  
 —“Could I find the sword *again!*”—

Which words he follows with a groan,  
 As if his heart would break ;  
 And, oh ! that groan has so strange a tone,  
 It makes all hearers quake !

The villagers round know well its sound,  
 And when they hear it poured,  
 —“Hark ! hark !” they cry ; “the Seeker Guy  
 Groans for the Wizard’s sword.”—

Twice twenty springs on their fragrant wings  
 For his wound have brought no balm ;  
 For still he’s found.....But, hark ! what sound  
 Disturbs the midnight calm ?

Good peasants, tell, why rings that knell ?  
 —“’Tis the Seeker-Guy’s we toll :  
 “His race is run ; his search is done.”——  
 God’s mercy on his soul !

### DUNSTANBOROUGH CASTLE.



THE ruins of this strong and noble building, stand on an eminence above the sea, two miles east-south-east from Embleton, and six miles north-east from Alnwick. Nothing now remains but the outworks on the west and south sides, which with stupendous basalt cliffs to the sea, enclose a plain, nearly square, consisting of about nine acres. The Keep and interior, if there ever were any, are entirely gone, the plough-share having passed within the walls. The Whinstone rocks to the north are perpendicular, of a columniary form, about thirty feet in height, black and horrible ; the shore rugged, covered with broken rocks overgrown with sea weed. The most modern part of the castle, seems to be a square tower of considerable height and excellent masonry, placed on a projecting point of the cliff—on each corner of it there has been





DUNSTANBOROUGH CASTLE.

an exploratory turret. The gateway forming the great entrance to the castle, is built in a very remarkable style—it is formed by a circular arch with a portico and inner gate, and is defended by two heavy semi-circular towers, uniting with the superstructure of the gateway: these towers after rising about twenty feet, and containing two tiers of apartments, support turrets of a square form, now so very rugged and ruinous, as not to allow a conjecture as to their original height. The wall, which extends to the cliffs on the sea banks, is guarded by two square bastions and a small sally-port, and is terminated by a square tower with a gateway. Near to the eastern tower are the remains of a chapel. Immediately below this, is the vortex called the *Rumble Churn*, so graphically described by Lewis. This gulph has a grand and awful appearance. You look immediately down upon the abyss, where as the tide rushes up, the waters are lifted many feet above the common level, rising towards the walls of the towers, as if they would surmount the cliff, and deluge the plain. The breaking of the waves in foam over the extreme point of the rocks, the heavy spray, the noise of the disturbed waters, and the groan which echo returns through the desolate towers, are noble though tremendous.

Though this castle was probably a British strength, and afterwards a Roman Castellum, yet it does not appear to have been mentioned till the beginning of the 14th century, when it belonged to Thomas Earl of Lancaster, grandson of Henry III. and general of the confederate army which opposed Edward III. He was also owner of Pontefract castle, where he was taken by the King's troops, and beheaded as

a traitor—though afterwards he was canonized. The Castle, owing to the treason of its owner, became forfeited to the crown, but it was restored to the family, in the subsequent reign.

In 1462, the Castle was destroyed by Edward IV. and dismantled, since which time it appears to have lain in ruins. Of the condition of the castle in the reign of Edward VI., we can form a good idea from what is contained in a small tract quoted by Hodgson in his History of Northumberland, and intitled "A boke of the state of the Frontiers and Marches betwixt England and Scotland written by Sir Robert Bowes, Knight, at the request of Lord Marquis Dorsett, the Warden general 1550. 5°. E. 6." "The Castle of Dunstanborough" says the Knight "is in wonderfull great decay, and the utter wall thereof might be repayred with no great charge, and also the Gatehowse and a howse for a constable. And then surely it would be a great refuge to the inhabitants of these parts, yff enemies came to annoy them, eitheid arriving by sea or coming by land out of Scotland, so that they brought no great ordynauce or power to remayne any long tyme theire." The suggestion as to its repair, does not however appear to have been ever carried into effect. In the reign of Elizabeth, Dunstanborough once more belonged to the crown, and so continued till James I. granted it to the Greys of Wark—by subsequent descent and purchases it became the property of the Tankerville family, in whose possession it now is.

The above account, extracted from Mackenzie, Hodgson and other local writers, describes the castle as it was a few years ago, and no visible alteration appears to have taken place in the ruins, since the date of their publications.

We cannot quit this subject, without alluding to an incident which occurred a few years ago, to a pedestrian party from North Shields. They arrived at the village of Dunstan near the Castle, at that time which the people of the "North Countrie" so beautifully and poetically call "The Gloamin." The day had been one of most unsullied brilliancy, and the last beams of the departing sun were gilding the venerable ruins. One of the party asked a little ragged urchin to shew them the Castle.—"No thank you sir" said the boy, "I dont want to see him—its just about the time when *he* starts!" A particular stress was laid on the *pronoun*, and it was necessary to ask for an explanation as to who and what this mysterious *He* was—"Why sir" said the little fellow, "*Guy the Seeker*, if you want to meet him *I* don't—he never meddles wi any body, but I'd rather not have his company!" A sixpence however dissipated all his fear, and he acted as Cicerone to the party, who did not while among the ruins meet with a greater "*Guy*" than their guide.



An enquiry amongst the peasantry shewed that the Legend obtained very general credence, and one old woman averred in the most positive manner, that she had met the Seeker!

The tourist through the Northern counties should not neglect a visit to Dunstanborough—It will amply repay him—as a scene of wild and savage grandeur it is unequalled, and the Tales of Romance interwoven with its History, give an additional interest to its mouldering towers.

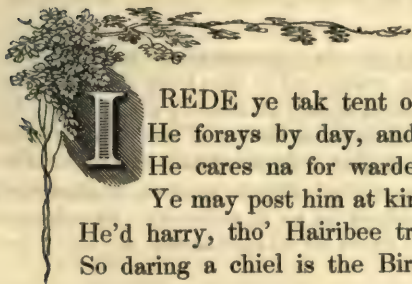
## THE BIRTWHISTLE WICHT.

### A Border Ballad.



FEW families have been more celebrated for *raids* and *forays*, than the Border clan of Birtwhistle. The one who is the subject of the following ballad, appears to be *Andro o' the Birtwhistle*, as he was called. If not altogether a traditionary personage, he lived in the reign of Henry VIIIth, and his character has been handed down to us, as a man famed for deeds of gallantry, as well as of foraging. In fact he was a sort of Border DU VAL. His descendants are said, in *every* respect, to have trod in his footsteps, even to the close of the 18th century; and there are *now* old Border farmers, who will speak of losing cattle in their young days, and end the narration by saying, "it was done by them Birtwhistles." The present descendants of the clan, are potters and tinklers well known in all the Northern dales, and who are said to possess the *honesty*, if not the gallantry, of their more daring ancestors.

## THE BIRTWHISTLE WICHT.



REDE ye tak tent o' the Birtwhistle wicht,  
He forays by day, and he raids by the nicht;  
He cares na for warden, for baillie, or reeve,  
Ye may post him at kirk,<sup>1</sup> and he'll laugh in his sleeve;  
He'd harry, tho' Hairibee tree were in sicht,  
So daring a chiel is the Birtwhistle wicht!

<sup>1</sup> The door of a Northern village church, is not merely used, for the purpose of posting



The Tyne, and the Tarras, the Tweed, and the Till,  
 They never could stop him, and troth ! never will ;  
 At the mirk hour o' midnight, he'll cross the dark fen,  
 He knows every windin o' valley and glen ;  
 Unscath'd he can roam, tho' na star shed its licht,  
 For wha wad dare question the Birtwhistle wicht ?

The proud Lord o' Dilston, has deer in his park,  
 He has keepers to watch them, and ban-dogs to bark ;  
 The Baron o' Thirlwall has owsen and kye,  
 And auld Gaffer Featherstone's pigs i' the sty—  
 The priest canna claim them, or tythe them of richt,  
 But they a' will pay tythe to the Birtwhistle wicht !

The Prior o' Brinkburn is telling his beads,  
 He patters his avés, and mutters his creeds ;  
 At each pause o' the choir, he starts, when the breeze  
 Booms its dirge thro' the tower, or sighs through the trees ;  
 He prays to the Virgin to shield him thro' nicht,  
 From the powers o' Hell, and the Birtwhistle wicht !

Fair lasses o' Cheviot, he bodes ye na gude,  
 He'll ne'er kneel at altar, nor bow to the roode ;  
 But tell ye, your eyne ha' the gowan's bright sheen,  
 The whiles he's preparin your mantles o' green.  
 He'll grieve ye, and leave ye—alas, for the plicht !  
 For reckless in love, is the Birtwhistle wicht.

O ! gin he were ta'en to the Hairibee tree,  
 There'd be starers and gazers, of every degree ;  
 There'd be shepherds from shielings, and knichts from their ha's,  
 And his neck-verse<sup>2</sup> would gain him unbounded applause ;  
 But it's na in a hurry ye'll witness *that* sicht,  
 For wary and cute is the Birtwhistle wicht !

D.

parochial or parliamentary notices ; it is the place for announcements of every description, requiring publicity, and placards of Charity sermons, will be often found there, along with those of Auctions, Tradesmens' advertisements, rewards for discovery of malefactors, &c., &c. These latter used formerly, and indeed within the memory of man, to be read aloud in the church, and it was no uncommon thing after the benediction at the close of the prayers, to hear the clerk bawl out "*Sheep stealing ! Whereas, &c., &c.*" Such unseemly exhibitions have been very properly prohibited by act of parliament. By a figure of speech, a worthy who had had a reward so offered for his apprehension, was said to have been "*posted at kirk.*"

<sup>2</sup> The "*neck-verse*" was the beginning of the 51st Psalm, "*Miserere mei*" &c. *Hairibee* was the common place of execution for all Border marauders.



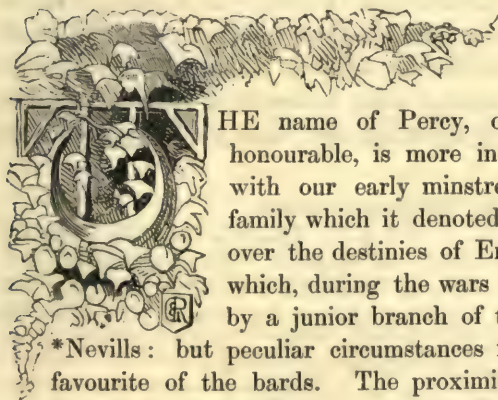
*Esperance en Dieu.*



A SKETCH OF THE  
 MALE DESCENDANTS OF JOSCELINE DE LOUVAINE,  
 (THE SECOND HOUSE OF PERCY),  
 EARLS OF NORTHUMBERLAND, BARONS PERCY, &c.,  
 AND TERRITORIAL  
 LORDS OF ALNWICK, WARKWORTH, AND PRUDHOE CASTLES,  
 IN THE COUNTY OF NORTHUMBERLAND.  
 BY W. E. SURTEES, ESQ., D. C. L.

"The two great princes of the North were the Earls of Northumberland at Alnwick, and Westmerland at Raby Castle."

CHOROGRAPHIA OR SURVEY OF NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE.



HE name of Percy, often tragic, but always honourable, is more interwoven than any other with our early minstrelsy and romance. The family which it denoted never perhaps exercised over the destinies of England the mighty power which, during the wars of the roses, was wielded by a junior branch of their northern rivals, the \*Nevills: but peculiar circumstances rendered it far more the favourite of the bards. The proximity of the Percies to the border involved them in a continual hostility; which, being

\* See Traditional Div., vol. 2, p.p. 63-65; and also Bulwer's novel of "The Last of the Barons," where the characters of the heads of this branch are drawn with fidelity, as well as eloquence.

often carried on with petty forces, and consisting of making, or repelling, a foray, was rather in the nature of a private feud than a national war: and hence their heroes were the more capable of being individualized with dramatic effect. This family was also fortunate in the vicinity, on the opposite border, of a house so powerful as to rival its own sovereign princes. The Douglas it was glorious to overcome—by the Douglas it was not disgraceful to be vanquished. Thus the Percies became the theme of the minstrels of two nations; and national prejudice would lead those of each to extol the prowess of this family, whether they

“woke the string  
The triumph of the foe to tell”

or that of their own countrymen,—to cover their country’s shame, or to enhance its glory.

In taking a survey of the house of Percy, we shall hastily pass over the pristine patriarchs of the race, as Manfred the Dane, and

“Brave Galfred,” who “to Normandy

With vent’rous Rollo came;

And, from his Norman castles won,

Assumed the Percy name,”\*

and descend in their pedigree to Agnes de Perci, the heiress of this lofty line which had been enriched, by the conquest of England and the favour of its Kings, with vast possessions in †Yorkshire and Lincolnshire. She became the bride of Josceline de Louvaine, brother of Adeliza, second Queen to the first Henry of England, and younger son of Godfrey Count of Lovaine and Bruxells, and reigning Duke of Brabant.‡ Yet the proud condition was imposed on the Flemish Prince, on his accepting the Norman alliance, that he should relinquish either his own name or coat of arms in favour of that of his bride. He decided the option by assuming the name of Percy; and the

\* The Hermit of Warkworth.

† Of the Yorkshire possessions of this family, Topcliff in the North riding, and Spofford in the West riding, became their chief residences.—Dugdale’s Baronage, vol. 1. p. 270. In the deanery of Craven, in the West riding of Yorkshire, the Percies held, from the era of the conquest, an extensive domain, called the Percy fee; where however they had no residence. In the time of Henry VIII., it passed from them to the Cliffords, in consequence of a marriage.—See Whitaker’s Craven.

‡ “They sung how Agnes, beauteous heir,

The Queen’s own brother wed—

Lord Josceline, sprung from Charlemagne,

In princely Brabant bred.” *Hermit of Warkworth.*

There is a printed pedigree tracing the descent of Agnes de Perci up to Manfred; and that of Josceline de Louvaine up, through Gerberga, daughter and heiress of Charles Duke of Lorrain, to Charlemagne, and, in the male line, to the ancient Dukes of Hainault.



ancient royal arms of Brabant are at this day borne the first of the eight hundred and ninety-two quarterings of the Percy shield.\*

The wealth which Josceline thus acquired by marriage received an accession by the grant of the honour of Petworth, in Sussex, which was bestowed on him by the Queen his sister. This was a part of the Earldom of Arundel; the estates of which had reverted to the crown in consequence of the rebellion of a former Earl, and were settled on the Queen in dower. She, after the death of the King her husband, married William de Albini, who thus obtained the Earldom matrimonial of Arundel: and of him Josceline held Petworth by the Knight's service of being his castellan, and, during siege, defending his castle of Arundel for forty days.†

The grandson and eventual heir of this marriage, William de Perei, third territorial Lord of Petworth (whose mother was Isabel de Bruce of Skelton, daughter of the elder branch of that family which afterwards gave kings to Scotland), had two wives. His second wife was Ellen de Baliol who brought to her husband, Dalton, in the bishoprick of Durham, since called Dalton-Percy: ‡ and this was not improbably the first English possession acquired by the house of Percy north of the Tees.§

The male issue was by this second marriage: and the son and heir, Henry de Perei, wedded Eleanor daughter of John Plantagenet Earl of Warren and Surrey, descended from a base-born son of Godfrey Plantagenet Count of Anjou, the second husband of Maud of England, Empress of Germany.

On the early death of two elder sons, his youngest son Henry de Percy succeeded to the family inheritance of wealth and honours. From youth to age he was a warrior. He was one of the victors in the

\* "Not more famous in arms than distinguished for its alliances, the house of Percy stands pre-eminent for the number and rank of the families which are represented by the present Duke of Northumberland, whose banner consequently exhibits an assemblage of nearly nine hundred armorial ensigns—Among which are those of King Henry the Seventh, of several younger branches of the blood-Royal, of the Sovereign houses of France, Castile, Leon, and Scotland, and of the ducal houses of Normandy and Brittany, forming a galaxy of heraldic honours altogether unparalleled." *Quarterly Review*, No. cxliii. May, 1843. p. 170.

† Dallaway's *Sussex*, vol. ii. p. 268. Miss Strickland's *Lives of the Queens of England*.

‡ "In 1370 Henry Lord Percy sold this manor to Sir John Nevill of Raby," Lord Nevill.—*Surtees' Dur.* vol. iii. p. 98.

§ "Ere Percy,—liv'd there many an English knight—  
Before brave Douglas,—many a Scottish wight,  
Who undistinguish'd lie without a name,  
Now having lost the heralds of their fame."

"*Cheviot, a poetical fragment*," belonging to the beginning of the last century, edited by John Adamson, *Esq. of Newcastle*, 1817.

battle of Dunbar; and was highly distinguished throughout the Scottish wars\* during the reign of King Edward the First: and he is alleged to have been rewarded by the victorious English monarch with the Scotch Earldom of Carrick, which Robert the Bruce (afterwards King of Scotland) was declared to have forfeited by slaying the Red Comyn in the Church at Dumfries.† In 1299, seven years previously to this, he had received a writ of summons to the house of Lords, by which the barony in fee of Percy was created. It was he who acquired Alnwick‡ in the county of Northumberland, which has,



ALNICK CASTLE FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

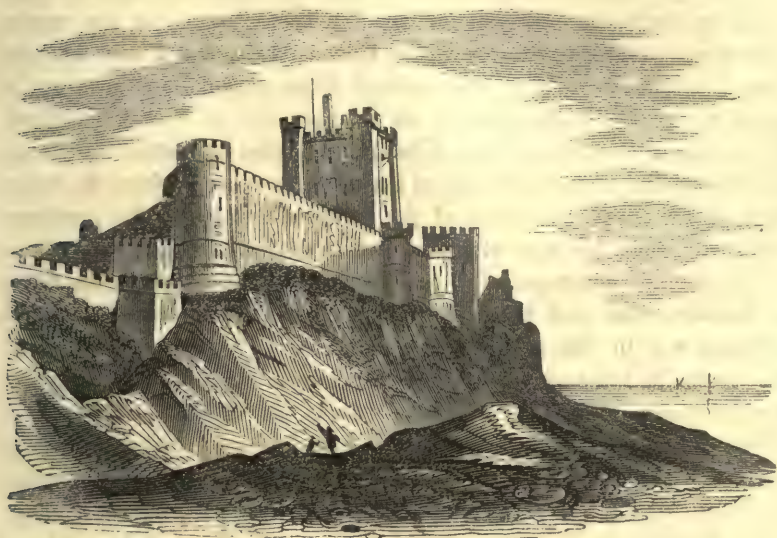
\* He was, in the 25 Ed. I., sent into Scotland in command of some forces by his Uncle the Earl of Warren, who was general of all the armies north of the Trent.—Dugdale's *Baronage*, vol. i. p. 272.

† *Ibid.* vol. i. p. 273.

‡ Alnwick, at the time of the conquest, belonged to William Tyson, a Saxon baron, who was slain in the battle of Hastings. His daughter and his possessions were conferred by the conqueror on his follower Ivo de Vesco; whose daughter and heiress carried it to her husband Eustace Fitz-John. Descended from them was William de Vescey, the last of a line of feudal barons; who, on the death of his only legitimate son in the Welch wars, granted to King Edward I., some lands in Ireland, that his natural son William de Kildare might be allowed to succeed him in this Northumberland property: and, before his death, appointed Anthony Beck, the most princely of the bishops of Durham, trustee for his son, then a minor. The bishop offended, as has been alleged, at the



to the present day, been transmitted to his descendants. He also obtained the Lordship of Corbridge\* in Northumberland, by purchase: and in the 5 Edward II., received the governorship of the then royal castle of Bamborough. He died in 1315, leaving by his wife the Lady Eleanor Fitz-Alan, a son, Henry, second Baron Percy of Alnwick.



BAMBOROUGH CASTLE.

language which this son had been reported to have used respecting him, appropriated the property to his own use, and eventually sold it to Henry Lord Percy, by a deed dated 1309, signed by some of the principal persons of the time, and confirmed by King Edward II., the next year: and Lord Percy, in order to perfect his title, took the precaution, to obtain a re-lease from Sir Gilbert de Aiton, a collateral relative but right heir to William de Visci. Anthony Beck appears to have appropriated this barony to himself for many years before he sold it; so that Lord Percy must have profited by, rather than promoted, the alleged fraud, which has affixed so deep a stain on the otherwise lofty character of the prelate.—*Beauties of England and Wales, Vol. XII. part 1, by the Rev. J. Hodgson. Gough's Camden's Britannia, Dugdale's Baronage.* It has been asserted that the deed of feofment from de Vescy to the bishop still exists: and it has been argued that, because in this no express trusts appear, there could have been no implied ones.—*Description of Alnwick Castle, published by W. Davison, at Alnwick, Ed. of 1823.*

Here the descendants of Lord Percy for centuries kept a court in princely state; so that the poet, though a laureate, scarcely exaggerates when, in allusion to the State in which the fourth Earl of Northumberland had lived, he speaks of the

“barons and those knyghtes bold,  
And other gentilmen with hym entertheynd  
In fee, as menyall men of his housold,  
Whom he as lord worsheply manteynd.”

*Skelton's Elegy on the Death of the 4th Earl of Northumberland.*

\* Dugdale's Baronage, vol. i. p. 273.



This baron appears to have been one of the most fortunate as well as one of the most gallant and able of his race. During his minority he received an accession to his family property, in a grant of the Northumbrian fees belonging to Patrick de Dunbar, the Scotch Earl of Dunbar and March, who had rebelled against Edward II. He afterwards, in 1326, with Queen Isabella, Prince Edward, and some of the barons, participated in the successful attempt to suppress by force the influence of the Spencers: and, on the young Prince succeeding to the crown as Edward III., the Percy received from him the custody of the castle of Skipton, in Yorkshire, and a grant of the castle and barony of Warkworth, in Northumberland. As he was a favourite of King Edward III., who supported the claims of Edward Baliol to the throne of Scotland, he received from the latter large grants, in that country, of the forfeited estates of the partizans of David Bruce, the rival claimant to that crown. In 1346 he was one of the chiefs in command of those forces that gave battle to the Scots at Nevill's cross, and took their King David Bruce prisoner.\* The Douglas was in the army of the vanquished; and thus early may the rivalry in arms of these two great border names be presumed to have commenced. His wife was Idonia de Clifford, daughter of Robert Lord Clifford, whose race had such high ancestral title to beauty:† and by her he had a numerous offspring; of which Thomas de Percy was made Bishop of Norwich at the early age of twenty-two; Matilda de Percy married John Lord Nevill of Raby, and was mother of the first Earl of Westmoreland; and Henry de Percy his eldest son, succeeded his father as third Lord Percy of Alnwick, 1351-2.

This nobleman had, in 1346 (during his father's life), accompanied Edward III. in the expedition to France, which on 26th August was crowned by the victory of Cressy; and afterwards held high employments. He married the Lady Mary Plantagenet,‡ daughter of Henry Earl of Lancaster, grandson of King Henry III., when his bride was aged fourteen years only. And dying in 1368, at the age of forty-six, left by her two sons, Henry, created Earl of Northumberland, and father of Hotspur, and Thomas, created Earl of Wor-

\* See Historical Div., vol. 1. p. 120.

† From his family, at an earlier period, sprung the Fair Rosamond (*"Rosa mundi, non Rosamunda"*) of King Henry II., whose skin, according to tradition, was so delicate that Queen Eleanor saw, through her "crystal" throat, the poisoned wine trickling, which she had administered.

‡ She was sister of Henry Plantagenet Duke of Lancaster, whose daughter and heiress was first wife to her third Cousin John of Gaunt, who in consequence of this alliance was, by his father Edward III., created Duke of Lancaster.

cester: names which the drama has vied with history in rendering illustrious.

The near alliance of the two brothers by blood to the reigning family, and the stirring times in which they lived, ensured them the opportunity of distinction, while their own ability and enterprise urged them to profit by it. Both served with honour in the French wars of Edward III.: both long enjoyed the favour of his weak successor Richard II., and by him were elevated to their earldoms: both deserted his falling fortunes, and combined to place the able and domineering Henry of Bolingbroke on his throne: and both, unable to endure the severe sway with which he wielded the rod of empire they had placed in his hand,\* endeavoured by open war to depose him, and perished in the bold attempt. The details of the lives of these eminent men would be the history of a great part of the three reigns in which they flourished, and it can here be only attempted to notice slightly a few of the more prominent events in which they bore a part.

In the tenth year of the reign of Richard II., Worcester, then only Sir Thomas Percy, was appointed Admiral of the English fleet sent to Spain to attempt, in behalf of John of Gaunt, the seizure of the Kingdoms of Castile and Leon, to which he had laid claim in right of his marriage to his second wife Constance of Castile. Five years later he was sent to Paris to conclude a final peace with Charles VI. and there, as Froisart relates, the French Monarch "made a Dinner to the Englysh Knightes, and caused Syr Thomas Percy to sytte at his borde, and called hym cosyn, by reason of Northumberlande's bloud."† In the mean time Northumberland, then Lord Percy, had, together with John of Gaunt, been conspicuous as a protector of John‡ Wickliffe, the early religious reformer; and had held the high office of Marshall of England at the coronation of Richard. It was then that he was raised to his Earldom—an accession of

\* Thus, previously to the open rupture, Worcester is represented as haughtily reminding King Henry of the services of his family.

"Our house, my Sovereign liege, little deserves  
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;  
And the same greatness too which our own hands  
Have help to make so portly."

Henry IV. part 1. scene 3.

† The wife of Henry III. from whose second son *Crouchback* the mother of Northumberland and Worcester was descended, was a French Princess; and through her was, probably, their most recent alliance to the reigning house of France. We may here observe that the style of address used in these days, by the courtesy of Kings to their higher nobility, seems to have been handed down from a period when the connection acknowledged by it was generally a matter of fact.

‡ Hume's History of England, ch. XVII.



honour which we shall find to have been the forerunner of a long series of brilliant calamities to himself and his descendants. While Worcester remained single, Northumberland was twice married; and by his first wife, Margaret Nevill, aunt of the first Earl of Westmoreland, was father of an eldest \*son Henry, called from his noble bearing and restless energy of character, "Prince Hotspur† of the North,"—a name which must ever shine forth the brightest of English chivalry,‡ if the united efforts of ballad-writer, the dramatist, and the historian, can preserve any name from oblivion. His second wife, sister and heiress of Anthony Lord Lucy, bore him no children: yet conveyed to him all her broad lands, on the easy condition that he and his heirs male should incorporate the arms of Lucy into the Percy shield. In the twelfth year of King Richard, Hotspur avenged the capture of his banner before Newcastle-on-Tyne, in the life's blood of the Douglas at Otterburn:§ though there is no historical authority for the statement of the ballad that

\* Hotspur was born 20th May, 1364, (Dallaway's *Sussex*, Vol. 2. p. 272.) more than twenty years before Prince Henry of Wales, who was born in 1387; so that Shakspeare has taken the license of a poet in representing them of the same standing, and making King Henry exclaim:—

"Oh, that it could be proved  
That some night tripping fairy had exchanged  
In cradle-clothes our children, where they lay;  
And call'd mine—Percy, his—Plantagenet!"

Hen: IV. Part 1. Act 1. Scene 1.

According to Mr. Tyler's view, in his life of Henry of Monmouth, Shakspeare has taken another liberty with historic truth in misrepresenting the early character of the Prince of Wales.

† "Sir Henry Percy received his *Soubriquet* of Hotspur from the Scots, with whom he was engaged in perpetual forays and battles.—He was first armed when the Castle of Berwick was taken by the Scots, in 1378, when he was (fourteen) years old; and from that time till the battle of Holmedon, *his spur was never cold*." Historical illustrations to the first part of Henry IV. in the Pictorial Shakspeare. Another explanation of this, literally, *nom de guerre*, varying somewhat from the former, is that he "was called by the French and Scots Harre Hatesporre, because, in the silence of the night, and while others reposed in sleep, he would labour indefatigably against his enemy, as if *heating* his spurs, which we call Hatesporre," Knighton p. 2696. But, perhaps, the daring and impetuous character, which this surname implies, may be better understood by calling in aid, as an illustration, a couplet from our modern chivalrous poet, Walter Scott:—

"Let Stanley charge with *spur of fire*,  
With Chester charge, and Lancashire."—

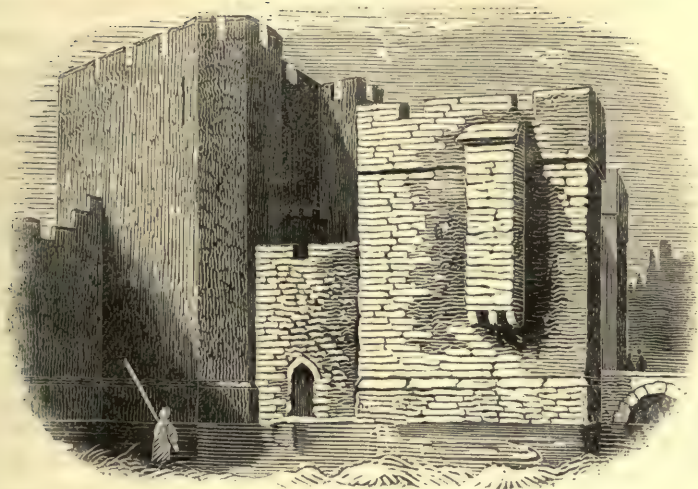
The Battle (Canto VI.) in *Marmion*.

‡ "Among a gróve, the very straightest plant."

Part 2. Henry IV. Act 1. Scene 1.

§ See the account of the battle in the Historical Div., vol. 1. p. 137. The field of this conflict, lying between the burn Otter and the river Reed, is marked by a pillar called "Battle Stone," and sometimes, though improperly, "Percy's Cross." The Douglas who fell here was James second Earl of Douglas.





NEWGATE, NEWCASTLE, AT THE PERIOD.

the antagonist leaders having on this occasion \* personally encountered each other, the English chief with his own hand slew his opponent;† and for thus bedecking the Knighthood of the middle ages with the *spolia opima* of classic antiquity. The battle does not appear to have terminated in favour of the English; for Hotspur and his brother Ralph Percy were left prisoners with the enemy. The tragic incidents of this encounter, with the aggravation of the death instead of the capture of the Percy, seem to have been transferred by the ballad-writers to the perhaps imaginary battle field

\* The bare fact of a personal encounter having taken place between the Percy and the Douglas was probably engrafted by the ballad writer into the battle of Otterburn from the skirmish before Newcastle: for "there," says Froisart, "fought hand to hand the Douglas and Sir Henry Percy; and by force of arms, the Earl won Sir Henry's penon."

‡ The Percy was a man of strength,  
I tell yow in thys stounde;  
He smote the Dowglas at the swordes length,  
That he felle to the growynde.

The sworde was sharpe and sore can byte,  
I tell yow in sertayne;  
To the harte he cowde hym smyte:—  
Thus was the Dowglas slayne."

Ancient ballad of the Battle of Otterbourne.

Percy's Reliques.

There is a modern ballad on the same subject in the *Legendary Div.*, vol. 1. p. 266.

of Chevy Chase; or rather both battles are there treated as one.

“This was the hontynge off the Cheviat;

That tear begane this spurn;

Old men that knowen the grownde well yenoughe,

Call it the battell of Otterburn.

At Otterburn began this spurne

Uppon a monnynday;

Ther was the dougghté Douglas slean,

The Persè never went away.”\*

On the landing in Yorkshire of Henry of Bolingbroke—

“Sick in the world’s regard, wretched and low,

A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home”—†

the great family triumvirate of the Percies supported him with all their power, whether or not they then believed (as they afterwards alleged);—

“That he did nothing purpose ’gainst the state;

Nor claim no further than his new fall’n right—

The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster.”‡

Be this as it may, the debt of gratitude for a crown was too heavy for the sovereign in full to pay, and too clear for the subject in aught to abate. Under such circumstances the favours the Percies received, they would regard as instalments of their dues, while those that were denied would seem the infliction of injuries. To these obvious ingredients of dissatisfaction others were shortly added. Owen Glendower, claiming§ to be descended from the ancient princes of Wales, had then lately prevailed upon the Welch again to renounce their allegiance to England, and had carried off, to the fastnesses of his own country, Sir Edward Mortimer,|| the brother-in-law of Hotspur, as a prisoner of war. On Hotspur’s application to King Henry for permission to ransom his connection from captivity, he is said to have been answered that “Mortimer had gone of his own choice to Glendower; and, therefore, *no loyal subject* could wish him back.”¶

\* The more ancient version of Chevy Chase.

† Part 1. Henry IV. Act 4 scene 3.

‡ Ibid Act 5. scene 1.

§ Such as take an interest in the claim of “the irregular and wild Glendower” to a royal descent are referred to an elaborate pedigree of him under the heading of Hughes of Gwerclas, in the 2nd ed. of Burke’s Commoners.

|| His sister, the wife of Hotspur and the “gentle Kate” of Shakspeare, was in fact called Elizabeth. See a note appended to the will of her father Edmond de Mortimer Earl of March, in Sir Harris Nicolas’ *Testamenta Vetusta*, p. 112. In this will, which is dated 1 May 1380, he bequeathes to “our dear Son Monsr. Henry Percy” a small nonche, in the form of the body of a stag and the head of an eagle.

¶ A glance forward over the page of history will suffice to shew what strong reason the Lancastrian princes must have had for attempting to depress the family of Mortimer.



Shortly afterwards, on the return of the Scots from a destructive inroad they had made into Northumberland, they were intercepted and vanquished by the Earl and his son Hotspur, at Homildon\* hill, near Wooler: and Archibald third Earl of Douglas, their general, together with other great nobles, was taken prisoner. King Henry, however, being anxious to use the captives as a means of obtaining an advantageous peace with Scotland, forbade the Percies to treat for their ransom. This prohibition the Percies conceived to infringe on what was their due by the laws of war; and they resented it accordingly. In the end Douglas obtained his liberty by coalescing with Northumberland; and Mortimer by espousing the daughter of Glendower. And the Percies determined, like a branch of the Nevills† in a subsequent stage of history, to subvert the dynasty they had been so instrumental in raising; and formed, for that purpose, a confederacy with the Scotch and the Welch chieftain to place the young Earl of March on the throne. When the war was ready to break out, Northumberland was seized with an illness at Berwick; and Hotspur, taking the command of the forces in his stead, and accompanied by Douglas, marched towards Shrewsbury to join Glendower. His uncle Worcester, the King's lieutenant for South Wales, revolted and joined him with reinforcements. Glendower had not yet come up, when Henry, with what power he could muster, hastened to encounter the insurgents—and, on the 21st of July 1403, mid the conflicting war cries of “St. George” and “Esperance, Percy”‡ began the battle of Shrewsbury.

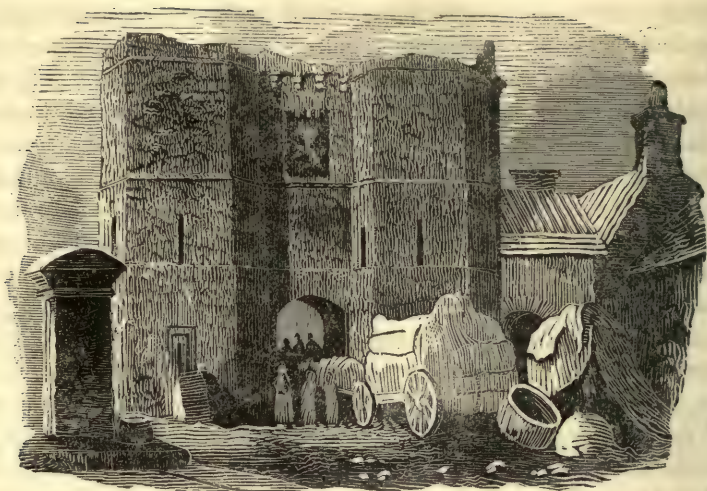
The daughter and heiress of Lionel Plantagenet Duke of Clarence (elder brother of their ancestor John of Gaunt) married Edmond Mortimer Earl of March; and had transmitted to her descendants the lawful right to the crown, on the extinction, in the person of Richard II., of the issue of the eldest brother, the black prince. The representative of the house of Mortimer was then Edward Earl of March; who may be presumed to have been only restrained by his boyhood from pressing his undeniable claim to the throne. Sir Edward Mortimer was his uncle, and, as such, the legitimate guardian of his interests. The young Earl indeed died without issue; but left a sister and heiress Ann Mortimer, who married Richard Plantagenet Duke of York to whom she was first cousin twice removed: and their grandson under the name of Edward IV. recovered, in her right, that crown from the line of Lancaster which it had so long usurped.

\* See Historical Div., vol. i. p. 145. The battle fought here forms the groundwork of Walter Scott's drama of “Halidon Hill,” in which the scene of action is transferred from Homildon to the earlier battle field of Halidon. There is a ballad, on the subject of this battle fought here, at page 152 of Bell's “Rhymes of Northern Bards.”

† See Traditional Div., vol. ii. p. 64.

‡ “Esperance en Dieu” is still the motto of the Percy: of whom, in relation to this motto, it has been elegantly said: “At one moment the provincial monarch of unmeasured lands, the lord of impregnable fortresses, and the chief of countless vassals—the next the tenant of a prison, from which there was seldom any other escape than death.—These vicissitudes of fortune taught them the instability of all human greatness, and that the only sure trust is ‘*Esperance en Dieu*.’”—Quarterly Review, No. cxlii.





HOTSPUR'S TOWER, BONDGATE, ALNWICK.

Here the honourable rivalry of the Percy and the Douglas, fighting for once on the same side, developed itself in prodigies of valour. At length Hotspur fell by an arrow from a nameless hand: and with him fell the confidence of the rebels; for

“That earth, that bore him dead,  
Bore not alive so stout a gentleman.”\*

The rout was now general: Douglas and Worcester were taken prisoners, and the latter was beheaded.

After the suppression of the rebellion, the King became formally reconciled to Northumberland,† and “at the request of the commons, commanded the Earl of Northumberland and Ralph Neville Earl of Westmoreland” [who in the late insurrection had remained firm to the Lancastrian cause] “in token of perfect amity to kiss each other in open parliament.”‡ But the wounds that rankled in Northumberland’s breast were only superficially cured. He secretly connived at the insurrection headed by Mowbray and Archbishop

\* This exclamation over his body is by Shakspeare placed in the mouth of his generous enemy Henry prince of Wales. Part 1. Hen. IV. act. 5. scene 4. And here we may observe that there is no more authority for Shakspeare’s account that Hotspur died by the sword of the Prince of Wales, than there was for that of the ballad that Douglas died by the sword of Hotspur.

† In Brydges’ Collins, vol. ii. p. 262, it is stated that it was not thought advisable to proceed with much harshness against this Earl, “lest all the north should revolt to the Scots”—So much more powerful in those times were the ties which bound the retainer to his immediate lord than those which united him to his king!

‡ Brydges’, Collin’s Peerage, vol. ii. p. 263.

Scrope. And, after the suppression of \* that, being pursued by the King into Northumberland, he fled into Scotland, taking with him his grandson the young Henry Percy, the only son of Hotspur and the hope of the house. Thence in 1407 the Earl together with Lord Bardolf his companion in exile returned to Northumberland and his ancient tenantry and retainers flocked to the standard of their banished lord—He published a proclamation that he came to relieve the nation from their many and unjust oppressions, and advanced with his forces as far south as Knaresborough, in Yorkshire. But was defeated and slain † at Bramham moor, in that county, by Sir Thomas Rokeby, the sheriff; and his head, white with age, was forwarded by the victor, as a trophy, to London.‡

Henry Percy, the second Earl, succeeded, on the death of his grandfather, to an inheritance of confiscated estates and attainted titles. But the Scots in whose care the old man had left him, showed their generosity in bringing him up as kindly as if he had not been the whelp of the lion breed which had been the defence of the English, and the terror of the Scottish border. And he is said never to have forgotten his obligations to that nation.

In the early part of the reign of King Henry V., while young Percy was still in exile, a conspiracy was formed, by the Earl of Cambridge, to bring him back from Scotland, together with the imposter Thomas de Trumpyngton, who, from a remarkable similarity of appearance, was enabled to personate the deceased King Richard II., and, with their aid, to raise an insurrection. The plot was discovered; and the Earl of Cambridge paid with his life the penalty of treason. Immediately after this the name of "Henry de Percy, Knt," § appears in the list of the retinue of Henry V., in his voyage on that expedition which led to the victory of Agincourt; though it is not enrolled in the list of its heroes: and therefore the party designated by it may be presumed, to have been either wounded at the previous siege of Harfleur, or left there in garrison. It seems improbable that this person|| was the young representative of the family, as the accounts we have of the latter state that he was afterwards sent for by the king from Scotland; and therefore we

\* For the mode of its suppression see *Legendary Div.*, vol. ii. pp. 58–9.

† 29 February, 1408.

‡ On the tragical end of this Earl there is a quaint old poem which is given in the *Traditional Div.*, vol. i. p. 130.

§ Sir Harris Nicolas' battle of Agincourt, page 383, second edition.

|| This Sir Henry Percy appears likely to have been the son of Sir Thomas Percy, a younger brother of Hotspur; and, if so, he would stand in the relation of first cousin to the personage now under notice in the text. He would in all probability, have been in



presume that he was then remaining there. However, he, in the early part of the reign of Henry V., was restored to his family lands and honours by the young monarch, whose cousin the Lady Eleanor Nevill he had married; and who was moved towards him by the intercession of his aunt the Countess of Westmoreland, daughter of John of Gaunt, as well as by the merits and misfortunes of the Northern chieftain. And for thus much of its facts, the beautiful ballad of the "Hermit of Warkworth,"† of which the Percy and his bride are the hero and heroine, has its warrant in history. Nor had the house of Lancaster reason to repent of its kindness to the exile,‡ for, as his grandfather and father had died fighting for its subversion, he and four of his sons fell fighting in its defence.

"In the third year of King Henry VI., he, for the better confirmation of the dignity of Earl of Northumberland, obtained a charter of creation thereunto, with the yearly fee of £20. 'nomine comitis' out of the profits of that county."§ About eleven years later, a battle, rather of a private than a national character, is alleged to have taken place, between this Earl of Northumberland and Earl William Douglas of Angus, at Pepperden, near the Cheviot Hills.|| This, as it was

that gay cavalcade, whose advance to the place of embarkation is thus described by Drayton with so much of the glow of chivalry:—

"The nobler youth, the common rank above,  
On their curveting coursers mounted fair,  
One wore his mistress' garter; one her glove;  
And he a lock of his dear Lady's hair;  
And he her colours, whom he most did love—  
There was not one but did some favour wear  
And each one took it on his happy steed  
To make it famous by some knightly deed." *Battle of Agincourt.*

The line of Sir Thomas Percy is mentioned in Collins' Peerage, vol. ii. of the supplement, p. 684. It may be remarked here that the article on the Northumberland title in Collins' Peerage, which evinces an intimate acquaintance with the papers of the family, is alleged, in Sir Egerton Brydges' *Restituta*, vol. iii. p. 520, to have been drawn up by Dr. Thomas Percy, the Bishop of Dromore.

† See pp. 70—1.

‡ Hume, in chapter xxi. of his *History of England*, speaking of the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, says:—"the whole North of England, the most warlike part of the kingdom, was by means of these two potent noblemen, engaged warmly in the interests of Lancaster."

§ Collins' Peerage.

|| Ridpath, in his *Border History*, p. 401, quoting a passage from Hollinshead's *Chronicles*, which states that, on the part of the English, were slain there "Henrie of Cliddesdale, John Oglile, and Richard Persie, with fifteen hundred other of Gentlemen and commons, of which gentlemen forty were knights," adds that the Percy had, on this occasion, been met "in his own territories at a place called Pepperden on Brammish, not far from the mountains of Cheviot." The fall here of Richard Percy (probably a cadet of the Northumberland family) may well have suggested the slaughter of the Percy to the writer of Chevy chase.



consequent upon an incursion made by the English Earl into Scotland, is suggested in Brydges' edition of Collins' *Peerage*, to have afforded the outline of the ballad of Chevy Chase \* of which the old version moved the stout heart of Sir Philip Sidney more than the sound of a trumpet,† while the Homeric spirit of the more modern version has received the highest eulogium from the critical Addison.‡

On the breaking out of the wars of the roses § in 1455, this Earl, who had been appointed Constable of England by Henry VI., was slain fighting near the King at the battle of St. Albans,|| and was buried in the abbey there. Before passing to the sons of this Earl, it should be observed that his martial habits had not led him to forget the interests of literature; since he is commemorated amongst

\* The battle of Chevy Chase, however, is alleged in the ballads to have led to that of Homildon. The older version says:—

“As our noble Kyng made his a-vowe,  
Lyke a noble prince of renown,  
For the deth of the lord Perse  
He dyd the battel of Hombyll-down;”

and that we have already seen took place two reigns previously. Under all circumstances then, the most probable conclusion seems to be, that, in the time of this or the previous Earl of Northumberland, the Percy had violated the laws of the borders by crossing to Scotland to hunt without the leave of the Scottish warden; and that the Douglas had in consequence attacked him; and that between the hunting party of the one and a body of the retainers of the other a conflict had arisen amongst the Cheviot hills, too unimportant to be recorded by historians; but which the bards have amplified and embellished by incorporating into it, besides some imaginary details, all the most striking incidents of the border wars of that age. In the *Chorographia*, printed originally in 1649, and, at page 41 of the edition of 1813, it is stated, “These Cheviot hills is most famous for the hunting of the Earle of Northumberland; at the hunting, the Earle Douglas of Scotland, who met him with his forces and engaged one the other, where was great bickering and skirmishes, to the losse of many men; where both Earles fought valiently, called to this day Cheviot Chase.” And oral tradition of the battle may be presumed to have descended to the period at which this was first printed.

† Sir Philip Sydney's Defence of Poetry.

‡ Spectator, Nos. 70. 74.

§ Perhaps the reader will have no objection to be here reminded of the occasion to which Shakespere assigns the selection of these party badges. At a meeting of some great Lords in the Temple garden, Richard Plantagenet, afterwards Duke of York, exclaims:—

“In dumb significance proclame your thoughts—  
Let him, that is a true-born gentleman,  
And stands upon the honour of his birth,  
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,  
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.”

To which John Beaufort, Earl of Somerset, in behalf of his own near kindred of the house of Lancaster, answers:—

“Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,  
But dare maintain the party of the truth,  
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.”

Hen. VI. Part 1. Act 2, Scene 4.

|| 23 May, 1455.

the benefactors of Oxford, for having, at University college there, founded three fellowships for those born in the dioceses of Durham, Carlisle, or York.

Of his younger children, Thomas Percy was created Lord Egremont—a title taken from a property in Cumberland possessed by the Earl, his father. He fell in 1460 in the defeat at Northampton, fighting for the house of Lancaster; and left a son, John, who seems probably to have been deterred by the poverty entailed on the partisans of the vanquished, from assuming his father's title.\*



PERCY'S CROSS, HEDGELEY MOOR.

Sir Ralph Percy was seneschal of his father's court at Alnwick: and Percy's cross, on the battle field of Hedgeley moor, still attests

\* Brydges' Collins', vol. ii. p. 281.

the gallantry and the death of him who would not seek his own safety by flight, at the expense of "the bird in his bosom,"—his loyalty to his king he acknowledged.\* He transmitted a line of descendants,† some of the earlier of whom appear to have been pensioned, and employed by their opulent cousins the Earls of Northumberland.‡

Sir Richard Percy fell at Towton field, fighting like his father and his brother on the side of Lancaster.

William Percy, an ecclesiastic, was made Chancellor of the University of Cambridge and Bishop of Carlisle.

\* See Historical Div. vol. i. pp. 161–2.

† The reader, weary of the gleam of this unbroken line of mailed barons, may long to find the family history diversified and adorned by the soft diffusive light of literature. If so, he will rejoice to see one, who has contributed so successfully to our ballad literature as the author of the "Hermit of Warkworth," and who has done so much to revive the taste for it as the editor of "The Reliques of Ancient Poetry," appended here, as a descendant, to a race which has produced so many ballad heroes.

Dr. Thomas Percy, the distinguished bishop of Dromore, was born at Bridgnorth in Shropshire, in 1728, and died in 1811. He was descended from the Percies of Worcester, of which city his great great grandfather, Thomas Percy, was mayor in 1662. (See a printed pedigree inserted in the copy of Nash's Worcestershire in the King's library in the British Museum between pp. 94 and 95 of the second Volume; and also p. 318 of the same Volume). This Thomas Percy was the son of Richard Percy (Nash's Worcestershire, vol. ii. p. 121), and Richard, through his father John and his grandfather Thomas Percy, was the great grandson of John Percy of Worcester, who had settled there about the year 1520. From the coincidence of name and date, and from the correspondence of the arms and tradition in the families in Northumberland and Worcester, it has been stated that this John Percy of Worcester, was identical with John Percy who had been seated just before at Newton on the Sea in Northumberland; and who, it has been alleged, had been obliged in the reign of Henry VIII.—a period most disastrous to the house of Percy—to fly from that neighbourhood, in consequence of some deed of violence. (From him to the children of the bishop of Dromore, the pedigree and its proofs are given complete in some fly sheets inserted between pp. 318 and 319 in the second volume of Nash's Worcestershire in the King's library in the British Museum, and the library of the Dean and Chapter of Durham). John Percy of Newton on the Sea was, according to Brydges' Collins, the son of Sir Ralph Percy of the text.

Before bidding adieu to the Bishop of Dromore, whose "attention to poetry has given grace and splendour to his studies of antiquity," it may be mentioned that Boswell has declared that he himself has examined the proofs of his descent from the Northumberland Percies, and that, "both as a lawyer accustomed to the consideration of evidence, and as a genealogist versed in the study of pedigrees, he is fully satisfied."—*Boswell's Life of Johnson*.

‡ To the cadets of their house the Earls of Northumberland appear to have exhibited great kindness; in so much so that in Brydges' Collins, vol. ii. p. 288. it is remarked of a member of this particular branch, that he "is not found to have enjoyed any office or emolument of any kind under his kinsman the Earl of Northumberland; contrary to the usual practice of this great family, whose offices of dignity or profit appear to have been given, with a preference to the inferior members of their noble house."—The high blood of ancient chivalry could afford to acknowledge a poor relation!



The eldest surviving son, Henry Percy, became third Earl at his father's death. He had previously married Eleanor Poynings the heiress to the baronies in fee of Poynings, Fitz-Payne, and Bryan, and had been summoned to the house of Lords in her right as Baron Poynings. This alliance is said to have been obtained for him by his great uncle, the wily Cardinal Beaufort.\* Yet, in days when the beauty and heiress was the prize of the tournament, and when natural guardians willingly resigned the persons and the broad lands of their fair charges into the hands of those, who proved by their prowess they were best enabled to defend both, it would hardly require the diplomacy of churchmen to obtain for the Percy an advantageous alliance.

He had during his father's life, been retained, at a fixed allowance, by Henry VI., to defend the town of Berwick and the East marches towards Scotland: and, on his father's death, he was permitted, in reward for his services there, to succeed at once to his inheritance, exempted from the feudal burden of reliefs. He is the Earl of Northumberland who forms one of the characters in the third part of Shakspere's King Henry VI. In the wars of the roses his fortunes fluctuated with those of the house of Lancaster. He was with the victors in the battle of Wakefield;† and fell in the defeat at Towton,‡ where, with the gallantry of his race, he in vain led on the van.

Henry Percy, his only son and heir, was but a minor at the death and subsequent attainder of his father: yet the fears of Edward IV., confined him for eight long years in the Tower; during which, the Earldom of Northumberland, with its possessions, was enjoyed by one of the chiefs of the Yorkist party, John Nevill brother of Warwick the king-maker. The Percy was at length, however,

\* Brydges' Collins. It will be recollected that his mother was a daughter of the Earl of Westmoreland by his wife Joan de Beaufort, the sister of the powerful and ambitious Cardinal, the horrors of whose chamber still haunt us, where "he died and made no sign."—Henry VI. Part 2. Act 3, Scene 3.

† 30 Dec. 1460. See Traditional Div. vol. ii. p. 63.

‡ 29 March, 1461. Here too on the same side fell his kinsman, Sir John Nevill. See Traditional Div. vol. ii. p. 61, and also Historical Div. vol. i. p. 160.

The loss here, on the part of the vanquished, of their leaders is thus summed up (with the mistake of introducing the Earl of Westmoreland instead of his brother Sir John Nevill) in Drayton's poem of "the Miseries of Queen Margaret."

"Courageous Clifford first here fell to ground,  
Into the throat with a blunt arrow struck:  
Here Westmoreland receiv'd his deadly wound:  
Here died the stout Northumberland, that stuck  
Still to his sovereign; Wells and Dacres found  
That they had lighted on King Henry's luck:  
Trowlup and Horne, two brave commanders, dead;  
Whilst Somerset and Exeter were fled."

restored by this King to his freedom,\* his honours, and his possessions, in order thus to diminish the power of his predecessor, whose fidelity was no longer trusted :† and Nevill received in compensation the empty title of Marquis of Montague, with still more empty promises. Shortly after this, the anticipated revolt of Warwick and Montague placed the sixth Henry again on the throne. But, in the March of 1471, Edward returned from the brief exile into which he had been driven, and disembarked at Ravenspur, on the Yorkshire side of the Humber, where—an auspicious omen—Henry IV. had formerly landed. In Yorkshire the possessions and influence of the Percy were in those days overwhelming. The young Earl, however, did not oppose the march of Edward and his little army through that county : and thus, by his example discouraging the opposition of others, rendered, at a most critical period, a most important service to the house of York.‡ He, nevertheless, did not venture to lead his friends and retainers actually to join that standard, in fighting against which his own father and their kindred had fallen only ten years before. He was afterwards appointed by Edward to be warden of the east and middle marches towards Scotland : and, in the 22nd year of his reign, he was one of the chiefs in that army which, under the command of Richard Duke of Gloucester, advanced into Scotland, and took the city of Edinburgh.

On the accession of Richard to the throne, this Earl was constituted lord high chamberlain of England. At the battle of Bosworth§ field he was present but remained inactive ; whether wavering between his recent obligations to the house of York, represented, in the male line, by the King, and his ancient family alliance with the line of Lancaster, represented, through the Beauforts, by Henry of Richmond ;|| or influenced by prudence, or lethargy of character—pro-

\* He was released from the Tower 27 October, 1469. (9 Edw : 4). *Rymer's Fœdera*, xi. 649.

† Warkworth's *Chronicles* of the first 13 years of Edward 4. (printed for the Camden Society) p. 4.

‡ “Grete partye of the noble men and commons in thos parties were twords th' Erle of Northumbarland, and would not stire with any lorde or noble man other than the sayde Erle or his commandment : and for soo muche as he sat still, in such wise yf the Marques” [of Montague, who, according to Lingard, was lying at Pontefract with an army sufficiently numerous to have overwhelmed the invaders] “wolde have done his besines to have assembled them in any manier of qwarell, neither for his love, whiche they bare hym non, ne for any commandment of higher authoritie, they ne wolde, in no cawse, ne qwarell, have assisted hym.” *Historie of the arrivall of K. Edward IV.* (printed for the Camden Society) pp. 6. 7.

§ 24 August, 1485.

|| His mother Margaret, the wife of Edmond Tudor Earl of Richmond, was daughter



bable results of his early confinement. Be this as it may, his conduct on this occasion satisfied the victor, and he was received into favour by the new dynasty of Tudor—a favour which, in four years, proved fatal to him; since he was employed by the King in enforcing the collection of an unpopular tax; and, was slain\* near Thirske in Yorkshire, by a mob who erroneously supposed him to be the adviser of it. His countess, Maud, the daughter of William Herbert first Earl of Pembroke, had borne him four sons and three daughters.

Of his younger sons, Sir William Percy was one of the commanders at Flodden-field, and is alleged † to have afterwards participated in the insurrection called the Pilgrimage of Grace.

Alan Percy was a priest.

Josceline Percy, who was employed in the management of the family estates, married Margaret Frost of Beverley, a Yorkshire heiress, and transmitted a line,‡ the elder branch of which con-

and heiress of John Beaufort Duke of Somerset, and great granddaughter of John of Gaunt Duke of Lancaster.

\* 28 April 1489. On this tragic event Skelton has composed a poem called "An Elegy on Henry fourth Earl of Northumberland;" which is printed in Percy's Reliques.

† Brydges' Collins.

‡ Thomas Percy, a younger brother of it, was, according to a system of consideration pursued by this great family towards their own cadets, appointed auditor and constable of Alnwick to the ninth Earl of Northumberland, who stood to him in the relation of second cousin once removed; and, through him, at the latter end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the Earl had carried on some secret negotiations with James of Scotland, in order to secure the succession of that monarch. Thomas Percy was a convert to the church of Rome, though his kinsman, the Earl, was a protestant: and it has been alleged that James, with a view of rendering the Roman Catholic body propitious to his accession, made to Percy, on these occasions, flattering promises of indulgence to their faith; which, when securely seated on the throne, he disregarded. Percy, deceived himself, had been the means of deceiving others; who now looked upon him as a traitor to their cause. He appears to have been a man of turbulent character, for he had been previously connected with an insurrection; namely, that of the Earl of Essex in the time of Queen Elizabeth. He was an enthusiast in religion; and in all probability personally an injured man. Hence he was easily led to concert, together with a few desperate persons, that gunpowder-treason plot; in the midst of the horrors resulting from which he expected to avenge his private wrongs and to re-establish his religion. On its discovery, he fled to Holbeach-house in Worcestershire; in the court-yard of which, while defending himself, he was shot, 8 November 1605. Nash's Worcestershire, Vol. I. page 587. Brydges' Collins, pp. 303. and 332. Lingard's History of England, Vol. IX. pp. 35. 57. 12mo. Ed. The conspirator was ancestor of descendants (now in the male line extinct or lost) who for a considerable period resided in Cambridge, and on whom the male representation of the family, in England at any rate, appears eventually to have devolved. A pedigree of the Percies of Beverley and of Cambridge is given in *Collectanea Topographica et Genealogica*, Vol. II., pp 60-3. It is there remarked that an interesting feature in this pedigree is that it contains the names of several persons



tinued, for a long period, to reside in the neighbourhood of Beverley.

Henry Algernon\* Percy, the eldest son, was only eleven years old when, on the death of his father he succeeded as fifth Earl of Northumberland. In 1497, the year before he came of age, he was one of the commanders of the royal forces that dispersed the Cornish rebels, who had advanced to Blackheath. Six years later the honourable office was assigned to him of conducting the Princess Margaret† Tudor, the affianced bride of James IV., from Northamptonshire to Scotland; whence her descendants were soon destined to return—her granddaughter to ascend the scaffold, her greatgrandson the throne. In the early part of the reign of Henry VIII., he was in France with those English forces, which gained, before the walls of Terouenne, the victory called “the battle of

who, but for the attainder of 1572, would, on the death of the 11th Earl, and the rejection of the claim of the Trunkmaker, have become Earls of Northumberland; namely:—Allan Percy of Beverley, who died in 1692: Francis Percy, a stone-cutter of Cambridge, who died in 1717: Charles Percy, a common council man of Cambridge, who died in 1743; and the rev. Josceline Percy, who died in 1755: but it may since have appeared somewhat questionable whether George Percy, the youngest son of the 8th Earl, did not leave male descendants in America; and, if he did, these would have the priority.

\* The name of Algernon—a name much cherished in the Percy family—was originally a nick-name attached to William de Percy, a companion in arms of the Conqueror; and may be rendered in modern language “William with the Whiskers,” or “*Aux Moustaches*.—Brydges’ Collins.

† An account of her progress is given in the Historical Div. Vol. I. pp. 175—80.



OUTER GATEWAY, ALNWICK CASTLE.

Spurs," from the vigour with which the enemy used their spurs when they should have used their swords. And he returned again to France to accompany the king to the "Field of the Cloth of Gold."\* His tastes were as magnificent as befitted one of the highest nobles under the gorgeous dynasty of the Tudors:† but his expenditure exceeded the revenue of his vast estates, and entailed debt on his successor. He expired on the 19th May, 1527: and was the first Earl of Northumberland of his house that had died in his bed; so heavy was the tax to be paid for the excitement and power of feudal lordship.‡ By his wife Catherine, Spencer,§ he left three sons and two daughters.

Of his daughters, the Lady Margaret Percy is presumed to be the heroine|| of the "Nut-brown Maid;" who, when her constancy is

\* Rutland Papers (printed for the Camden Society) p. 30.

† This is the Earl whose Household book of expenditure at Wresil and Lekinfield has been printed under the editorship of Dr. Thomas Percy, bishop of Dromore. Of this Earl and his family there is a notice in the preface to the Household book at pp. xx-iv.

‡ Inclusive of Hotspur, who did not live to come to the Earldom to which he was heir, five generations following had died violent deaths; and, inclusive of the Earl of Worcester, brother of the first Earl of Northumberland, five Earls had died violent deaths.

If we look back to the times in which these deaths occurred, we shall find that all, excepting the last, were in the wars of the disputed succession, which followed the Lancastrian usurpation—the most glorious, but the most tragic period of the Percy history. In feudal times, to the nobles themselves indeed, clothed in impenetrable armour from which the arrow glanced and by which the sword was turned, war had sometimes been divested of its havoc, and seemed a game in which there was little but the dignity and excitement of nominal danger: for, besides the protection of their coats of mail, they were defended in the hour of defeat by the avarice of the victor, whose interest would lead him to spare an opulent enemy in order to obtain his ransom. But, at length the barons, allied by blood to each other and to each rival claimant of the crown, entered into this contest with all the bitterness of a family feud; and every injury, itself retributory, was the forerunner of a severer retribution; till the armour, which defended the vanquished from the sword of the conqueror, reserved him only for the axe of his executioner; and the combatants, like Shylock in the play, preferred flesh to gold. It may be mentioned as an illustration of the peculiar bitterness with which these domestic hostilities were carried on, that, while we have observed such numbers of the Percies to have been swept away in these wars, it has fallen to our lot to notice here but one Percy, and he at best but a cadet, who lost his life in the border warfare with the Scots during all the centuries for which the Percies were the guardians of the English frontiers.

§ Her mother was the Lady Eleanor Beaufort, daughter and coheir of Edmond Beaufort Duke of Somerset, the younger brother of John Beaufort Duke of Somerset, in his descent from the latter of whom Henry VII. claimed the representation of the house of Lancaster. The countess of Northumberland and that monarch were therefore second cousins.

|| This is suggested with considerable ground of probability in Whitaker's History of Craven, in a note at page 229 of the first edition. The ballad of the "Nut brown Maid," is printed in Percy's Reliques.



tried by telling her of the outlawry of her lover, entreats to be allowed to share all his privations, rather

“than

That he should to the grene wode go,

Alone, a banyshed man.”

Her husband, Henry Clifford, who succeeded as eleventh Baron Clifford, and was afterwards created Earl of Cumberland, is recorded to have led, in his father's time, the life of an outlaw, at the head of a band of daring free-booters, levying contributions on the affrighted monks and villagers of Westmoreland and Yorkshire.

Passing on to the male descendants of the last mentioned Earl of Northumberland, we shall quickly find the executioner, after his short respite, again called in to play his part: and we shall observe, that the succession of the Earldom does not for the most part devolve in the same direct line from father to son that it has hitherto done.

Of his sons, the second, Sir Thomas Percy, married Eleanor daughter and co-heir of Sir Guiscard Harbotel\* of Beamish, in the county of Durham, and had a family by which the male line of the Percy was continued. In 1536 he was residing at Seamer, in Yorkshire, until the month of October, when those consecutive insurrections commenced, called “the Pilgrimage of Grace,” in consequence of their having been undertaken in behalf of the monastic establishments and ceremonials of Rome: † but he then immediately repaired to his mother at Wresil castle. Here he heard that Robert Aske “the great captain” had already been at the gates, with a numerous host who shouted “thousands for a Percy.” However, as he did not like the rising, he attempted to leave the neighbourhood; but found himself way-laid in every direction by the insurgents, who at last, between force and entreaty, induced him to join them. After the suppression of the last of the outbreaks of this “armed pilgrimage,” which was effected in the following spring, he was arraigned for treason, in consequence of his conduct on these occasions, and pleaded “not guilty:” but towards the conclusion of the trial, know-

\* Surtees' Durham, Vol. ii. p. 225.

† Another of the professed purposes of this “pilgrimage” was “the purifying of the nobility and the expulping all villan blood;” (Life of Henry VIII., by Lord Herbert of Cherbury) aimed probably at the minister Thomas Cromwell, who, though the son of a fuller (according to Lingard), or a blacksmith (according to Banks), near London, was raised to the barony of Cromwell and Earldom of Essex by the temporary favour of the King, by whom he had been employed in the confiscation of Church property. A similar object was proposed by the insurgents of 1569. Such appeals to the prejudices of the people have often been responded to; for the pride of the poorer classes is generally too high to submit to the government of one sprung from their own station.—By so unexpected an ally are the great principles of “degree, priority and order” upheld!



ing probably that in his day conviction was a sure consequence of a state prosecution, and that his only chance of appeasing his imperious monarch lay in entire submission, he withdrew his former plea and pleaded guilty. Sentence was then given that he should be hanged, drawn and quartered, at Tyburn: and shortly afterwards, in the June of 1537, it was accordingly executed.\*

The third son Sir Ingelram Percy† died in 1538.

\* The compiler of this sketch owes these particulars to the kindness of the author of the memorials of the rebellion of 1569; whose industry and ability are now engaged in tracing for publication the singular and interesting details of "the Pilgrimage of Grace."

† Sir Ingelram Percy is commonly stated to have died with no issue but an illegitimate daughter. From him however James Percy, the trunk-maker of Dublin, who in the time of Charles II. claimed the Earldom of Northumberland as heir male of the Percies, stated himself to be legitimately descended. The line of his alleged descent is given in a note to the later editions of Burke's Peerage. Some remarks on this claim are contained in Sir Egerton Brydges' *Restituta*, vol. ii. pp. 519, 528. Here it appears that the trunk-maker had at first claimed to be the great grandson of Sir Richard Percy, a younger son of the eighth Earl, and had then shifted his claim, and drawn his descent from this Sir Ingelram Percy younger son of the fifth Earl; and that afterwards his excuse for having selected the former descent was, that, believing himself sprung from the Earls of Northumberland, but not knowing the precise line, he had been advised "to fix upon the wrong party as the only way to find out the right." It is certainly no disproof of the noble descent of a person in humble circumstances that he himself should not always have known the precise line of it; or that he should have found a difficulty in tracing it. The heralds in their visitations took no account of the reduced descendants of cadets. To repair these omissions, there were no inquiries after the death of those who had no land; and their wills (if wills they left) were probably proved in some petty local court where they were ill preserved and where there was no index. There are few parish registers to record their births, deaths, and marriages, that commence earlier than the latter end of the sixteenth century; and the lamp of oral tradition, when held up to the night of ages, is found so dim as only to render the darkness visible. In a few generations, especially after the laws against retainers were enforced, there was apt to be as little of correspondency between the chief of a great family and its distant members, as between the gold of the head and the iron and clay of the feet of that visionary image which troubled the spirit of the Eastern monarch. As an illustration of these positions, it may be mentioned that, however well established the descent of Francis Percy of Cambridge, (who was by trade a stone-cutter,) may now be from Josceline Percy younger son of the fourth Earl (see note in pp. 300, 301.), there is a letter to him from no less an authority than Sir William Dugdale, deducing his descent from Guiscard Percy, grandson of the fifth, and younger brother of the seventh and eighth Earls, and a letter to him also from the trunk-maker himself acknowledging cousinship with him, and assigning him a third descent, namely from a Robert Percy, whom he calls the second son of the above mentioned Sir Ingelram Percy. Both these letters are given in Banks' *Stemmata Anglicana*, and at pp. 29.—32. of the part of it forming the Appendix to vol. ii. of his *Extinct Baronage*.

The "Case of James Percy claimant to the Earldom of Northumberland" was printed in 1680 or 1685 in London, in folio. It is rare; but there is a copy of it in the library of the British Museum, so that the enquirer after truth may exercise his own judgment on its allegations. This subject shall be dismissed after observing that different genealogists have formed very different estimates of their truth; for Sir Egerton Brydges, who may

The eldest son and successor, Henry Algernon Percy, sixth Earl of Northumberland, had, during the life of his father, been placed amongst the gentlemen of the retinue of Cardinal Wolsey, as an introduction to public life. While thus situated, he became enamoured of the fair Anne Boleyn, then maid of honour to Queen Catherine; unconscious that his rival was his sovereign. The attachment is believed to have been returned: and it has been said by some to have even led to an engagement.\* But King Henry discovered it: and Wolsey was employed to break it off.† He, as the best expedient for parting the lovers, sent for the father of the young lord to court; and induced him to use all his parental authority in enforcing on him a marriage with another. And, about the year 1524,‡ Lord Percy became the husband of the Lady Mary Talbot, daughter of George fourth Earl of Shrewsbury. The marriage was childless and unhappy, and ended in a separation. The interference of the Cardinal was never forgiven either by the Queen or her early admirer, and he was in time made to feel the vengeance of both—Anne undermined his hold on the King's affections: and, when in 1530 he was at length arrested at Cawood Castle near York, Lord Percy, who had become Earl of Northumberland,|| carried the warrant.

The policy of the Tudors in depressing the power of the ancient

have some fellow feeling for a disappointed claimant, says, at vol. iii. p. 527 of his *Restituta*:—"I confess that, till I can receive the contradiction of a strong case on the other side, I cannot reflect on the statement disclosed in this publication of Percy without strong suspicions that there was a good deal of truth mingled up with his claim:" while the author of an article in the *Collectanea Topographica et Genealogica*, says, at vol. ii. pp. 57-8:—"the claim of James Percy the trunk-maker, which was commenced in 1672, and maintained with singular pertinacity until 1689, is notorious from its remarkable circumstances; but his statements never obtained credit from judicious enquirers."

\* Life of Henry the VIII. by Lord Herbert of Cherbury, fol. p.p. 285-6.

† There is a modern ballad, professing to contain the lamentation of the Earl on his separation from his lady love, given in the *Legendary Div.* Vol. I. page 113.

‡ Lingard's *History of England*.

|| Thus in Shakspeare's *Henry VIII.*, Griffith, relating to Queen Katherine the end of Wolsey, says:—

"the stout Earl Northumberland  
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward  
(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer." Act IV., Scene 2.

But the shade of Wolsey was shortly to be avenged; for, by a refinement of cruelty, the Earl of Northumberland was obliged to sit on the trial of Queen Anne. She was found guilty on the 15th day of May, 1536; and sentenced to "be brought to the green within the tower and there burned or beheaded, as shall please the King." On the same day, when the Lord Rocheford was brought to the bar, the Earl of Northumberland was "absent on account of a sudden illness."—Could this illness have arisen from the part he had been compelled to take in the sentence of the Queen?

For the latter part of this note acknowledgements are again due to the kindness of the author of the "*Memorials of the Rebellion of 1569.*"



nobility, by forwarding an act of parliament to allow the breaking of entails, and by encouraging a lavish expenditure among their barons, while they filled the places of highest civil trust and emolument with persons of inferior birth, eventually did its work in the case of this Earl: and, towards the close of a life, whose dawn had been brilliantly promising, the pecuniary, as well as domestic, circumstances of Northumberland must have been desperate. His necessities, but not his will it may be presumed, consented to sue Cromwell, the upstart minister, for his interest to obtain for him the captaincy of Berwick. In a letter, dated from Topcliff, 6 November 1535, after stating that the death of Sir Thomas Clifford was expected, and that would make a vacancy, he thus proceeds:—"to whych rome, good Mr. Secretorye, I pray yow helpe me: wherby ye shall not only recover a pouer nobull man beyng in decaye, but also get your self much wyrsheppe, that bye your meanes so pouer a man shall be recoveryd, as I am; and bynd me, my frendes, and them that shall come off me, ever, (as never the lese I am most bondon affore) next the Kyng our Maister, to be tword you and all yours duryng ouer lyffes." And then he adds, what his experience,\* perhaps, of the secretary may have taught him would be a still more moving appeal to his feelings:—"And, good Mr. Secretary, I shall not fayl to gyff you a 1000 markes for the sayme, bryngyng yt to pas."† Whether or not this vacancy actually did occur, and this humble suit was successful, the embarrassments of the Earl cannot have been removed; for, in the following spring, he alienated to the King in fee, by a deed of bargain and sale dated the 3rd of February, 26 Henry VIII, his house of Petworth and other lands in Sussex, his lands in Hackney in Middlesex, and large estates in Lincolnshire, Pembrokshire, Carmarthenshire, and Somersetshire, &c. And this dispositon of his

\* Cromwell, as well as Northumberland, had been retained in the establishment of Wolsey, and probably both were contemporaneously in his service. Cromwell has generally been believed to have, on the fall of Wolsey; been conspicuous for "his honest behaviour in his master's cause" (*Cavendish*), and to have eventually left his service with his sanction; as the Cardinal joined in the fears of his *protege* lest his fortunes should be sacrificed to his fidelity.

"Say, Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,  
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour—  
Found thee a way, out of his wrack, to rise in."

Henry VIII., Act 3, Scene 2.

Yet the turn given by Dr. Lingard to Cromwell's conduct is, that he "despairing of the fortunes of the fallen favourite, hastened to court." It would be well, however, if the sectarian bias of Dr. Lingard, *pace tanti viri*, had never led him in a still less justifiable instance to foul the ashes of the distinguished dead. See the Quarterly Review, No. LXV. article 1.

† State Papers published by the Record Commission, Vol. v. p. 34.



property was, in the following spring, confirmed by Parliament.\* In the same session of Parliament another act† was passed, in the performance of certain covenants between the King and the Earl, settling all the other lands, that belonged to the Earl, upon himself and the issue of his body [of which there was none] and then upon the King “his heirs and successors for ever in augmentation and encrease of the imperial crown.” In this there are clauses saving to third parties their interests in such incumbrances as had previously‡ been made: and a small provision is thus reserved for his brother and heir presumptive, Sir Thomas Percy [who was not yet implicated in the Pilgrimage of Grace as it took place half a year later§], and for Henry and Thomas Percy sons of this brother.|| The difficulties in which the Earl allowed himself to be involved, and the disposition¶ he was in consequence led to make of the inheritance of his

\* An act of Parliament (27 Henry VIII. c. 38), passed in the spring of 1536, assures and confirms these extensive territories to the King in fee simple. See Statutes of the Realm, fol. 1817, Vol. III.

† 27 Henry VIII. c. 47. Statutes of the Realm, fol. 1817, vol. III.

‡ By sec: 17, the lands comprised in the Percy fee “equivalent in extent to half Craven,” were confirmed, “in consequence of a settlement,” to Henry Lord Clifford, in the event of his brother in law Northumberland dying without issue male. *Whitaker's Craven*, p. 235. 1st Ed. This territory was carried by the daughter and heiress of the fifth and last Earl of Cumberland, to her husband Richard Boyle Earl of Burlington and of Cork, and, through an heiress of this family, was transferred to the house of Cavendish, in which it is now vested.

§ The session called 27 Henry VIII., in which this and the previously mentioned acts were passed, commenced 4 February 1536, and the parliament itself was dissolved, 14 April 1536: but the Pilgrimage of Grace commenced as late as October, 1536, which was after the first session of the new parliament, and that, meeting 8 June in the same year, is styled 28 Henry VIII.

|| It is provided in this act (sec. 4.) that “Sir Thomas Percy, Knight, brother of the said Earl and his heirs and assigns” shall neither be prejudiced in the enjoyment of the manor of Kyldaele in Yorkshire which had been settled on him: nor (sec. 34) in an annuity of 100 marks out of the “Lordships and manors of Prowdehow, Ovyngham, Hedley, Harlowe, Horseley, Kyrkewhelpyngton, Ingo, Britley, and Baresford” in Northumberland: nor in the “constablesyp of the castell of Prowdehowe aforsayde with xli. yerly goyng out of the premysses for the exercysyng of the same offyce, nor also to or for the Stuardship of the seide Lorships manors Londs Tentements and other Heredytaments aforsayd with vi li. xiiis. iiid. sterlyng to and for exercysyng of the same offyce; all whiche premysses the sayd Sir Thomas Percy brother of the sayde Erle, and Thomas and Henry sonnes of the sayde Sir Thomas, have to them and to ther assignes for terme of there lyves and the longest lyver of them, as by graunte of the sayde Erle,”—“more pleynley appereth.”

¶ He might, perhaps, have been the less reluctant to transfer that part of the family possessions which was to vest in the crown; for he might entertain the hope that it would be kept together, and would, at some future period, be restored to his heirs,—a hope which the event would to a great extent have justified.

ancestors have rightly acquired for him the appellation of "Henry the Unthrifty."

The Earl expired together with all his accumulated titles, 30th June 1537, about the period of the execution of his next brother and heir Sir Thomas Percy; and not improbably of a heart broken at beholding the ruin of his house. The vial devoted to wrath, too full to hold this last calamity, shivered.

It will be recollected that Sir Thomas Percy, the attainted brother of the late Earl, had a family. It consisted of two sons who grew to manhood, named Thomas and Henry; besides a third son Guiscard, who is presumed to have died in infancy, and female issue. These had the mortification to see the title of Northumberland raised to a Dukedom, and, together with much of the lands of their ancestors, conferred by Edward VI., on John Dudley, the father in law of the Lady Jane Grey, the ill-fated and favourite cousin once removed of the young monarch. However, the wanned crescent\* of the Percies



PRUDOW CASTLE (A NCIENTLY THE SEAT OF THE UNFRAVILLES) GRANTED BY HENRY VI. TO THE FAMILY OF PERCY.

\* The perhaps ideal origin of this badge of the Percies is represented as forming one



was soon again to fill its horns. Mary succeeded to the throne, and the Dudleys in their turn were attainted\* for treason. The attachment of the house of Percy to the connection with Rome would ensure it the favourable consideration of the new Queen. And soon (in 1557) the elder of the two brothers so confirmed her regard by putting down a rebellion at Scarborough, that she restored to him those of his family possessions† which had lately been held by Dudley; and created anew‡ the Earldom of Northumberland§ and the barony of Percy with other titles, with limitations in tail male to himself and similar limitations in remainder to his brother Henry, after they had passed from their family for an interval of twenty

of the themes of the minstrels of their house.

“ They sung, how in the Conqueror’s fleet  
Lord William shipp’d his powers;  
And gained a fair young Saxon bride,  
With all her lands and towers.

Then journeying to the Holy Land,  
There bravely fought and died  
But first the *silver crescent* won  
Some paynim Soldan’s pride.

*Hermit of Warkworth.*

\* See “A Lamentable Ditty” on this subject, Vol. I. page 91.

† Besides these, the Percies eventually acquired, through Dudley’s attainder, Sion house, in Middlesex. Formerly a nunnery, it had been confiscated and granted to Dudley; but was restored by Mary to its ancient use. In the time of Elizabeth it was again secularized; and, though not one of the ancient Percy possessions, was at length granted by her to Henry Percy 9th Earl of Northumberland.

‡ Sir Harris Nicolas’ Synopsis of the Peerage, p. 483.

§ In 1558, the newly created Earl merited the continuance of her favour by commanding, together with his brother, the border cavalry which repelled at Grindon, not far from the Duddoe Stones, a formidable band of Scotch who were ravaging the country. Ridpath’s Border History, p. 590.



DUDDOE STONES.



years. However, after the accession of Elizabeth, the same religious opinions entangled him in a knot of difficulties, which he attempted, like his father, to cut with the sword.

The captivity of the beautiful Queen of Scots, the heiress presumptive to the crown of England, had awakened the sympathy of many of its nobility: but especially of those attached to the connection with Rome; since they hoped through her means eventually to obtain ascendance or toleration for their faith. Amongst these the Earls of Westmoreland and Northumberland had been brought to entertain \* projects for her liberation.

“And woe to the mermaid’s wyly tongue;

And woe to the fire was in her ’ee;

And woe for the wicking spell she flung,

That lur’d the North Star from the sky!”

It, nevertheless, does not appear that the Earls were then prepared to rush into open rebellion: but, as their consultations with their friends had excited a suspicion, which their explanations had been unable to remove, a letter was, on the 13th of November, 1569, delivered to Northumberland at his Yorkshire castle of Topcliff, peremptorily requiring his immediate attendance at court. This was at night followed by a hostile clamour about the castle; arising either from the zeal of headstrong friends who wished to startle him into committing † himself to a rebellion in which their hearts were already enlisted; or the loyalty of officious enemies who, though without warrant, expected to gain credit by arresting him. ‡ Alarmed for his personal safety, he immediately took horse and fled towards Alnwick: but unfortunately called, on his road, on the Earl of Westmoreland at Brancepath. And it was there determined to unfurl the banner of the five wounds of Christ against the protestant Queen. As “the Rising of the North, §” was unconcerted, its failure was generally anticipated. And hence those even who wished success to its objects, but who were sufficiently distant to escape being drawn in by its sudden vortex, were found shrinking from its standard, or marching against

\* See Sir C. Sharp’s “Memorials of the Rebellion of 1569,” pp. 193—6.

† Camden’s Annals under the year 1569.

‡ The account written in the spring of 1572, by Lesley, bishop of Ross, the faithful adherent of the Scottish Queen, and published in “Anderson’s Collections relating to Mary Queen of Scotland,” Vol. III. p. 81.

§ The events connected with this rebellion have been celebrated in several ballads, as “The Rising of the North,” given in the *Legendary Div.*, Vol. I. page 43; “Jock o’ the Side,” page 37; “Northumberland betrayed by the Douglas,” page 51; and another on the same subject with the last at Vol. II. page 12; “An Answer to the Proclamation of the Rebels,” p. 113; “The Pope’s Lamentation” on their defeat, p. 154; “Claxton’s Lament” in the “Memorials of the Rebellion,” p. 270.

it. On its suppression, \* the Earls of Westmoreland and Northumberland fled into Scotland for safety. Northumberland was there treated as a prisoner; and in the June of 1572, given up by the Earl of Morton, † into whose power he had passed, to Queen ‡ Elizabeth. He was then conducted to York, and beheaded there in a place called the Pavement, the 22nd of the following August. To crown the infamy of the transaction, his betrayer received in gold the price of blood.

Sir Walter Scott under feelings of shame and indignation, writes thus of the conduct of his countrymen:—"It was an additional and aggravating circumstance, that it was a Douglas who betrayed a Percy; and when the annals of their ancestors § were considered, it was found that while they presented many acts of open hostility, many instances of close and firm alliance, they never, till now, had afforded an example of any act of treachery exercised by one family against the other."||

The seventh Earl of Northumberland had by his wife ¶ the Lady Anne Somerset, daughter of the second Earl of Worcester, a son who died in early life, and four daughters; the coheirs of the eldest branch of the house of Percy. Of these daughters three were born previously, and one about nine months subsequently to the rebellion of their father: and they appear to have been early inured to poverty and hardship.\*\* The eldest daughter Elizabeth †† became the wife of

\* See Historical Div. Vol. I. pages 213—14.

† See Ridpath's Border History, p. 645. James Douglas, fourth Earl of Morton, was then the most powerful minister under the Scottish regent: and about six months afterwards himself attained to the regency.

‡ Lord Hunsdon, who in behalf of Elizabeth then received the custody of Northumberland, says of him "trewley he semes too follow hys owld humors, reddyar to talke of hawks and hownds than any thing els." Sir C. Sharp's Memorials of the Rebellion of 1569, p. 330. Such a man, attached to the simple pleasures of a country gentleman of his day, and possessed of endearing rather than commanding qualities, was little calculated to lead with success the rebellion into which untoward circumstances had plunged him.

§ A brief, but accurate account of the illustrious house of Douglas, will be found in the 2nd edition of Burke's Extinct Peerage.

|| Tales of my Grandfather, vol. iii. chap. 7.

¶ The Countess of Northumberland eventually found a retreat in Brussels, and is believed to have been accompanied by some cadets of the Percy family. There was a Belgian gentleman of the name of Percy resident in Brussels in 1838, who claimed to be an offshoot of the house of Northumberland, and who, not improbably, might be descended from one of these.

\*\* Sir C. Sharp's Memorials of the Rebellion of 1569, p. 349.

†† Amongst the lineal heirs of the daughters of the Earl mentioned above, would now lie in abeyance, were it not for the attainder of their ancestor, the ancient barony by writ of Percy, with the other baronies in fee of the family: and probably the older Earldom



Richard Woodroffe, of Wolley, Esq. The second, Lucy, was married to Sir Edward Stanley of Tong Castle, grandson of the third Earl of Derby.\* The third, Jane, was espoused by Lord Henry Seymour, second son of the first Duke of Somerset, but died without issue.† And Mary,‡ the youngest, born under the melancholy star that watched the ruin of her father's house, made early vows of celibacy,

of Northumberland also; as it is stated by Banks to have been conferred in the first year of Richard II. "*Sibi et hæredibus suis.*" For the descendants of this daughter see Banks' *Baronia Anglica Concentrata*. Vol. II. p. 369.

\* Burke's Peerage, title Earl of Derby. Their daughter and coheir Venetia Stanley, a lady of extraordinary beauty, but "of far purer birth than fame," became the wife of Sir Kenelm Digby, "whose name is almost synonymous with genius and excentricity." Preface to the private memoirs of Sir Kenelm Digby. For the descendants of Venetia Stanley see introduction to *ibid*.

† Banks' *Bar. Ang. Con.*

‡ Some writers, following Brooke, have stated that there was another sister Mary, older than this, and married to Sir Thomas Grey of Werk. Vincent however states that he made enquiries of contemporaneous members of the Percy family, and found that there were not two Maries. The mistake may probably be thus accounted for.—As the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland were attainted on the same occasion; and, as each left daughters only, their families might easily have been confounded with each other; and, as Katherine Nevill, a daughter of the latter Earl, actually did marry Sir Thomas Grey. Such a confusion might produce this erroneous statement. There is an elaborate pedigree of Grey of Heton, Chillingham, and Wark, in Raine's North Durham: and it may be mentioned, in confirmation of this view, that there, though the marriage with Katherine Nevill is mentioned, no notice occurs of an alliance with Mary Percy. However it may have been that, according to the fashion of an age when the inclinations of the bride elect were little consulted, the lady Mary Percy had in childhood been simply betrothed to Sir Thomas Grey.



WARKWORTH CASTLE, NORTHUMBERLAND, GRANTED BY EDWARD III. TO THE FAMILY OF PERCY



and eventually became founder and prioress of a convent of Benedictine nuns at Brussels.

Sir Henry Percy, the brother of the last Earl, was able, spirited, ambitious and intriguing: yet something of a pervading restraint seems to have been thrown over his daring character by the strength of his affection towards his wife and children; and by his anxiety that such moderate \* portion of the family possessions as had been restored should be transmitted to his own issue. † He had been privy to the plans for the liberation of Mary, formed previously to the "Rising."



HULNE ABBEY, IN THE GROUNDS OF THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND NEAR ALNWICK.

But, on his brother's sudden rebellion, foreseeing probably that it must be unsuccessful, and trusting that his allegiance would save the estates and titles from being again confiscated entirely from the house of Percy, he made a shew of loyalty to his Queen, ‡ took the joint command of a force with Sir John Forster one of her captains, and is said to have even come to a skirmish with the rebels. § After the suppression of this rebellion, his connivance at former plots became

\* Memorials pp. 337. 355. And, for the amount of rental, at that period, of the Percy property in Northumberland, see note therein p. 83.

† Idem, p. 356.

‡ Idem, p. 55.

§ It may not be improbable that the skirmishes, mentioned in a letter Idem, p. 109. Holinshed's Scotland, p. 397. and Stow's Annals, p. 664, (in the latter two of which, Sir Henry Percy is mentioned as having taken part,) allude to the same transaction, though there is a slight difference in their dates.

known to the court : But it is probable he found a *secret friend* there in the person of Cecil ; the marriage of whose son to Dorothy Nevill, the daughter and coheir of the fourth Lord Latimer and his own sister in law, he seems previously to have forwarded\*—an alliance which must have been highly advantageous to the aspiring family of the minister. However he was indicted, in Easter term 1572, (the crime by perhaps a mild construction being treated as a contempt) “for that he with divers others, did conspire for the delivery of the Queen of Scots out of the custody of the Earl of Shrewsbury †” and, on pleading guilty, was fined 5,000 marks ; though their payment was never exacted. And the house of Percy was thus made to afford almost contemporaneously an instance both of the clemency, and of the rigour of the Queen. He succeeded his brother in the estates and newly created titles, under the late entail by Queen Mary unaffected by his attainder ; ‡ and thus became eighth Earl of Northumberland. But he was afterwards suspected of participating in a plot, charged against Sir Francis Throgmorton, to effect the liberation of the Queen of Scots by a conjoint invasion and rebellion : and was, in 1584, in consequence, sent to the tower. Here on the 21st of June 1585, he was found shot in bed ; but whether by the hands of an assassin or a suicide has been by some supposed to remain still a problem in history. However the attendant circumstances, followed by the verdict of the coroner’s jury, § make it more reasonable to conclude that, anticipating a conviction, and true to his ruling passion, zeal for the prosperity ¶ of his line, he rashly determined to take his own life, in order that, by dying unattainted, he might be able to transmit ¶ to his family their interest in his estates ; and, as he himself is said to have expressed it, “to balk Queen Elizabeth of their forfeiture.” \*\*

After his accession to the title, this Earl had lived much at

\* Memorials p. 352.

† Official memorandum from the records of the court of Queen Bench printed in Corbett’s state trials, Vol. I. 1115.

‡ “In virtue of Philip and Mary’s letters patent, May 1, 1557, granting the Earldom to Thomas and the heirs male of his body, and in failure thereof to Henry with the same limitations : the latter grant being distinct from that to his elder brother, and not affected by his attainder ; though it could not take place till his decease.” Carte’s History of England Vol. III. p. 590.

§ Corbett’s State Trials, Vol. I. 1122. ¶ Idem.

¶ “If a traitor dies before judgment pronounced, or is killed in open rebellion, or is hanged by martial law, it works no forfeiture of his land : for he was never attainted of treason.” Blackstone’s Commentaries Vol. IV. p. 382. And by *felo de se*, unlike the felony committed by the murder of another, the personal property only is forfeited.

\*\* Carte’s History of England Vol. III. p. 590.



Petworth in Sussex; for the border had ceased to be the post of danger and of honour. The influence of England was then all powerful in the Scottish counsels; and in the next reign the crowns of both kingdoms were fixed on the same head; and the days of northern chivalry had drawn to a close. What remains, therefore, of the Percy descents shall be hastily glanced over. The Earl had married Catherine Nevill, the daughter and coheir of John fourth Lord Latimer, to whom had devolved a confluence of baronies by writ,\* which remain yet in abeyance amongst the descendants of his daughters †—By her the Earl had eight sons ‡ and three daughters.

Henry Percy, the eldest son was in his 22nd year when, on the death of his father, he became ninth Earl of Northumberland. Three years later he seized the opportunity of gaining honourable distinction by joining as a volunteer in the expedition which destroyed the Spanish Armada. The sufferings of his family in the cause of Mary were likely to recommend him to the confidence of her son: and in the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth, whilst yet some uncertainty hung over the succession of James, he deserved the gratitude of that King and of the English and Scotch nations by forwarding by his secret counsels that auspicious event which finally produced their union. Yet, though unlike his ancestors he had embraced the doctrines of the reformation, he was suspected of a connivance in the

\* Besides, according to Banks, the coheirship of the Earldom of Suffolk.—See *Baronia Anglica Concentrata*, Vol. I.

† After the death of the 4th Baron Latimer, that title was claimed (Camden's Annals Sub. A. D. 1585) and, apparently, for a short time even assumed, by a male collateral relative; but, as it was a barony by writ, the daughters and their descendants as heirs general have a preference over the cousin as heir male. See *Baronia Anglica Concentrata*.

‡ Of these George went to Virginia, and is alleged in Brydges' Collins, Vol. II. p. 328, to have "died in March 1632, having never been married" yet it is stated in *Baronia Anglica Concentrata* that in 1827 there were, amongst the landholders in Virginia, "two brothers of the name of Percy who claimed descent from the said Mr. George Percy." Two other of the sons of the eighth Earl, Sir Charles and Sir Josceline Percy were involved in the Earl of Essex's insurrection; and were committed on that account to the Fleet prison; but were afterwards pardoned. It is curious to observe that in one of the Cecil papers published in Lodge's Historical Illustrations, Vol. III. p. 120, their names are spelled "Pearcy;" while the surname of the 7th Earl of Northumberland is, in the register of his burial at St. Crux, York, spelled "Pearsey:" and hence it is reasonable to presume that "John Pearsye" a gentleman usher, and "Robert Pearsey" a gentleman and household servant, to this Earl, who were both confined to Durham jail for participation in the rising of the North (*Memorials* p. 129) would have been drawn by warmer ties than those of mere servitude to the standard of their unfortunate Lord. In the accounts commonly given of the family of the eighth Earl all the sons, except the eldest are said to have died without issue.



gunpowder plot, in consequence solely of his friendship for his kinsman Thomas Percy,\* his constable of Alnwick castle, who was one of the conspirators: and, in 1605, a little more than two years after the accession of James, was arrested on that ground, and, through a sentence of the court of Star chambers, was fined £20,000 and imprisoned above fifteen years in the tower. The Earl however, who was much adicted to scientific pursuits, lived for some years after his release in great splendour, and died in the year 1632, on the 5th of November—the day which had brought upon him so many troubles.†

By his wife the lady Dorothy Devereux, sister of the Earl of Essex, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth, he had, two daughters, and two surviving sons. The elder of the daughters, the Lady Dorothy, timid, affectionate and sensible, conferred and received as much happiness,‡ as this chequered state admits of, in her marriage with Robert Sidney, second Earl of Leicester: while the younger, the Lady Lucy, haughty, eccentric and intriguing, found a field for the display of her rare beauty§ and talent in uniting herself to James Hay, an adventurous courtier whom the favour of James I. exalted to the Earldom of Carlisle. The younger of the sons, Henry Percy, was a gallant royalist general in the civil wars, and died unmarried; after having been elevated to the peerage by Charles I., with the title of Baron Percy of Alnwick.

Algernon Percy the elder son, succeeding his father, became tenth Earl of Northumberland. He was a man of great consideration with all parties. In the rupture between the king and parliament he eventually sided with the latter; possibly taking his notions of the gratitude of princes and the justice of the Star chamber from the experience of his father. Yet he deprecated the outrageous excess committed by his own party in the execution of their sovereign. He afterwards favoured the restoration; and then with even the royalists so high was his estimation that he was appointed to fill, at the coronation of Charles II., the dignified office of lord high constable. This Earl, who had resided much at Petworth, died, in the sixty-sixth year of his age, 13th Oct. 1668. He had been twice

\* See Note, p. 300.

† Banks' Extinct Baronage, Vol. II. A memoir of this Earl is given in Lodge's Portraits.

‡ See extracts from her letters to her husband given in the sketch of her in Lodge's Portraits. She was mother of Algernon Sidney, celebrated as an enthusiastic republican and author of "Discourses Concerning Government," whose execution has been considered one of the judicial murders perpetrated by Lord Chief Justice Jeffreys.

§ Her beauty was such that Venus is styled, by the poet Waller, "The bright Carlisle of the court of Heaven."—*The country to my Lady of Carlisle.* There is a memoir of her in Lodge's Portraits.



INNER GATEWAY ALNWICK CASTLE.

married; but his issue male, an only son, was by his second wife, the Lady Elizabeth Howard,\* daughter of Theophilus second Earl of Suffolk.

Josceline Percy, eleventh† and last Earl of Northumberland of his line, was twenty-four years old at the demise of the late Earl his father. He was the sole hope of his noble house whose expectations were raised very high for him: nor were these doomed to be disappointed otherwise than by his premature death; which took place, 21st May, 1670, at Turin, as he was on his travels on the continent, after he had held possession of his honours a little less than two years. He had married the lady Elizabeth Wriothesley, the daughter and coheir of Thomas fourth Earl of Southampton, lord high treasurer of England: and had issue a son and two daughters. The son Henry, Lord Percy, the last heir apparent to the titles of his house died in infancy 2nd of May, 1668, more than two years before his father.

After these events, the Northumberland title and territory were for

\* By his marriage with this lady, the Earl acquired the noble residence at Charing Cross, London, which thence changing its name with its proprietors, is still enjoyed by their descendants.

† He was the eighteenth Lord of Petworth of his family. See Dallaway's *Sussex*, Vol. II. page 279.



a short time severed. The Earldom,\* afterwards raised to a Dukedom, was conferred by Charles II., on his own illegitimate son George Fitzroy; who, however, died without issue. The territory we shall find to have centered in the heiress of the last mentioned Earl of the Percy house.

The younger of the daughters, of the tenth Earl of Northumberland, the Lady Henrietta Percy, having died whilst an infant; the elder, the Lady Elizabeth Percy, became sole heiress of her father. She was married to Charles Seymour, known to history as the proud Duke of Somerset;† and had a large family;‡ of which the eldest surviving son Algernon Seymour, Duke of Somerset§ by descent, and Earl of Northumberland, and of Egremont by creation, had, with a son who died young, a daughter and sole heiress, the Lady Elizabeth Seymour. This lady became the wife of Sir Hugh Smithson, a Yorkshire baronet, who in consequence of this alliance, assumed the name of Percy and obtained the Dukedom of Northumberland: and she transmitted to her grandson by this marriage, Hugh Percy, the present Duke of Northumberland, the sole lineal representation of the last four Earls of the house of Percy, together with all which should accompany the living blood of his princely ancestors.

\* Shortly previous to this creation James Percy the trunk-maker emerged from obscurity and unsuccessfully prosecuted his claim. See p. 304.

† The Lady Elizabeth Percy, though very young in 1682 when this marriage took place, had already been previously married to Henry Cavendish, Earl of Ogle, the eldest son of the duke of Newcastle, who died without issue; and had been contracted to Thomas Thynne, Esq., of Longleat, whose bright prospects procured his assassination through a rival in 1682. This tragic incident is represented in bas relief on his monument in Westminster Abbey.

‡ Of this family the only personages who had surviving issue at all were Duke Algernon, the son and successor, and a daughter, the Lady Catherine Seymour, married to Sir William Wyndham, the tory leader of the opposition to the Walpole administration in the time of George I.:—

That "Wyndham, just to freedom and the throne,  
The master of our passions and his own."—*Pope*.

On the death of Duke Algernon without any surviving son, his dukedom of Somerset devolved on a distant cousin on his father's side; the Earldom of Egremont, together with the honour of Petworth and some lands in Yorkshire passed by a peculiar patent and settlement to his nephew Sir Charles Wyndham, the son of the above mentioned marriage; and the Earldom of Northumberland devolved according to its limitation, with the estates in Northumberland and Middlesex, on his son in law Sir Hugh Smithson.

§ During his father's life he was styled Earl of Hartford, the second title of his family:—

"Now Percy's name no more does fill the north;  
Hartford succeeds in honor, fame, and worth  
Seymour and Percy both in him unite—  
He a good patriot, and a hardy knight."—*Cheviot*.



AN

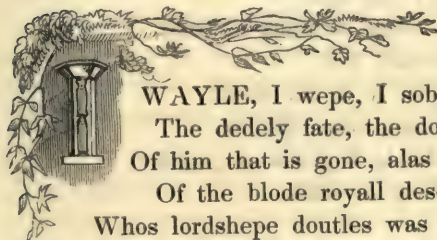
# Elegy on Henry fourth Earl of Northumberland.

FROM "PERCY'S RELIQUES."



HE subject of this poem, which was written by Skelton, is the death of Henry Percy, fourth Earl of Northumberland, who fell a victim to the avarice of Henry VII. In 1489 the parliament had granted the king a subsidy for carrying on the war in Bretagne. This tax was found so heavy in the north, that the whole country was in a flame. The Earl of Northumberland, then lord lieutenant for Yorkshire, wrote to inform the king of the discontent, and praying an abatement. But nothing is so unrelenting as avarice: the king wrote back that not a penny should be abated. This message being delivered by the Earl with too little caution, the populace rose, and, supposing him to be the promoter of their calamity, broke into his house, and murdered him, with several of his attendants, who yet are charged by Skelton with being backward in their duty on this occasion. This melancholy event happened at the Earl's seat at Cocklodge, near Thirske, in Yorkshire. April 28, 1489.

SKELTON LAUREAT UPON THE DOLORUS DETHE AND MUCH LAMENTABLE CHAUNCE  
OF THE MOOST HONORABLE ERLE OF NORTHUMBERLANDE.



WAYLE, I wepe, I sobbe, I sigh ful sore  
The dedely fate, the dolefulle destenny  
Of him that is gone, alas! withoute restore,  
Of the blode royall descendinge nobelly;  
Whos lordshepe doutles was slayne lamentably  
Thorow treson ageyn hym compassyd and wrought;  
Trew to his prince, in word, in dede, and thought.

Of hevenly poems, O Clio calde by name  
In the college of musis goddess hystoriall,

Adres the to me, whiche am both halt and lame  
 In elect uteraunce to make memoryall:  
 To the for soccour, to the for helpe I call  
 Myne homely rudnes and drighnes to expelle  
 With the freshe waters of Elyconys welle.

Of noble actes auneyently enrolde,  
 Of famous princis and lordes of astate,  
 By thy report ar wonte to be extold,  
 Regestringe trewly every formare date;  
 Of thy bountie after the usuall rate  
 Kyndle in me suche plenty of thy noblès,  
 Thes sorrowfulle dities that I may shew expres.

In sesons past who hathe harde or sene  
 Of formar writinge by any presidente  
 That vilane hastarddis in ther furious tene,  
 Fulfylde with malice of froward entente,  
 Confeterd togeder of commoun concente  
 Falsly to slo ther moste singular goode lorde?  
 It may be registerde of shamefull recorde.

So noble a man, so valiaunt lorde and knight,  
 Fulfilled with honor, as all the worlde dothe ken;  
 At his commaundement, whiche had bothe day and night  
 Knyghtis and squyers, at every season when  
 He calde upon them, as menyall houshold men:  
 Were no thes commones uncurteis karlis of kynde  
 To slo their owne lorde? God was not in their minde.

And were not they to blame, I say also,  
 That were aboute hym, his owne servants of trust,  
 To suffre hym slayn of his mortall fo?  
 Fled away from hym, let hym ly in the dust:  
 They bode not till the rekening were discust.  
 What shuld I flatter? what shulde I glosse or paynt?  
 Fy, fy for shame, their harts wer to faint.

In Englande and Fraunce, which gretly was redouted;  
 Of whom both Flaunders and Scotland stode in drede;  
 To whome grete astates obeyde and lowttede;  
 A mayny of rude villyans made him for to blede:  
 Unkindly they slew him, that help them oft at nede:

He was their bulwark, their paves, and their wall,  
Yet shamfully they slew hym; that shame mot them befall.

I say, ye commoners, why wer ye so stark mad  
What frantyk frensy fyll in youre brayne?  
Where was your wit and reson, ye shuld have had?  
What willfull foly made yow to ryse agayne  
Your naturall lord? alas! I can not fayne.  
Ye armed you with will, and left your wit behynd;  
Well may you be called comones most unkynd.

He was your chyfteyne, your shelde, your chef defence,  
Redy to assyst you in every tyme of nede:  
Your worship depended of his excellence:  
Alas! ye mad men, to far ye did excede:  
Your hap was unhappy, to ill was your spede:  
What movyd you agayn hym to war or fight?  
What aylde you to sle your lord agyn all right?

The grounde of his quarel was for his sovereyn lord,  
The welle concernyng of all the hole lande,  
Demaundyng soche duties as nedis most acord  
To the right of his prince which shold not be withstand;  
For whos cause ye slew hym with your awne hande:  
But had his nobill men done wel that day,  
Ye had not been hable to have saide him nay.

But ther was fals packinge, or els I am begylde:  
How-be-it the matter was evident and playne,  
For yf they had occupied ther spere and ther shelde,  
This noble man doutles had not be slayne.  
Bot men say they wer lynked with a double chayn,  
And held with the commouns under a cloke,  
Whiche kindeled the wyld fyre that made all this smoke.

The commouns renyed ther taxes to pay  
Of them demaunded and asked by the kinge;  
With one voice importune, they playnly said nay:  
They buskt them on a bushment themself in baile to bringe:  
Agayne the kings plesure to wrastle or to wringe,  
Bluntly as bestis withe hoste and with cry  
They saide, they forsede not, nor carede not to dy.



The noblenes of the northe this valiant lorde and knyght,  
 As man that was innocent of trechery or trayne,  
 Presed forthe boldly to witstand the myght,  
 And, lyke marciall Hector, he fauht them agayne,  
 Vigorously upon them with myght and with mayne,  
 Trustinge in noble men that wer with hym there:  
 Bot all they fled from hym for falshode or fere.

Barons, knights, squyers, one and alle,  
 Togeder with servaunts of his famuly,  
 Turned their backis, and let ther master fall,  
 Of whos [life] they counted not a flye;  
 Take up whos wolde for them, they let hym ly.  
 Alas! his golde, his fee, his annuall rente  
 Upon suche a sort was ille bestowde and spent.

He was envyrone aboute on every syde  
 Withe his enemys, that were stark mad and wode;  
 Yet whils he stode he gave them woundes wyde:  
 Alas for routhe! what thouche his mynde were goode,  
 His corage manly, yet ther he shed his bloode!  
 All left alone, alas! he fawte in vayne;  
 For cruelly amonge them ther he was slayne.

Alas for pite! that Percy thus was spylt,  
 The famous Erle of Northumberlande:  
 Of knightly prowès the sworde pomel and hylt,  
 The myghty lyoun doutted by se and lande!  
 O dolorous chaunce of fortunes fruward hande!  
 What man remembring how shamfully he was slayne,  
 From bitter weepinge hymself kan restrayne?

O cruell Mars, thou dedly god of war!  
 O dolorous teusday, dedicate to thy name,  
 When thou shoke thy sworde so noble a man to mar!  
 O grounde ungracious, unhappy be thy fame,  
 Whiche wert endyed with rede blode of the same!  
 Moste noble erle! O fowle mysuryd grounde  
 Whereon he gat his fynal dedely wounde!

O Atropos, of the fatall systers thre,  
 Goddes mooste cruell unto the lyf of man,  
 All merciles, in the ys no pite!

O homicide, whiche sleest all that thou kan,  
 So forcibly upon this erle thow ran,  
 That with thy sworde enharpid of mortall drede,  
 Thou kit asonder his perfight vitall threde !

My wordis unpullysht be nakide and playne,  
 Of aureat poems they want ellumynynge ;  
 Bot by them to knoulege ye may attayne  
 Of this lordis dethe and of his murdrynge.  
 Which whils he lyvyd had fuyson of every thing,  
 Of knights, of squyers, chef lord of toure and toune,  
 Tyl fykill fortune began on hym to frowne,

Paregall to dukis, with kings he myght compare,  
 Surmountinge in honor all erls he did excede,  
 To all cuntreis aboute hym reporte me I dare.  
 Lyke to Eneas benygne in worde and dede,  
 Valiaunt as Hector in every marciall nede,  
 Provydent, discrete, circumspect, and wyse,  
 Tyll the chaunce ran agyne him of fortunes duple dyse.

What nedethe me for to extoll his fame  
 With my rude pen enkankerd all with rust ?  
 Whos noble actis shew worsheply his name,  
 Transcendyng far myne homely muse, that must  
 Yet sumwhat wright supprid with hartly lust,  
 Truly reportinge his right noble astate,  
 Immortally whiche is immaculate.

His noble blode never disteynyd was,  
 Trew to his prince for to defende his right,  
 Doublenes hatinge, fals maters to compas,  
 Tretyory and treson he bannesht out of syght,  
 With trowth to medle was all his hole delyght,  
 As all his kuntrey kan testefy the same :  
 To slo suche a lord, alas, it was grete shame.

If the hole quere of the musis nyne  
 In me all onely wer sett and comprisyde,  
 Enbrethed with the blast of influence dyvyne,  
 As perfightly as could be thought or devysyd :  
 To me also allthouche it were promysyde

Of laureat Phebus holy the eloquence,  
All were to litill for his magnyficence.

O yonge lyon, bot tender yet of age,  
Grow and encrease, remembre thyn astate,  
God the assyst unto thyn herytage,  
And geve the grace to be more fortunate,  
Agayne rebellyouns arme to make debate.  
And, as the lyoun, whiche is of bestis kinge,  
Unto thy subjectis be kurteis and benyngne.

I pray God sende the prosperous lyf and long,  
Stabille thy mynde constant to be and fast,  
Right to mayntein, and to resist all wronge :  
All flattringe faytors abhor and from the cast,  
Of foule detraction God kepe the from the blast :  
Let double delinge in the have no place,  
And be not light of credence in no case.

Wythe hevy chere, with dolorous hart and mynd,  
Eche man may sorow in his inward thought,  
Thys lords death, whose pere is hard to fynd  
Allgyf Englund and Fraunce were thorow saught.  
Al kings, all princes, all dukes, well they ought  
Bothe temporall and spirituall for to complayne  
This noble man, that crewelly was slayne.

More specially barons, and those knyghtes bold,  
And all other gentilmen with hym enterteynd  
In fee, as menyall men of his housold,  
Whom he as lord worsheply manteynd :  
To sorowfull weping they ought to be constreynd,  
As oft as thei call to ther remembraunce,  
Of ther good lord the fate and dedely chaunce.

O perlese prince of hevyn emperyalles,  
That with one worde formed al thing of noughte ;  
Hevyn, hell, and erth obey unto thi kall ;  
Which to thy resemblance wondersly hast wrought  
All mankynd whom thou full dere hast boght,  
With thy blode precious our finaunce thou dyd pay,  
And us redemed; from the fendys pray :



To the pray we, as prince incomperable,  
 As thou art of mercy and pite the well,  
 Thou bringe unto thy joye etermynable  
 The sowle of this lorde from all daunger of hell,  
 In endles blis with the to byde and dwell  
 In thy palace above the orient,  
 Where thou art lorde, and God omnipotent.

O quene of mercy, O lady full of grace,  
 Maiden moste pure, and goddis moder dere,  
 To sorowfull harts chef comfort and solace,  
 Of all women O floure withouten pere,  
 Pray to thy son above the starris clere,  
 He to vouchesaf by thy mediatioun  
 To pardon thy servant, and bringe to salvacion.

In joy triumphaunt the heavenly yerarchy,  
 With all the hole sorte of that glorious place,  
 His soule mot receyve into ther company  
 Thorowe bounte of hym that formed all solace:  
 Well of pite, of mercy, and of grace,  
 The father, the son, and the holy goste  
 In Trinitate one God of myghts moste.

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DESCRIPTION BY DR. JOHNSON  
 OF  
 DURHAM CASTLE AND CATHEDRAL;

EXTRACTED FROM A LETTER BY HIM TO MRS. THRALE, DATED 12, AUGUST, 1773.

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"THE next Stage brought us to Durham, a place of which Mr. Thrale bad me take particular notice. The Bishop's palace has the appearance of an old feudal castle, built upon an eminence, and looking down upon the river, upon which was formerly a draw-bridge, as I suppose, to be raised at night, lest the Scots should possess it.

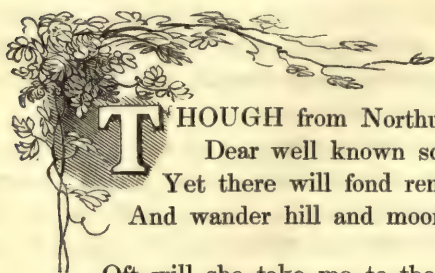
The Cathedral has a massyness and solidity such as I have seen in no other place; it rather awes than pleases, as it strikes with a kind of gigantic dignity, and aspires to no other praise than that of rocky solidity and undeterminate duration."

*From an old Contributor now Abroad.*

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"When the Lord turned our Captivity then were we like to them that dream."—*Psalm cxxvi. verse 1.*

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THOUGH from Northumbria far away—  
 Dear well known scenes I view no more—  
 Yet there will fond remembrance stray,  
 And wander hill and moorland o'er.

Oft will she take me to the wood,  
 Within its soft and verdant glade,  
 Bearing my soul beyond the flood  
 To where my youthful footsteps strayed.

Oh! God who never hears in vain,  
 A humble and a heartfelt prayer,  
 Oh, let me to that land again,  
 Home of my heart, once more repair!

Could I but stand dear Wansbeck by,  
 And hear its sweetly murmuring stream,  
 Turn'd would be my Captivity,  
 I should be like to them that dream!

---

ANECDOTE.

THE late Mr. S—— of Durham, a member of the society of Friends, was once travelling by stage coach to Darlington, when a gentlemen who sat near him avowed infidel sentiments and began to ridicule the sacred volume—"Friend," said Mr. S. "what dost thee find so ridiculous in the Bible?" "Oh!" said the infidel, "what man in his senses can believe that a stone from a sling could sink into a man's head and kill him." "Why," said Mr. S. "if Goliath's head was as soft as thine there could have been no difficulty about it!"

## GIBB'S CROSS.



IN former times, many small crosses were erected over the wild districts of Northumberland. They were simple in structure, consisting merely of a free stone, nearly a foot square and about three feet long, set upright in another large free stone, which was hollowed out to receive it. Those in the neighbourhood of towns and villages were chiefly set up for markets to be held near them, during those periods when the plague rendered it unsafe for buyers and sellers to assemble in populous places. But the greater number were placed, where a combat or battle had occurred, to indicate the spot where some distinguished personage fell. Thus "Battle Cross," at Otterburne, before it was removed in 1776, shewed where the heroic Douglas sank beneath the Northumbrian lances; and "Percy's Cross," at Hedgeley Moor, still points out where that warrior, in 1463, yielded up his life in the cause of his sovereign. Others of less note have long been demolished; yet of these, not a few have given names to the localities amid which they were situated. Harwood Head near Elsdon, where William Winter was gibbeted, is still called "Sting Cross:" a spot of ground, between Monkridge Hall and Overacres, in Redesdale, is named "Stob Cross;" and at Hareshaw Head, between Bellingham and Otterburne, "Gibb's Cross" stood a few yards to the east of a solitary dwelling house, now in ruins. The socket or stone in which the latter pointed heaven-ward, was still in its place about twenty years ago: it was not unlike a small *swine-trough*, but more massive in its form, and the lower portion was sunk firmly in the earth.

It is said that this rude vestige of a ruder age is connected with a tale, only a fragment of which has floated down, on the breath of time, to the present day. A few miles to the west may be seen the remains of Tarsset Castle; and about a mile still farther, on the opposite side of North Tyne, appear the green mounds where Dally Castle was situated. The lords of these strongholds were men of great stature, and distinguished prowess: but no good will, apparently, existed between them; for he of Tarsset Castle became enamoured of the sister of his neighbour, and made love to her privately, being aware that his suit would not receive the approval of her high-minded



brother. So far, however, did the charms of the fair damsel of Dally Castle prevail over her lover, that he entertained an idea of forming a subterranean passage between the two fortresses, that he might the more frequently visit her unobserved. Whether this project was ever attempted to be carried into execution, we know not ; but the stolen interviews, that Gilbert of Tarsset Castle enjoyed with his lady-love, were, like all earthly pleasures, only of short duration. On one of his visits, he was detected by her brother ; and a battle, furious in proportion to their strength and valour, was the consequence. He of Dally Castle, ultimately, proved the better man ; and the other ignominiously endeavoured to save himself by a speedy retreat. With his enemy at his heels, he crossed the Tyne, passed his own residence, and betook himself to the wild moors of Hareshaw. When he had gained the highest point of the broken road which leads over that sable eminence, he was overtaken by his pursuer : another combat ensued, and, again, he of Dally Castle was victorious. Hence the memorial was set up on the spot where Gilbert fell ; and from age to age, it was known to the people in that neighbourhood by the name of "Gibb's Cross."—*R. White's MSS.*

### Canine Sagacity.



EARLY in the year 1819, the *Jane* of Blyth, a fine new vessel, on her first voyage, was totally lost near the Khol ; the mate and four men were saved by a Norwegian vessel, and landed at Elsinore, but the master was unfortunately drowned. A dog was on board the *Jane*, which, with the crew, was picked up by the Norwegian vessel, as above stated. This animal called Pincher was given to the Norwegian captain by the mate of the *Jane*, and proceeded with the vessel to Riga, after which time nothing had been heard of this faithful animal until the evening of Monday, June 27th 1819, when he arrived at the residence of his late master in Blyth, much cut up by want and apparent long travelling. It is highly probable that the dog had got on board of some vessel coming to the north of England, and leaving her as soon as possible, had proceeded to his former abode.—*Blyth Gleaner.*

## THE BAILLIE OF BERWICK ;

OR,

THERE WAS AN OLD MAN CAME OVER THE LEA.

## An Old North Country Song.

COMMUNICATED BY J. H. DIXON, ESQ.



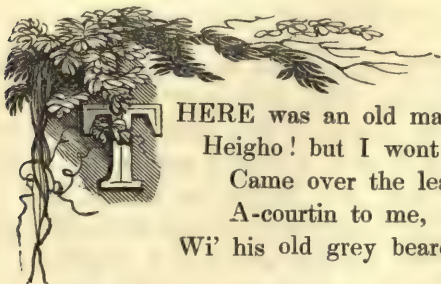
HIS curious and humourous song is from a copy taken down some years since, from the singing of Mrs. Mason, an elderly lady, with whom I resided when a boy, at Gaw-Flatt, near Skipton in Craven, and who died about two years ago, an octogenarian. She was the widow of a clergyman, and the respectability of her character, and the pleasant situation of the little farm house where she resided, induced many to place their children under her roof. The old farm house is now numbered with the things that were, and its scite occupied by a gentleman's seat. A year ago I passed the spot, and changed as it was, there was still enough remaining, to call to my remembrance "the solitary grange," the boys, the long winter nights, and the tales, the legends, the nursery rhymes, and the old songs of Mrs. Mason. In many of our ancient ditties, there are passages which in these times, are not "quite the thing !" Whenever these occurred, the good old person would alter the verse, but the alteration would be sure to be made in so unpoetical a manner, as to induce the boys to supply the hiatus, and give the true reading ! This would please her amazingly ; she would remove her spectacles, laugh heartily and say "But you know, young gentlemen, *I* did not say so !"

A garbled version is to be found, in a rather scarce work called "The Sky Lark," published in London at the close of the last century, and where it is called a "Scotch song, sung at Ranelagh." *Version* is the proper term to apply to the four-verse song in the Sky Lark, for it cannot be called a copy, being in a different metre to the following, which I have no doubt, is the original. A version is also to be found in "The Robin," a work published in London, in the year 1749, and commencing thus.—

"The auld carle cam o'er the croft  
Wi' his beard new shaven."

The air to which Mrs. Mason gave it, is an English tune of a simple

nature, but original, exceedingly characteristic, and stamped with undoubted antiquity. I have sometimes thought that this witty and quaint song suggested to Burns, the idea of his "Duncan Grey," and his "Last night a braw woer." Could this be proved, it would enhance its value, and render its publication in the Table Book doubly interesting.



HERE was an old man came over the lea,  
Heigho! but I wont have him—  
Came over the lea  
A-courtin to me,  
Wi' his old grey beard just newly shaven.\*

My mother bid me go ask him his name,  
Heigho! but I wont have him—  
Ballie Greig was his name,  
And from Berwick he came,  
Wi' his old grey beard just newly shaven.

My mother bid me go ask him to stay,  
Heigho! but I wont have him—  
I asked him to stay,  
But I wished him away,  
Wi' his old grey beard just newly shaven.

My mother bid me go fetch him a stool,  
Heigho! but I wont have him—  
I fetched him a stool,  
And he sat like a fool,  
Wi' his old grey beard just newly shaven.

My mother bid me go fetch him a chair,  
Heigho! but I wont have him—  
I fetched him a chair,  
And he did girn and stare,  
Wi' his old grey beard just newly shaven.

My mother bid me go spread him the cloth,  
Heigho! but I wont have him—

\* Pronounced 'Shavven.'



I spread him the cloth  
 And he kissed me—the Goth!  
 Wi' his old grey beard just newly shaven.

My mother bid me go fetch him some pie,  
 Heigho! but I wont have him—  
 I fetched him some pie,  
 And he cut it awrye,  
 Wi' his old grey beard just newly shaven.

My mother bid me go fetch him some tart,  
 Heigho! but I wont have him—  
 I fetched him some tart,  
 \* \* \* \* \*,  
 Wi' his old grey beard just newly shaven.

My mother bid me go fetch him some bread,  
 Heigho! but I wont have him—  
 I fetched him some bread,  
 And he waggled his head,  
 Wi' his old grey beard just newly shaven.

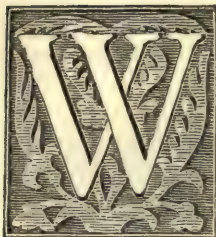
My mother bid me go draw him some ale,  
 Heigho! but I wont have him—  
 I drew him some ale,  
 And he supped like a whale,  
 Wi' his old grey beard just newly shaven.

My mother bid me go get him a light,  
 Heigho! but I wont have him—  
 I got him a light,  
 But he could not walk straight,  
 Wi' his old grey beard just newly shaven.

My mother bid me go shew him to bed,  
 Heigho! but I wont have him—  
 I shewed him to bed,  
 And he asked me to wed,  
 Wi' his old grey beard just newly shaven.

My mother tells me he has plenty of brass,  
 Heigho! but I wont have him—  
 Old Nick take his brass,  
 I will neer be his lass,  
 Wi' his old grey beard just newly shaven!

## WALLBOTTLE DEAN.



WALLBOTTLE Dean, about seven miles west from Newcastle, through which runs the Newburn, is a beautiful and romantic ravine; and in some parts affords very remarkable scenery. The deadly nightshade, a poisonous plant of the narcotic kind is found here. The berries, though less powerful than the leaves, have often produced fatal effects, especially among children, who often mistake them for sloes. A few years since, three boys belonging to the neighbourhood of Newburn, eat a quantity of them, to one of whom they proved fatal: the other two were, with difficulty, recovered by proper medicines. After this circumstance happened, attempts were made to extirpate the noxious plant in this quarter, which, however have not been altogether successful, as several were seen loaded with fruit in the autumn of 1808.

About sixty years ago, William Pettigrew, a Scot, erected a hut in Wallbottle dean, against the side of a hill that was covered with brushwood, about a furlong south of the turnpike road: here he resided some years with his family, and hence acquired the appellation of "Willie of the wood." He had been bred to the employment of husbandry, but at this time earned a subsistence by driving a coal waggon. The habitation was built with sods, and thatched with broom: four staves driven into the ground, and a couple of planks, served for a table, and a bed was formed by a few old coal-buckets, or corves turned up, and overlaid with straw. Pettigrew built a seat under the spreading branches of a oak that grew near his hut, where he was often seen, during leisure hours, instructing his children to read. In the summer season, the romantic scenery, added to the charming melody of the birds, and the incessant murmuring of the adjoining rivulet, rendered the situation extremely delightful. The country folk prompted by curiosity, often paid them a visit, when Mrs. Pettigrew would have accosted them with—"You're welcome to the house i' the glen, guid folk." The groups of visitors at length became so numerous, that they were troublesome; but Pettigrew projected a scheme to turn the public curiosity to his private interest: he procured bread and cheese, ale, &c., which were readily sold, whereby he was enabled to maintain his family in a more comfortable way.

Some colliers intending sport, went one night when the family had retired to rest, and threatened to break into the hut. Pettigrew

called upon his stripling sons to his assistance:—"Rise Jock: rise Guy: rise Willox," cried he, "tak' ilka ane a staff into your hand, and I'll tak' the sword." The pretended robbers, however, went away without doing any material injury.

From this humble situation, two of Pettigrew's sons rose to ranks of distinction: one of them went into the army, and, in course of time was promoted to a lieutenancy: the other acquired some celebrity as a preacher in the Methodist connexion.

At one part of the stream a road winds along the very verge of its precipitous banks, allowing only one vehicle to pass at a time and that with the greatest difficulty, a peculiarity which has sometimes produced serious results. One circumstance in particular may be related. A gentleman and his wife driving a gig on this road seeing a house in the immediate vicinity, the former got out to make an enquiry. The latter holding the reins, imprudently urged the horse forward, and being unaware of the danger, one wheel slipped over the bank, and immediately, she, the horse and the gig, were precipitated to the bottom of the dean, a depth of about forty feet. The horse had his legs broke, and his collar bone fractured, the gig was much broken, and when her husband came he found his wife severely bruised, but not otherwise injured. She was conveyed to the adjacent village, where she ultimately recovered.

But consequences of a much more disastrous nature attended the rapid swelling of this small rivulet by heavy rains in July 24, 1796. A small arch having been cast over this stream, an embankment of earth was formed upon it for the purpose of making a waggon way from an adjoining colliery; the arch being too small for the admission of the body of water, and the trees, hay, &c., brought down by it, was soon choaked up, and the water then forming an immense lake in the valley above, at length burst down the embankment, and rolling with an impetuosity scarcely conceivable, instantly carried away an adjoining mill, and a man working in it, was drowned at a moment when he suspected no danger. In its progress to the river Tyne, it carried away three houses at the east end of the village of Newburn, where three people unfortunately lost their lives; all the houses in the low part of the village were filled with water, and the inhabitants having no apprehension of their danger, escaped with great difficulty.





## Humbledown Hill,

A BALLAD, BY E. W.\*

FROM THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, FOR SEPTEMBER, 1793.



IN the month of June 1402, a Scottish army crossed the borders, and, after doing considerable mischief, was defeated at Nesbit Moor: Hepburn of Hales, its general, was slain, with many of his companions, and nearly all the rest of the knights were taken prisoners. The victorious commander on this occasion was not an Englishman, but a disaffected Scot,—the great earl of March, who, in consequence of the bad faith of the imprudent duke of Rothsay, heir-apparent to the Scottish throne, gave up his fealty, did homage to the king of England, and joined in the closest confederacy with the Percies of Northumberland.

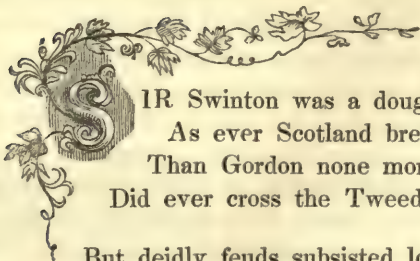
Earl Douglas, who had got a grant of the estates of the earl of March, anxious to drive him to his ruin, and to revenge the loss of Nesbit Moor; and supported by the duke of Albany, entered Northumberland. Ten thousand warriors, the best of Scotland, followed the banner of the Douglas, which flew like a meteor from the Lothians to the Tweed, from the Tweed to the Tyne; but the earl, whom the Scots surnamed "Tyne-man," or "Lose-man," from his repeated defeats and failures, with all the personal valour of his race, enjoyed so small a portion of their sagacity as to be unable to learn military experience from reiterated calamity. Having carried terror and devastation as far as the walls of Newcastle, without any force to oppose him, he turned back loaded with plunder, and marched in a careless manner towards the Tweed. During his ill-calculated advance to the south, the earl of Northumberland, and his son, the Hotspur Percy, with his deadly enemy the earl of March, gathered a numerous army in his rear. Douglas, hampered by his spoil, came suddenly upon this force, which was posted near Millfield, in the northern part of Northumberland. He perceived a strong position between the two armies, called Homildon

\* E. W. was an Irish Doctor: "Humbledown Hill" afterwards appeared in a Volume of Poems which he published.—*Chatto's Col.*

Hill, and he had the good sense to seize it. The English, with the people of the earl of March, occupied the ridges of a neighbouring hill, but they left it to advance to the assault; and Harry Percy (or Hotspur) was about to charge up the hill of Homildon, when March caught his bridle, and advised him to stay where he was, and begin the fight with his archers, not with his horse. The advice was taken; the English bowmen advanced to the foot of the hill, and shot upwards with wonderful force and correct aim. Instead of charging at first, as Bruce did the English archers at Bannockburn, Douglas did nothing, but left his people drawn up in ranks on the face of the hill, where they presented one general mark to the enemy. Scarcely an English arrow flew in vain; the Scots fell in heaps without fighting. At last Douglas made up his mind to charge down the hill, or, as it is related by Fordun, Swinton, a spirited knight, induced this movement by exclaiming—"Oh! my brave fellow-soldiers, what fascinates you to-day, that you stand like deer and fawns in a park to be shot, instead of shewing your ancient valour, and meeting your foes hand-to-hand? Let those who will, descend with me, and, in the name of the Lord, we will break that host and conquer, or, if not, at least die with honour, like soldiers."

As Douglas descended, the English bowmen retired a little, but they pulled their bows as they withdrew, and, presently halting again, they sent a flight of arrows so "sharp and strong," that no armour could withstand it; and as he was spurring forward, the Douglas himself, whose armour was of the most perfect temper, was wounded, though not mortally, in five different places. He fell from his horse,—was made prisoner,—and then a complete rout of the Scots ensued. Eight hundred of them remained on the field, and five hundred, it is said, were drowned in the Tweed. Besides Douglas, whose principal wound deprived him of an eye, Murdach, the son of the duke of Albany, the earls of Moray and Angus, two barons, eighty knights, (among whom were some Frenchmen), and many other persons of rank, were made prisoners by the Percies. Swinton, Gordon, Livingston of Calendar, Ramsay of Dalhousie, Walter Sinclair, Roger Gordon, and Walter Scott, were in the number of the more illustrious slain. The English men-at-arms, knights, and squires, never drew the sword or couched the lance, the whole affair being decided by the archers. Such was the famous battle of Homildon Hill, which was fought on Holyrood-day, the 14th of September, 1402.

## HUMBLEDOWN HILL.



IR Swinton was a doughty knight  
As ever Scotland bred ;  
Than Gordon none more brave in fight  
Did ever cross the Tweed.

But deidly feuds subsisted long  
Between these valiant twain,  
They never met—but straight they fought  
With all their martial train.

At last they hied with ilk his band  
To Bræ of Humbledoun,  
Where Douglas and his army lay  
Wi' Knights of great renown.

Now baith afore the Douglas stood,  
And glowr'd wi' hatefu' spite,  
And half unsheath'd their shining blades,  
And quak'd and burn'd to fight.

Then mighty Douglas leap'd between  
To redd the foul debate,  
"O Sirs!" he cries, "thrust in your glaives  
"And quell this rising state.

"For, look you! where the English lies  
"On yonder tented field,  
"To morrow's morn, if right I ween,  
"We'll need both sword and shield.

"Gin we to Scotland mean to go,  
"Our road lies thro' yon host ;  
"First spend your fury on the foe,  
"Then fight—if fight ye must."

He spake—in sullens baith withdrew.  
Now all prepare for fight,  
And arms and armour clattering brake  
The silence of the night.



In bluid red clouds the Sun arose,  
Which saw that fatal day  
Where bretheless on the green hill side  
Fu' many a bra' Scot lay.

For sair—the English bowmen gall'd  
The van—that ungear'd stood,  
Nae thirsty shaft e'er reach'd the earth  
Unstain'd wi' Scottish bluid.

Then Sir John Swinton loudly cries  
“Bra' lads! gif we must die,  
“Follow your chief, and syne your foes  
“Shall bear us companie.”

These words when Adam Gordon heard,  
He hastens to the place,  
“When our dear country claims our aid  
“Let all our quarrels cease.

“For mine are gone—most valiant Knight!  
“And now a boon I crave—  
“That frae thy noble arm—the meed  
“Of Knighthood I must have.”

“And mine for aye!”—replies Sir John,  
And to his breast him drew;  
Then dubb'd him Knight, while deidly flight  
Of arrows round them flew.

Then wi' their men, these valiant twain  
Rush'd down the green hill's side,  
And 'mongst their foes, wi' mortal blows  
Their hands in bluid they dy'd.

Like two huge rocks on Bramor's brow,  
When loossen'd fra' their bed,  
That thunder down and overthrow  
The pines which crown the glade.

Thus they, thro' ranks, the Earl of March  
And the bold Percies fought,  
And bluid and carnage mark'd their path  
Where'er they step'd and fought.

At length they're wi' their gallant train  
By numbers compass'd round,  
And fighting fall on heaps of slain,  
And stain with gore the ground.

Thus did these valiant chieftains fall  
Who liv'd in mortal strife,  
But lock'd in one another's arms,  
Dear friendship clos'd their life.

And now the Scottish lines were broke  
Wi' rout and disarray,  
And many a man was lost in Tyne  
That strove to flee that day.

The mighty Douglas too was ta'en  
For ne'er a foot he'd flee,  
But first five greivous wounds he got  
And also lost an eye.

With Gordon and with Swinton fell  
Sir John of Callender,  
Sir Ramsay of Dalhousie too,  
And Sir Walter Sinclair.

And Roger Gordon likewise died,  
Wi' Walter Scot sae brave,  
And many more of note beside  
Whom valour could not save.

But past all count, the pris'ners were  
Wi' doughty Douglas ta'en,  
Fife, Murray, Angus, Orkney Earls,  
Lord Graham and Erskine.

With eighty Knights and many more  
Than can ee' now be told,  
All captives led, for ransome sett  
By Harry Hotspur bold.

Fra' forth to Tweed, a swankie blade  
Was then a sight to see,  
The cou'ter left in half plough'd ridge  
Lay rusting in the lee.

God prosper Scotland, let us say,  
 And grant our wars be done,  
 And may we ne'er see sic a day  
 As that of Humbledoun.

## DURHAM MUSTARD.

FROM "THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE."



RIOR to the year 1720, there was no such luxury as mustard in its present form at our tables. At that time, the seed was coarsely pounded in a mortar, as coarsely separated from the integument, and in that rough state prepared for use. In the year mentioned, it occurred to an old woman of the name of Clements, residing in Durham, to grind the seed in a mill, and pass it through the several processes which are resorted to in making flour from wheat. The secret she kept for many years to herself, and in the period of her exclusive possession of it, supplied the principal parts of the kingdom, and in particular the metropolis with this article. George I. stamped it with fashion by his approval. Mrs. Clements as regularly twice a-year travelled to London, and the principal towns throughout England, for orders, as any tradesman's rider of the present day; and the old lady contrived to pick up, not only a decent pittance, but what was then thought a tolerable competence. From this woman's residing in Durham, it acquired the name of Durham Mustard.

## REMARKABLE STORY.

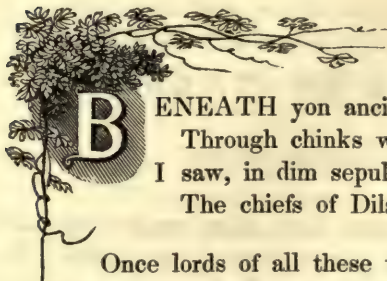
FROM AN OLD BOOK CALLED "THE WONDERS OF NATURE IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD."

THERE is a remarkable story from credible persons near *Sherburn*, hard by *Durham*.—A poor man's swarm settled in a rich man's garden, who challenged it as his own. The poor man wished it might appear to whom the swarm of right belonged. The swarm followed him, and hung upon his beard, by which he carried them to his own hive.



## Lines by a Lady,

ON SEEING THE COFFINS OF THE EARLS OF DERWENTWATER  
IN THEIR VAULT AT DILSTON.



BENEATH yon ancient, sacred pile,  
Through chinks which Time has made,  
I saw, in dim sepulchral aisle,  
The chiefs of Dilston laid.

Once lords of all these wide domains,  
Now cered in narrow lead,  
They rest from cares, from woes, and pains,  
Till Earth gives up her dead.

O'er one, conflicting feelings woke,  
The noble youth who fell  
Beneath the headsman's fatal stroke:  
Sad story his to tell!

In exiled Stuart's desperate cause,  
He bade his banner wave;  
And, forfeit to his country's laws,  
Rank, wealth, and life he gave.

And yet, why weep for him? when all  
Man's honours, and his joys,  
Illusions are, that only pall,  
Like childhood's banish'd toys.

As snow-flakes falling on the stream,  
That, melting, fade away—  
As bright creations of a dream,  
That flit ere morning's ray.—

So perish quickly, all things here!  
Let us, then, seek our home,  
In that eternal, changeless sphere,  
Where Death can never come!

M. J. in *Gateshead Obs.*

✠ **Saint Cudberht** hys hatrid that  
 he bare vnto *Women*, and the begyn-  
 ninges therof, and hys forbyddyng them  
 to approche vnto hys *Chirches* bor-  
 dyrs: wyth y<sup>e</sup> doleful difastirs y<sup>t</sup> be-  
 fel all such as trespaffide wythin y<sup>e</sup>  
 sam: **Also** y<sup>e</sup> straunge and  
 schamefull penaunce apoyn-  
 tyd vnto *Mayster Peter*  
*Baxter*, Burgeffe in  
 Nevve Castell, hys  
 mayde servaunts  
 twaine.

*Nevvely gathered out of auntient Cronicles and  
 Ould Wrytynges very pythye and  
 pytyfull for to reade.*



*Doctor quam magnus ! gravis his, his mitis ut agnus ;  
 Virtuti natus, justus, pius, et moderatus ;  
 Asper peccanti, blandus culpas reseranti.*



**S****T. Cuthbert**, in common with the majority  
 of his canonized brethren, who figure in the  
 annals of Romish hagiography, appears to have  
 entertained or affected a profound and pious an-  
 tipathy to the female sex.

There are on record, proofs of the super-saintly  
 aversion which he exhibited, not during his life  
 merely, but after his beatification. They were  
 accompanied by circumstances of no equivocal character, and were

expressed with no small demonstration of austerity and displeasure. "The origin of St. Cuthbert's dislike to females," as Mr. Raine informs us, "is said to have been caused by a false charge of seduction made against him by a daughter of one of the Pictish kings."\* The nature of this imputation and the extraordinary display of supernatural power for which it furnished the opportunity, in vindication of his innocence, are detailed in the following passage from Hutchinson, who condenses the narrative given of Davies† of Kidwelly. "Divers books of the life and miracles of St. Cuthbert have been written, which set forth, That St. Cuthbert, for a long time, led a most recluse life, in the borders of the Picts; in which time it happened that the daughter of the king of that province was got with child by some young man in her father's house. The king perceiving her pregnancy, diligently examined her who was the cause of that fact; whereupon she made this answer: That solitary young man who dwelleth hard by, is he who hath overcome me, and by whose beauty I am thus deceived. Whereupon the king repaired to the hermit's place, with his deflowered daughter, attended by divers knights, where he instantly accosted the servant of God in this manner: What, art thou he, who, under the colour of religion, prophaneest the temple and sanctuary of God? Art thou he, who, under the cloak and profession of a hermit, exercisest thyself in all filthiness? Behold my daughter, whom thou by thy wiles hast corrupted, not fearing to deflower her: Therefore now at last confess this thy fault, and plainly declare here, before this company in what sort thou hast seduced her. The king's daughter marking the fierce speeches of her father, very impudently stepped forth, and boldly affirmed, that it was he who had done that wicked fact: At which the young man, greatly amazed, perceiving that this calumny proceeded from the instigation of the Devil, applied his whole heart unto Almighty God, saying: My Lord, my God, who only knowest, and art the discoverer of all secrets, make manifest also this work of iniquity, and by some token disprove the same, which, though it cannot be done by human policy, make it known by some divine token. When the young man had spoken these words, suddenly, and in the same place where she stood, the earth made a hissing noise, presently opened, and swallowed her up in the presence of all the spectators. This place is called Corwen, where she for her corruption was conveyed down into Hell. As soon as the king perceived this miracle, he began to be greatly tormented in his

\* Brief Account of Durham Cathedral, p. 16.

† The ancient rites, and monuments of the monastical and cathedral church of Durham, collected out of ancient manuscripts about the time of the suppression, published by J. D. of Kidwelly, 12mo. London, 1672.



mind, fearing lest for his furious threats he should incur the same punishment. Whereupon he, with his company, humbly craving pardon of Almighty God, with a further petition to that good man St. Cuthbert, that by his prayers he would crave of God to have his daughter again : Which petition the holy father granted, upon condition, that from thence no woman should come near him. Whence it came to pass that the king did not suffer any woman to enter into any church dedicated to that saint ; ” \* “ which to this day is duly observed in all the Churches of the Picts, which were dedicated in the honour of that holy man.”

Hutchinson mentions another circumstance that occurred later in the course of our Saint's earthly pilgrimage which, as that antiquary judiciously conjectures, must have tended to fortify his already imbibed prejudice in this particular. “ Some short time preceding St. Cuthbert's consecration, the monastery of Coldingham was burnt.† The religious society there consisted of monks and nuns, who occupied separate parts of the edifice. But the severe rules of the house were not sufficient to prevent a shameful relaxation of discipline ; in-somuch, that the destruction of that stately edifice was considered a judgment, on the crimes and pollutions of its inhabitants. The monastery of Lindisfarne looked upon this event with religious horror, and soon after Cuthbert was made bishop, he forbade the approach of women to the convent, and even denied them access to the church, where the monks performed their devotions. He caused a small chapel to be erected on a distinct plain on the island for their reception,

• History of Durham, vol. ii. page 221.

† According to Bede this conflagration occurred A. D. 679.



RUINS OF LINDISFARNE (1814).

which, from its situation, was called [GRENE CYRICE, or] the green church. Women were afterwards excluded [from] all churches and cemeteries where St. Cuthbert's body had rested; and some miraculous punishments are related which attended infringements on this rule,"\* as the following cases translated from Symeon of Durham, to whom Hutchinson is indebted for the foregoing statement, will plainly evince.

### CHAPTER xxij.

Concerning a woman who entered the Cemetery of St. Cuthbert and with how swift vengeance she was punished.

"Some women indeed there have been who have daringly attempted to infringe these regulations, and by the measure of the punishment that ensued, have been made conscious of the enormity of the offence. One of these was named Sungeoua, wife of Gamelus, the son of Bevo, who one night, as she was returning home from an entertainment, kept complaining to her husband that she could no where find a clean track by reason of the filthy puddles of the streets. At length the pair, in their good pleasure, must needs make a short cut across the cemetery of this—yes, of this our church of Durham; flattering themselves that by some little extra alms-giving they might expiate the offence. But actually whilst they were proceeding together, the woman began to experience a thrilling dread of something, I know not what, exclaiming that even now she felt herself to be going out of her senses. Her husband, chiding her, bade her go on quietly without any fear; but when now she was setting her foot beyond the enclosure of the cemetery, all at once she dropped suddenly to the ground, and being carried home she departed this life that same night.

### CHAPTER xxiv.

Likewise concerning another woman who ran across the Cemetery, and the kind of death by which she dispatched herself.

"Another similar event follows. The wife of a certain wealthy man,—who indeed in aftertime associated himself with us in the monkish habit in this church,—when she had often heard the variety and beauty of the ornaments of the church spoken of by many persons, on a sudden becomes inflamed with all the ardour of a woman's curiosity to behold them. Nor was she likely (as being elated above her neighbours on the score of her husband's power), to put a restraint upon

\* Hutchinson's History of Durham, vol i., p 24. The original authority is Symeon of Durham, cap. xxii. A very judicious exception, considering their proximity to the Scottish border, was made in their favour in case of fires or forays.



the impulse of her mind. And sure enough she also took her way across the cemetery of the church, in haste enough, but not with impunity. For losing thereupon her senses, she cut her tongue right through with biting at it, nor was she relieved of her madness, till she had with her own hand relieved herself of life by cutting her throat. For it became no easy matter to confine her within the house; and in her restless wandering from place to place, at length she was one day found lying dead beneath a tree with her throat all bloody, and still grasping in her hand the knife with which she had dispatched herself. Many a portent besides might I still relate as having been displayed in coercion of similar attempts of female audacity. But I must pass to other matters and these may briefly suffice."

Thus whatever may have been the origin of this exclusive austerity, the displeasure of the saint exhibited itself on many occasions in strenuous and unequivocal interpositions of his power. Neither was he any respecter of persons or of sex, as is proved by the following notice extracted from the interesting narrative of a learned and excellent living writer, to whose researches the admirers of all that can illustrate the opinions, the manners, and state of society of the olden time, are so deeply indebted.—"The lane, leading from the Palace Green to the city wall, consisting of the present Dun Cow Lane and the Church-yard of St. Mary le Bow, (long afterwards appropriated to its present use) was of old called King's Gate, from the circumstance that, by this road, William the Conqueror was glad to escape from the shrine where he had been struck with a sudden illness of an alarming nature, in consequence of his infidelity on the subject of Cuthbert's incorruption. The king doubted, and he was punished for his incredulity,—but by what hand?"\*

In proof that this Church-garth, so formidable to females and to the sceptical of the other sex, was not without its miracles of benevolence, in fairness "we *must* tell one little story. In times of old, there was in the diocese of Durham a good-natured fellow, who, from pure principle, never went through a church-yard without praying for the dead who were buried in its soil. It happened to this same person, in the course of his days, to be chased into a church-yard, by some men who had determined upon his murder, when, strange to say, the whole surface of the ground began to bristle with swords and spears, starting out of the earth in his defence. The dead men, whose remains it contained, out of gratitude for his prayers, burst from their graves *en masse*, each clad in the armour which he had worn when alive, and most effectually protected him from his foes."\*

\* Raine, p. 135.

\* Raine, note p. 122.



Again toward the close of the twelfth century, when Bishop Pudsey meditated the erection of a chapel communicating with his Cathedral from which female worshippers might not be wholly excluded, he selected for his purpose the site of the present NINE ALTARS. The foundations had actually been laid, and he "had made considerable progress with the work, when its marble pillars began to totter, and



STATUE OF ST. CUTHBERT IN DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

fissures were discernible in its walls. The architect had probably not gone down to the good foundation, which might have been obtained. The failure, however, is attributed to St. Cuthbert; who finding that he was likeley to be so nearly approached by the sex he detested, affected the god, shook the little Olympus of his resting-place, and made the obnoxious fabric totter to its base.”\* Imbued with the notions prevalent at the period, the workmen would easily be brought to accept any interpretation of an accident, which it might suit the monks to give; and they would have shrunk from the prosecution of their task, on witnessing half the tokens of his displeasure which the Saint is related to have manifested. Of the Prelate who employed them who could presume to doubt that he felt acutely this rebuke of his sainted predecessor; and perhaps he would not complain of the interruption, inasmuch as his obsequious abandonment of the site would forthwith be interpreted into a recognition of the power of the Saint, in the magnifying of whose influence he, in common with the monks, was so largely interested.\* At all events he did abandon the inauspicious attempt, and disposed the position of his receptacle for female devotees at a more respectful distance from the hallowed and uncorrupted body,—CARO CARIE CARENS,—of him whose abrenunciation of the proximity of the sex was so stern and uncompromising.

To prevent the possibility of misapprehension on a point so important, the limit was distinctly marked by a blue stone cross, inserted in the pavement of the Cathedral floor, which even now is visible, between the extreme western pillars of the nave, beyond which the objects of his dislike might not approach with impunity towards his shrine. As Davies informs us, “There is, betwixt the pillars, on the North-side, which the Holy water did stand in, and the Pillar which standeth over against it on the South-side, from the one of them to the other, a Row of blue Marble; and in the midst of the said Row there is a Cross of blue Marble, in token that all Women, who came to hear Divine Service, should not be suffered to come above the said Cross; and if it chanced that any Woman came above it, within the Body of the Church, then straitwayes she was taken, and punished

\* Raine, p. 69.

\* The portents by which the attempt made by the emperor Julian, in the fourth century, to reinstate the temple of Jerusalem, had been miraculously defeated, could not be unknown to churchmen; and, being known, they would doubtless be dwelt upon as fondly by mediæval writers and preachers, as they appear to have been in yet earlier ages. And hence, in the case of any sudden subsidence of the foundations of Pudsey’s projected edifice, the memory of the monks, stored with incidents so congenial to their tastes, would readily supply hints for turning the event to account, and for improving it into a miracle, without the exertion of the *imaginative faculty* usual on such occasions.—See Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, chap. xxiii., and the authorities quoted by him,—Warburton’s *Julian*, &c.



for certain dayes ; because there was never Woman came there where the holy man, St. *Cuthbert* was, for the Reverence they had to his sacred Body. Also if any Woman chanc'd to come within the Abbey-Gates, or within any Precincts of the House, if she had been seen but her length within any place of the said House, she was taken, and set fast, and punished, to give example to all others, for doing the like."

For the latter restriction we agree with Mr. Raine in thinking that there might have been "a better reason." But in neither case was intrusion lightly passed over, the temerity of trespassers was as promptly punished, as it was rigorously interdicted. Thus, a memorable instance of an intrusion within the abbey being repelled, occurred in the case of "Queen Philippa, the wife of Edward III., who, when at Durham with her husband in 1333, was compelled to leave his bed in the priory (now the deahery) in the middle of the night, and run half dressed to the castle ; the monks having discovered the sinful intrusion of which she was unwittingly guilty."\* So much for the vigilance with which the precincts were guarded in the one case. Nor was the embargo maintained less rigorously in the other. The following sentence pronounced in 1417, upon two unfortunate and over curious intruders within the Church, and the subjoined certificate of its actual fulfilment will prove the extent to which its sanctity was asserted.

"**Mandate** to summon certain women of Newcastle to receive the punishment enjoined them, by reason of their having essayed to go up to the Feretory of St. *Cuthbert*.

The official of the Lord Bishop of Durham, to the parochial chaplains of the churches of St. Nicholas and All Saints, in the town of Newcastle upon Tyne, wisheth health through the Author of health. Whereas Matilda Burgh, and Margaret Usshar, servants, as they assert, of Peter Baxter of the said town, led by the instigation of the devil, and by their own desperate audacity, came lately to the cathedral church of Durham, clad in man's garments, with mind and purpose to approach bodily to the Feretory of the most holy confessor *Cuthbert*, knowing this to be prohibited on pain of the greater excommunication, and of violation of the liberty of the Church to all women whatsoever : and Whereas they have in the presence of us, sitting in our tribunal, been convicted, and have confessed themselves guilty of this grave offence : and Whereas from offences of this nature a disposition to proceed to yet further wickedness is inferred : We, with the consent of Master John Houteman, vicar-general of our

\* Raine, p. 16.



Lord the Bishop of Durham, and of other men skilled in the law, with us at that time sitting, have enjoined upon the said women duly sworn, these penances for their offence, viz:—that they and each of them shall walk on three feast days in front of the procession about the church of St. Nicholas, and on three other feast days about the



SO. PORCH OF ST. NICHOLAS (1819).

church of All Saints aforesaid in that same man's attire, in the same manner and form in which they so daringly approached the said cathedral church of Durham. We therefore enjoin and command you, so far as regards the said women performing the said penance as aforesaid, that ye cite them on alternate days into your Churches, and publicly and solemnly declare the cause wherefore they perform such penance, that no other women hereafter may have the hardihood to advance to such a height of delinquency: Citing also, nevertheless, the said Peter Baxter, and his wife to appear before us or our Commissary in the Galilee\* at Durham, on the Monday next after the feast of St. Michael next, to alledge and set forth reasonable cause (if such they have) why they ought not to be punished in form of law, as fosterers, abettors and counsellors in this behalf, and further,

\* The Consistory Court of the diocese was held for many years in the Galilee, of the erection of which by Bishop Pudsey we have had mention made above. The tomb of Langley, another prelate of the church, formed the tribunal. The inscription on the arch above is most appropriate: "*Judicium Jehovæ est, Domine Deus, da servo tuo cor intelligens ut judicet populu' tuu' et discernat inter bonu' et malum.*" 1 Kings iij. 9.

to do and receive what justice shall suggest:—and what ye shall do in the premises, see that ye certify openly to us at the said day and place together with these letters under your seal.

Given at Durham, the 18th day of September, in the year of our Lord 1417.

“**Certificate** touching the penance of the two women who endeavoured to approach the Feretory of St. Cuthbert.

By authority of this mandate I cited the underwritten Matilda and Margaret unto the penance by you judicially enjoined upon them, who with all humble obedience have appeared, and the said penance have devoutly fulfilled, by going about the church of All Saints in front of the procession on Sunday last, according to the manner and form on them enjoined and on the other Sundays are alike [ready] unto the said penances, if they be not able to find grace: nevertheless, if it be your pleasure, it were good that remission were graciously conceded:—And so I am ready in all things, so far as within me lies, to perform your venerable mandate:—And the aforesaid Peter I have cited according to the form of the mandate, and the wife of the aforesaid Peter hath travailed so heavily with her two twins, that she cannot decently appear.

By me Robert Croft, chaplain of the Church of All Saints.”



RUINS OF THE CHURCH OF ALL SAINTS NEWCASTLE (1785).



Upon the whole, if we consider the amount of *præternatural* vengeance which is stated to have overtaken the women in the cases quoted above, and contrast this penance of the fifteenth century with the fearful legends of an earlier age, we must consider that this Peter Baxter's "*womankind*" got off with comparative impunity. We may fairly infer that some change had "come o'er the spirit" of the times. At least we cannot dismiss this remarkable sentence and the portent recorded by the monkish historian, without taking notice in passing that either the power of the Saint had suffered some curtailment, or he had become more forbearing, in the interval between the date of Bishop Pudsey's attempt in the twelfth century, and the commencement of the fifteenth. Why else did he not himself punish the intruders? But perhaps these later trespassers were too humble to become the direct objects of his wrath: and, upon the principle—"nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus," he might reserve the fulminations of his displeasure for the heads of incredulous Kings, and peccant or oblivious Prelates.

But this we leave for others to decide, only observing that perhaps after all we may detect as much of policy as of austerity in both these cases. The uncourteous expulsion of a Queen in that age might do much, in the opinion of their superiors, nay even in that of royalty itself, after the first feeling of annoyance had passed away, to advance the credit of the monks for uncompromising austerity, and might help to disperse any existing suspicion of diminished strictness in the observance of the rule of their order. While the mortifying, though less rigorous penance to which these poor servant girls were subjected, would produce a similar effect on the minds of the middle and lower classes in their own neighbourhood. And whether we imagine the power of the saint to have become weaker, or himself more reluctant



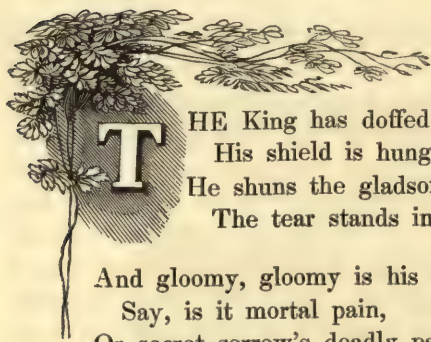
OVERSE OF THE SEAL OF THE CONVENT OF DURHAM.



to exert it,—this at least is certain, that in the latter case there was a decisive exhibition of the authority asserted by the ecclesiastical body who were invested with his temporal dignities, and of the vigour with which it was capable of being exercised. While the direct interpositions of his power, which are attributed to him in the former instances, are marked by such a peculiar sensitiveness of the inconvenience of female curiosity, as to afford evidence at once and equally convincing of the cautious judgment of the Saint, and of the no less prudent apprehensions of the appointed guardians of his reputation.

## THE KING OF THE PICTS AND ST. CUTHBERT.

FROM RAINE'S "NORTH DURHAM."



THE King has doffed his harness bright,  
His shield is hung on high;  
He shuns the gladsome beams of day,  
The tear stands in his eye;

And gloomy, gloomy is his brow;—  
Say, is it mortal pain,  
Or secret sorrow's deadly pang  
That cleaves his heart in twain?

"Oh daughter, woe betide this hour  
"That I have lived to see;  
"The fairest jewel in my crown  
"Were dim compared to thee.

"But, ah! too sure thy hollow eye  
"And faded cheek proclaim,  
"That guilt has withered thy virgin flower,  
"And brought my pride to shame.

"Speak, then; or thou a father's wrath  
"And vengeful sword shall feel;  
"Declare thy faithless paramour,  
"The traitor's name reveal.

“ Ere yonder sun that flames aloft  
“ Hath sunk in ocean bed,  
“ The wretch who wronged my child shall pay  
“ The forfeit of his head.

“ Stand he the nearest to my throne,  
“ A lord of high degree,  
“ His arm had need be strong in fight,  
“ Or swift his foot to flee.”

“ Oh ! father, father, look not so,  
“ Nor doom to death thy child,  
“ From virtue’s path by wily words  
“ And cruel art beguiled.

“ He stands not near thy royal throne  
“ A lord of high degree,  
“ Nor strong his arm in bloody fight,  
“ Nor swift his foot to flee ;

“ But coarsely clad in hermit weeds,  
“ Oh, grief ! oh, shame to tell !  
“ Hard by he lives, a lovely youth,  
“ In lone sequestered cell.”

The monarch marked her quivering frame,  
Her tears that downward stole ;  
They fell, but fell like sparks of fire,  
And kindled all his soul.

And he has sworn by Him who saved  
Our souls upon the rood,  
That, weal or woe, his sword shall drink  
The holy traitor’s blood.

Now has he left the castle gate,  
His daughter by his side ;  
And thrice ten knights, a warlike train,  
Behind in order ride.

They climb the mountain’s heathy van,  
The rugged steep descend ;  
The grey mist settles on their path,  
But onward still they wend.

Under the yew trees' awful shade  
They plunge into the glen,—  
Meet place were this for murder foul,  
And haunt of lawless men.

They list the raven's boding voice  
Perched on the blasted oak ;  
But never a word or whisper-breath  
The solemn silence broke.

Yet oft the King with wistful eye  
Turned to the much-loved maid ;  
And now he wrings his hands in grief,  
Now grasps his iron blade.

The damsel droops her wimpled head,  
Sore heaves her breast the while ;  
Nor dare she meet that angry face  
Was wont on her to smile.

Ere long, with winding course they reach  
The valley's shadowy bound,  
Where moss-grown rocks together crushed  
A mighty rampart frowned.

No living hand the barrier built ;—  
He who beyond would go  
Must soar upon the eagle's wing,  
Or baffled rest below.

A mountain burn rushed boiling forth  
Beneath the hoary pile,  
Encircling with divided stream  
The hermit's tufted isle.

No stop, no stay, the stream they cross  
That laves the hallow'd ground—  
Now hide thee, Cuthbert, in thy cell,  
Thine enemies close thee round !

He flies not from their searching gaze  
As nearer still they draw ;  
In sooth, he wist not what to think,  
But feared not what he saw.



Albeit unused to clank of arms,  
Or blaze of courtly pride,  
No pallid hue, nor passing blush,  
His guileless forehead dyed.

A shaggy vesture's russet folds  
His graceful limbs confined ;  
Loose on his shoulders flowed his hair,  
And glitter'd in the wind.

Most like to him whose voice of old  
Was heard in desert air,<sup>1</sup>  
" Make straight the path for Christ the Lord,  
" Prepare the way, prepare ! "

The King, unmoved as rock of stone,  
Surveys the saintly form ;  
Awhile his bosom swells with rage,  
Then burst the gathered storm.

" Oh ! slave to lust, and child of sin !  
" Who in this calm retreat  
" Hast made thy lonely house of prayer  
" A trap for female feet.

" Accursed of Him to whom thy vows  
" Dissembling homage paid,  
" Behold the victim of thy arts,  
" A wretched, ruined maid !

" Yet deem not prayer or muttered spell  
" Can hope of safety bring ;  
" No unprotected damsel she—  
" The daughter of a King.

" Short is the time thy fate allows  
" For grace divine to call ;  
" Shrieve thee, ere yet the lifted sword  
" Of speedy justice fall ! "

The Princess hears the thrilling words,  
And, lost to maiden shame,

<sup>1</sup> See the picture by Guido of John the Baptist when young.

With malice foul and fiendlike breath  
She fans the rising flame :

“ A fearless votary came I here,  
“ Nor dreamed of pious wiles ;  
“ I spied no danger in his looks,  
“ No ambush in his smiles.

“ Oh ! would to Heaven this fatal spot  
“ That I had never seen !  
“ What, though he bears an angel's face  
“ Yet Satan lurks within.”

The patient hermit deeply sighs,  
And kneels the King before ;  
Think not he kneels to sooth his rage,  
Or mercy to implore.

Inspired he seems ; his faithful hopes  
Are fixed on God above ;  
His arms are crossed upon his breast,  
His lips begin to move.

“ O source supreme of light and truth !  
“ Thou God to whom alone  
“ The evil treasure of the heart  
“ And all its thoughts are known !

“ The cry of death that hunts me down  
“ Has reached thy throne on high ;  
“ Thou knowest thy servant all too weak  
“ To strive with treachery.

“ Forget me not in this my need,  
“ Nor heavenly aid delay ;  
“ Rise in thy strength, Almighty Power,  
“ Thy red right arm display.”

He spoke, the fervent prayer prevailed,  
Nature the influence owned ;  
Trembled the earth, and loured the sky,  
The rooted forest groaned.

The sacred island's rocky base  
Is cleft from shore to shore ;

The guilty Princess shrieks aloud,  
She sinks—to rise no more.

Yet, ere the cavern's horrid jaws  
Were seen again to close,  
Forth issuing from the depths of hell  
A cloud sulphureous rose.

Whilst all the world in brightness lay  
There thickest gloom was spread ;  
Woe to the King, and to his train !  
Their bosoms shook with dread.

Soft blows the wind, the murky cloud  
Is rolled in flakes away :  
Who then is seen on bended knee ?  
Who then is heard to pray ?

He who beheld the yawning chasm  
His perjured daughter's grave,  
Now seeks with tears and piteous plaint  
His forfeit life to save.

And much he rues his hasty threats,  
And fears the wrath of Heaven :  
“ One boon I crave,” the hermit cries,  
“ And thou shalt be forgiven.”

Light boon it was, and easy price,  
Such pardon to obtain,—  
*That none of womankind should e'er*  
*The chaste retreat profane.*

So it fell out in after time  
(For true the voice of fame),  
When many a church was dedicate  
To holy Cuthbert's name,

That never maid nor matron dared  
This privilege to slight ;  
Apart they stood an outlawed band,  
Nor mixed in mystic rite.

Ye who believe this legend wild,  
A fabling poet's dream,



If chance your wandering footsteps lead  
To Wear's romantic stream ;

Would ye the distant days recall  
Of superstition's reign,  
Go search the storied pavement round  
In Durham's massy fane.

Where lifts the blessed font on high  
Its rich embroidered cone,  
Between the northern cloister-port  
And holy water stone ;

There still is traced the bounding line  
Monastic rigour drew,—  
Weak barrier now 'gainst female foot,—  
A cross of marble blue.

W. N. D.

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### DR. BARRINGTON,

LATE LORD BISHOP OF DURHAM.

THE somewhat uncommon christian name of this good man, viz : "*Shute*," gave occasion to many witticisms. The author of a satirical poem called "*Speculum*," published in Durham many years ago, and which is now exceedingly scarce, thus *punningly* writes of Dr. Barrington.

Of Shute the Bishop I'll say nothing, he  
Performs his duty rightly, and is not  
Enough in way of scandal ; though his see  
(This I must say ) is far too rich a lot.  
Tho' I say *Shute* the Bishop, credit me  
I would not have his worthy lordship *shot*,  
For, as I'm told, he does a deal of good  
Within his diocese, and so he should.



## HORSE STEALING.



OUR poets and historians who have touched on local subjects furnish us with innumerable proofs that from the middle of the sixteenth century, down to the insurrection of 1715, horse-stealing was practised to a great extent all over the Borders. The thieves were, for the most part stationed on the marches, or at no great distance from them; and many lived in the immediate vicinity of Bewcastle in Cumberland. That district was evidently chosen by the delinquents, as a favourite place of resort, from its central position, and from the extensive tracts of moors which divide it from the more fertile, and populous parts of the country. Indeed, so notorious had it become, for the evil practices of its population, that, during the last fifty years, if, in any of the adjoining counties in England or Scotland, a good horse chanced to disappear, the uprightness of the virtuous inhabitants of Bewcastle was almost certain to be called in question.

Some time prior to the year 1732, at Chipchase castle, which was then in possession of the Heron family, a favourite hunting horse was, one morning, discovered to have been taken from the stable. Information was instantly carried to head quarters, and the owner himself prepared to depart in search of the animal. Buckling on his brand, he and his servant mounted a couple of horses, and, suspecting the thief had retreated in a north western direction, took the direct road to Bewcastle. It was past mid-day when they approached the little fortalice of that name, and presently they discovered the object of their search, pasturing amongst a number of cattle, in a field which was surrounded by a high stone wall. The personage who occupied the enclosure was speedily found: Heron acquainted him with his errand, and pointing to the animal claimed it as his property. The knave replied that the *beast* had been put there by a relative, whom he could not suffer to be accused as a thief, without considering the imputation as an affront to himself, and therefore he hoped that Heron, from the respectability of his appearance, would not deny him the satisfaction of a gentleman. To this the other readily agreed, and the Bewcastle man lost no time in providing his weapon. Heron being a good swordsman found himself more closely beset in the encounter than he anticipated, for his opponent was a very powerful man: skill however, ultimately triumphed over strength, and the lord

of Chipchase was, by the spectators acknowledged to be conqueror. Notwithstanding this, the vanquished man with the pertinacity for which he was remarkable, refused to surrender the horse. Heron again mounted; he and his servant proceeded to the enclosure; a mutual *neigh* passed between the animals; the captive steed recognized his visitors, and approached at a graceful trot the limit of his liberty. With great sagacity the riders drew off as if to depart, and the spirited *hunter* rallying vigorously, cleared the wall at a bound, and jovially joined the returning party. Spurring onward at a brisk pace, they met with no further interruption, and reached Chipchase in safety towards night fall.—*R. White's MSS.*

## BARONS OF THE COUNTY OF DURHAM.

FROM BANKS'S EXTINGUISHED BARONAGE.



BEFORE the conquest, it is probable the Bishops of Durham were Counts Palatine: \* it is, however clear that they were so (according to Camden) in the Conqueror's time, and that their power was very great. For it was a maxim in those days that the bishop has as large a power in his bishoprick, as the king out of it: they had power to levy taxes, make truces with the Scots, and raise defensible men within the bishoprick from sixteen to sixty. They could call a parliament, and create barons to sit in it; of whom the prior of Durham, Hilton of Hilton, Conyers of Sockburn, Bulmer of Brancepeth, Surtesse of Dinsdale, Hansard of Evenwood, are said to have been some. There is, amongst the old rolls of Durham, an account of the parliaments and the subsidies granted by them, with several acts of their council, which then consisted of many noble and prudent persons called barons. But they, like those of Chester, were merely tetular without rank amongst the barons of the realm.

\* The Palatinate jurisdiction of the bishop is now transferred to the crown by an act of parliament passed in 1836, intituled 6 and 7 Wm. 4, cap. 19.





## The Death of Percy Reed.

AN OLD BALLAD, TAKEN DOWN BY JAMES TELFER FROM RECITATION, WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY ROBERT WHITE.



THE event on which the following ballad was founded, has been incidentally noticed both by Sir Walter Scott, in "Rokeby," and by my revered friend, Mr. Robert Roxby, in the "Lay of the Reedwater Minstrel." We have no historical evidence to prove at what period it occurred, but as the farm of Girsonsfield belonged to those who betrayed Percy Reed, and as that place has been in possession of the successive owners of Otterburne demesne ever since the reign of Elizabeth, we may assign it a date not later than the sixteenth century. It would appear to have taken a remarkably strong hold of the public mind; for almost every circumstance connected therewith has, by tradition, been distinctly transmitted down to the present day: consequently, an outline of the same, traced in the light which can thus be obtained, may not altogether be uninteresting to those who may honour the ballad with a perusal.

Percival or Percy Reed was proprietor of Troughend, an elevated tract of land lying on the west side, and nearly in the centre of Redesdale, Northumberland. The remains of the old tower may still be seen, a little to the west of the present mansion, commanding a beautiful and most extensive view of nearly the whole valley. Here he resided, and being a keen hunter\* and brave soldier, he possessed much influence, and was appointed warden or keeper of the district. His office was to suppress and order the apprehension of thieves and other breakers of the law, in the execution of which, he incurred the displeasure of a family of brothers of the name of Hall, who were owners of Girsonsfield, a farm about two miles east from Troughend: he also drew upon himself the hostility of a band of mosstroopers, Crosier by name, some of whom he had been successful in bringing to justice. The former were, however, artful enough to conceal their

\* It once fell out that an arrow, which he discharged at a deer, killed a favourite dog named Keilder. This incident has been made the subject of a beautiful painting by Cooper, which again elicited from Sir Walter Scott a poem of eleven stanzas. See *Legendary Div.* II. p. 240.

resentment, and under the appearance of friendship, calmly awaited an opportunity to be avenged. Some time afterwards, they solicited his attendance on a hunting expedition to the head of Redesdale, and, unfortunately, he agreed to accompany them. His wife had some strange dreams anent his safety, on the night before his departure; and at breakfast, on the following morning, the loaf of bread from which he was supplied, chanced to be turned with the bottom upwards—an omen which is still accounted most unfavourable all over the north of England. Considering these presages undeserving of notice, Reed set out in company with the Halls, and after enjoying a good day's sport, the party withdrew to a solitary hut in Batinghope, a lonely glen stretching westward from the Whitelee, whose little stream forms one of the chief sources of Reedwater. The whole of this arrangement had been previously planned by the Halls and Crosiers; and when the latter came down late in the evening to execute their purpose of vengeance, they found Parcy Reed, altogether a defenceless man. His companions not only deserted him, but had previously driven his sword so firmly in its scabbard, that it could not be drawn; and had, also, moistened the powder with which the very long gun he carried with him was charged, so as to render both useless when he came to rely upon them for protection. Accordingly the Crosiers instantly put him to death; and so far did they carry out their sanguinary measures even against his lifeless body, that tradition says the fragments thereof had to be collected together, and conveyed in *pillow slips* home to Troughend. Public indignation was speedily aroused against the murderers: the very name of Crosier was abhorred throughout Redesdale; and the abettors were both driven from their residence, and designated as “the fause hearted Ha's”—an appellation which yet remains in force against them.\*

Superstition, afterwards, lent her powerful aid to embellish and heighten this tragical occurrence. Shortly after day-break, or in the twilight of the evening, the resemblance of Parcy Reed was often seen in the vicinity of Batinghope, hurrying over the heath, arrayed in his green hunting dress, his horn by his side, and his long gun over his shoulder. Again, on a stormy night, when the clouds were careering athwart the sky, permitting occasionally a glimpse of moonlight to hasten over the darkened landscape, the likeness of the

\* When a late landlord of Horsley in Redesdale, whose name was Hall, a most respectable man, had taken his allowance freely, he not unfrequently disburdened his mind by thus reverting to the circumstance:—“Wey now, Aw wunna disguise me neame—me neame's Ha'—Tommy Ha'”;—and here the tears began to flow down the cheeks of the worthy host, “but Aw trust to me meaker, A'm nit come o' the fause hearted Ha's, that betrayed Parcy Reed.”



murdered man was frequently beheld in the neighbourhood of his own mansion, dealing destruction around him with a large whip so furiously, that the very trees were threatened to be struck down. Even within the last century, and in the broad light of a sabbath forenoon, while the good people in the upper part of Redesdale, were proceeding to the meeting house at Birdhope-craig, they often beheld the flitting spirit of Troughend, as he was called, under the mild semblance of a dove, take its station on a large stone in the middle of the Reed at Pringlehaugh, and if any of the party made a bow or curtsy towards it, by way of compliment, it very graciously returned the salutation. These examples shew the deep impression which the tragical fate of Percy Reed left on the memory of the inhabitants of Redesdale; and exhibit how easily any natural cause or object may, amongst a pastoral people, be construed into one of the shadows of that region beyond the dark bourn which circumscribes our present existence.

The annexed ballad was never before published, having been taken down by my valued friend, Mr. James Telfer of Saughtree, Liddesdale, from the chanting of an old woman, named Kitty Hall, who resided at Fairloans in the head of Kale water, Roxburghshire. She was a native of Northumberland, and observed she never liked to sing the verses, as she knew them to be perfectly true, and consequently could not bear to think there had been, of her own surname, such wretches as the betrayers of Percy Reed. Mr. Telfer had the honour of presenting a transcript of the piece to Sir Walter Scott, who placed it at the end of his copy of the "*Lay of the Reed-water Minstrel*;" and both now occupy a place in Press P, shelf 1, of the library at Abbotsford.

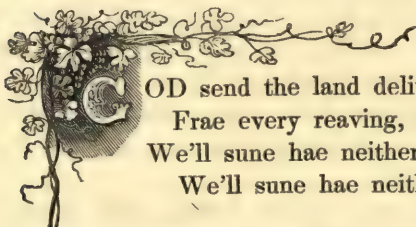
Touching the literary merit of the ballad, little in the way of either plot or graphic description may be found calculated to command the admiration of those who are accustomed to look critically upon such compositions. It is rude and simple in its structure, but perhaps its principal defect arises from the dialogue being so painfully protracted towards the close. The aim of the Minstrel undoubtedly was to convey a representation of what may be supposed to have taken place, when his hero fell into the hands of implacable enemies; and this he has accomplished, although neither with such spirit, nor, at the same time, with such unapproachable felicity as some of his more tuneful brethren of that age exhibited, when sounding those strains of ballad minstrelsy, which now form so precious a portion of our country's literature.

I cannot allow the opportunity of concluding these remarks to pass, without adverting to the circumstance, and it is with peculiar



pleasure I do so, of having spent a portion of my early life in Redesdale, and of enjoying on many occasions, the unaffected courtesy and kindness of its people. Indeed the district sounds still in my ears like *home*; and my heart throbs deeper on recollecting the evenings I passed there, when a number of faces, now no more, gleamed bright around our family hearth. Other attractions likewise, bind me closely to Redesdale. To throw gracefully the names of its localities into verse was a subject embraced by the early muse of Mr. Roxby, whose subsequent numbers, brief but beautiful, have at times contributed to render it no small honour. In addition to this, we have in its limits the field of Otterburne—the actual scene not only of the best contested battle ever fought in the times of chivalry; but also of one of our most ancient and spirit stirring national ballads.. Whether, therefore, in a domestic, or a literary point of view, the tract of country possesses a claim upon me, to which my feelings cordially respond; hence, its sheltered nooks, its sloping fields and solitary moorlands, with their innumerable associations, are amongst the last objects I shall forget.

### THE DEATH OF PARCY REED.



OD send the land deliverance  
 Frae every reaving, riding Scot:  
 We'll sune hae neither cow nor ewe,  
 We'll sune hae neither staig nor stot.

The outlaws come frae Liddesdale,  
 They herry Redesdale far and near;  
 The rich man's gelding it maun gang,  
 They canna pass the puir man's mear.

Sure it were weel, had ilka thief  
 Around his neck a halter strang;  
 And curses heavy may they light  
 On traitors vile oursel's amang.

Now Parcy Reed has Crosier ta'en,  
 He has delivered him to the law;  
 But Crosier says he'll do waur than that,  
 He'll make the tower o' Troughend fa'.

And Crosier says he will do waur—  
He will do waur if waur can be ;  
He'll make the bairns a' fatherless.  
And then, the land it may lie lee.

“To the hunting, ho !” cried Percy Reed,  
“The morning sun is on the dew :  
The cauler breeze frae off the fells,  
Will lead the dogs to the quarry true.

“To the hunting, ho !” cried Percy Reed,  
And to the hunting he has gane ;  
And the three fause Ha's o' Girsonsfeld  
Alang wi' him he has them ta'en.

They hunted high, they hunted low,  
By heathery hill and birken shaw ;  
They raised a buck on Rookan Edge,  
And blew the mort at fair Ealylawe.

They hunted high, they hunted low,  
They made the echoes ring amain ;  
With music sweet o' horn and hound,  
They merry made fair Redesdale glen.

They hunted high, they hunted low,  
They hunted up, they hunted down,  
Until the day was past the prime,  
And it grew late in the afternoon.

They hunted high in Batinghope,  
When as the sun was sinking low ;  
Says Percy then ; “Ca' off the dogs ;  
We'll bait our steeds and homeward go.”

They lighted high in Batinghope,  
Atween the brown and benty ground :  
They had but rested a little while,  
Till Percy Reed was sleeping sound.

There's nane may lean on a rotten staff,  
But him that risks to get a fa' ;  
There's nane may in a traitor trust,  
And traitors black were every Ha'.

They've stown the bridle off his steed,  
And they've put water in his lang gun;  
They've fixed his sword within the sheath,  
That out again it winna come.

"Awaken ye, waken ye, Parcy Reed  
Or by your enemies be ta'en;  
For yonder are the five Crosiers  
A-coming owre the Hingin'-stane."

"If they be five, and we be four,  
Sae that ye stand alang wi' me,  
Then every man ye will take one,  
And only leave but two to me:  
We will them meet as brave men ought,  
And make them either fight or flee."

"We mayna stand, we canna stand,  
We daurna stand alang wi' thee;  
The Crosiers haud thee at a feud,  
And they wad kill baith thee and we."

"O turn thee, turn thee, Johnie Ha'—  
O turn thee, man, and fight wi' me;<sup>1</sup>  
When ye come to Troughend again,  
My gude black naig I will gie thee;  
He cost full twenty pounds o' gowd,  
Atween my brother John and me."

"I mayna turn, I canna turn,  
I daurna turn and fight wi' thee;  
The Crosiers haud thee at a feud,  
And they wad kill baith thee and me."

"O turn thee, turn thee, Willie Ha'—  
O turn thee, man, and fight wi' me;  
When ye come to Troughend again,  
A yoke o' owsen I'll gie thee."

"I mayna turn, I canna turn,  
I daurna turn and fight wi' thee;

<sup>1</sup> i. e. along with me.



The Crosiers haud thee at a feud,  
And they wad kill baith thee and me."

"O turn thee, turn thee, Tommy Ha'—  
O turn now, man, and fight wi' me ;  
If ever we come to Troughend again,  
My daughter Jean I'll gie to thee."

"I mayna turn, I canna turn,  
I daurna turn and fight wi' thee ;  
The Crosiers haud thee at a feud,  
And they wad kill baith thee and me."

"O shame upon ye, traitors a',  
I wish your hames ye may never see ;  
Ye've stown the bridle off my naig,  
And I can neither fight nor flee.

"Ye've stown the bridle off my naig,  
And ye've put water i' my lang gun ;  
Ye've fixed my sword within the sheath,  
That out again it winna come."

He had but time to cross himsel'—  
A prayer he hadna time to say,  
Till round him came the Crosiers keen,  
All riding graithed, and in array.

"Weel met, weel met, now Parcy Reed,  
Thou art the very man we sought ;  
Owre lang hae we been in your debt,  
Now will we pay you as we ought.

We'll pay thee at the nearest tree,  
Where we shall hang thee like a hound."  
Brave Parcy rais'd his fankit<sup>1</sup> sword  
And fell'd the foremost to the ground.

Alake, and wae for Parcy Reed—  
Alake he was an unarmed man :  
Four weapons pierced him all at once,  
As they assailed him there and than.

<sup>1</sup> Confined, or sheathed.

They fell upon him all at once ;  
 They mangled him most cruellie :  
 The slightest wound might caused his deid,  
 And they hae gi'en him thirty three.  
 They hackit off his hands and feet  
 And left him lying on the lee.

" Now Percy Reed, we've paid our debt,  
 Ye canna weel dispute the tale."  
 The Crosiers said, and off they rade—  
 They rade the airt o' Liddesdale.

It was the hour o' gloaming gray,  
 When herds come in frae fauld and pen :  
 A herd he saw a huntsman lie,  
 Says he, " can this be Laird Troughen' ? "

" There's some will ca' me Percy Reed,  
 And some will ca' me Laird Troughen' :  
 Its little matter what they ca' me ;  
 My faes hae made me ill to ken.

" There's some will ca' me Percy Reed,  
 And speak my praise in tower and town ;  
 Its little matter what they do now,  
 My life-blood rudds\* the heather brown.

" There's some will ca' me Percy Reed.  
 And a' my virtues say and sing ;  
 I would much rather have just now  
 A draught o' water frae the spring ! "

The herd flang aff his clouted shoon,  
 And to the nearest fountain ran ;  
 He made his bonnet serve as cup,  
 And wan the blessing o' the dying man.

" Now honest herd, ye maun do mair—  
 Ye maun do mair as I you tell ;  
 Ye maun bear tidings to Troughend,  
 And bear likewise my last farewell.

"A farewell to my wedded wife ;  
 A farewell to my brother John,  
 Wha sits into the Troughend tower,  
 With heart as hard\* as any stone.

"A farewell to my daughter Jean ;  
 A farewell to my young sons five :  
 Had they been at their father's hand,  
 I had this night been man alive.

"A farewell to my followers a',  
 And a my neighbours gude at need ;  
 Bid them think how the treacherous Ha's,  
 Betrayed the life o' Percy Reed.

"The laird o' Clennel bears my bow ;  
 The laird o' Brandon bears my brand ;  
 Whene'er they ride i' the Border side,  
 They'll mind the fate o' the laird Troughend."

\* Black, in the original.

### Anecdote.

FROM "PENINGTON'S MORAL ANNALS," 1793.



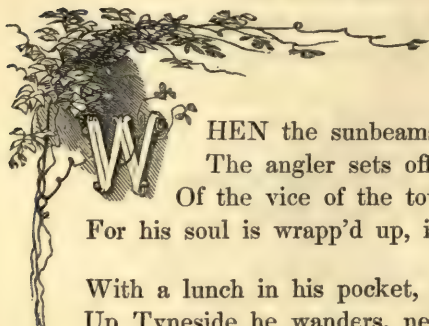
WHEN the Martin, Captain Duff, went to Shields, to aid in quelling the riots amongst the sailors, the Martin was stranded on the beach. The sailors were then in a state of mutiny, about their wages, and insisted on an augmentation of their pay from the ship-owners, who employed them. When the sailors saw the Martin's distress, they got boats, and went in great numbers to her assistance; and on going aboard, they said to Mr. Duff "we know well enough captain, what you are come about, but we'll save his Majesty's ship for all that," and accordingly got the ship safe off.





## The Tyneside Angler.

(BY THE LATE ROBERT NICHOLS, OF BENSHAM, AUTHOR OF "DAVID DOBBINSON," &c.)



WHEN the sunbeams light up the eastern sky,  
The angler sets off, with his rod, line, and fly :  
Of the vice of the town, nor its folly, he dreams,  
For his soul is wrapp'd up, in the spoils of the streams.

With a lunch in his pocket, a creel on his back,  
Up Tyneside he wanders, ne'er minding a track :  
All coloured the water and cloudy the sky,  
His mind's full of hope when he puts on the fly.

The thrush it is singing in the sweet month of May,  
The air is perfumed with the early-mown hay :  
The flowers are all blooming, luxuriant and wild,  
With a breeze from the west delightfully mild.

Through the air go his flies :—on the water they light,  
As soft as if wings had assisted their flight.  
The trout is deceiv'd—and whirr goes the wheel :  
A few plunges more, and it's into the creel.

When the sun in meridian breaks out bright, then he  
Sits down on the banks, with the lunch on his knee :  
Though the banks of the Coquet are all very fine,  
They can't be compared to the banks of the Tyne.

His creel being well filled, then homeward he goes,  
With a firmness of nerve, and cheeks like the rose :  
He lays out his fish, and with compliments sends  
A dish of fine glittering trout to his friends.

Then here's to the lad with the creel and the rod !  
May all joy attend him this earth can afford !  
With kindness and favour, may the world on him look :  
When it wants to deceive him, may he see the hook !

## HARVEST CUSTOMS IN NORTHUMBERLAND.

BY JAMES HARDY.

September, welcome! month of genial mood,  
 To hearts that crush'd in life's tumultuous press,  
 Pant for the rural paths of peacefulness,  
 On which the world's cold gaze may not intrude.  
 The calm that wraps the earth, and sky, and sea,  
 Permits the mind its own dear fancies bright;  
 And, as in lone seclusion of the night,  
 The past revives and glads our privacy.  
 What jovial train breaks on us as we muse?  
 The reaper bands 'mid fields of bending grain,  
 Where mirth's loud shout, sly joke, and winning strain,  
 The light of joy, through deep stirr'd hearts diffuse.  
 Blest scenes of youth! and happy harvest hours!  
 Life has no equal charms—no bliss like yours.—*MS.*



HARVEST, it has often been remarked, is the most genial and refreshing period of the seasons' round. Then or never is the happiness of the lowly born complete. The deep serenity of the autumnal sky, and the unruffled quiet of the ripening fields, are reflected in the peasant's bosom, and it gushes over with the combined emotions of cheerfulness and gratitude. And yet at no

other conjuncture of the year, is more strenuous activity demanded—or the call to labour more steadfastly urgent. It may be that then the triple bond of social union, more intensely and intimately encircled around his heart, speeding the vital current with an accelerated impulse—braces every sinew of his frame, and nerves every muscle for exertion. At other times his hours were solitary, his toils separate—in the remote solitude of the speechless field—speechless to him—with no kind voice to encourage or to cheer\*—or if it be his partner, engrossed at home in a load of family and “earth-born cares,” that erode and canker the blindest disposition, and fetter the buoyant expressions of glee. Now those foreboding clouds have dissipated,

\* “Eating a cold dinner by a dyke side,” is a well known expression of the solitary discomfort of rural labourers whose occupations take them to a distance from home.

and the sun of felicity shoots free and far, its illuminating radiance. The disconsolate mourner looks forth through her tears, and is comforted—and the cheek furrowed and wan, is smoothed and mellowed. Mirth girds on his buskins, “seizes his beechen spear,” and sallies forth to disport, amid the smiles of a rejoicing world.

Harvest is a season of care-defying rites, and fondly cherished, deeply rooted observances—results of the many, divided, far descending streams of hilarity, poured into one impetuous, uncontrolled, head-strong tide.

Every traveller or sportsman, must at some time, whilst casually passing a band of reapers, have observed one detach herself from the rest, and wend with hastening footsteps to intercept his way, in whom as she approaches his scrutiny, he will discern a grey veteran crone, dressed in the long outward robe of her Saxon ancestry—who versed in smooth words and plausible inducements, and bending with humble lowliness, will with outstretched, sun-embrowned rustic, supplicate a “largesse,” from the “liberal hand and open heart.” To the novice, unwitting of such well-urged demands, inquiring the destination of his hesitatingly produced coin—the jocular reply is ale—merry, hearty, “berry-brown ale”—to invigorate the weak,—support the toil-strung—enliven the lagging—to infuse harmony through all, and procure blessings for himself. And what can exceed the heart-elating acclaim—what the “vollied shower” of jeer and scorn—that announces their success or frustration in levying this their favourite contribution?\*

The sports of that field, rough, boisterous, and rude—the pervading sympathy by which so many alien hearts are knit in one unselfish aim—the unfettered and unforced flow of converse, that like a summer’s rill, alleviates the heavy burden, and imparts a resilience to the sinking heart—the sun-break interludes of rest—so acceptable and yet so recklessly spent—the stormy *Kemp*, or emulous struggle for the honour of the ridge-end—and, so delightfully accordant, in their silvery lapses, with the wild—still aspects of nature, the far-resounding notes of some native melody, attuned by a chorus of happy voices, at the impulse of hearts yet light and green—all these with a several interest, attract us, irresistibly attract us, to that fascinating scene.

That field of labour too, during its pauses, has its smooth—tranquil spots, like the verdant and flowery expanses by the pathway that invite the weary traveller to recline and to meditate—when the carol ceases to swell, and the jest to sparkle, and the din of gossip and the deadly blast of scandal are alike hushed, while the traditionary tale, and the

\* A somewhat similar custom prevails in Norfolk and Suffolk.—Hone’s *Every Day Book*, II. col. 1165. 1166,



narrative of the olden time—the dear—poetic—dim—cloud-wrapt, olden time, exert their arresting—penetrative sway, elevate the mind into the region of mystery, and lull into a transient forgetfulness of sublunary ill. Such pleasing episodes, unluckily, unless to one who familiarly mingles with the harvest band, and becomes a partaker in its toils, as well as in its conversation, are by no means to be arrived at with facility. Like some rare, uncultured wild flower, the favourite of “wandering botanist,” they bloom only in the immensity of Nature’s shaggy and outlandish retreats—difficult to be discerned, readily overlooked. The example here presented, far removed from the type of its class—commemorative of the baleful effects of the dreariest superstition that stains the page of history—and as to which a thick shadow still rests on the peasant’s mind—is adduced not for its innate pretensions—but as being an attainable specimen.

A female on the harvest-ridge, once having the misfortune to break her sickle, was obliged to proceed home, for another. As she went hastening along, a hare hirkled across the path before her, and then turned round to gaze, seated on its haunches, and welking its long, soft ears to and fro. The hunting appetite is irresistible—she hurled her broken sickle at the hare, and it sprang suddenly across the field, as if a pack of harriers were on its trail. At her return, as she drew near to the same spot, she was much surprised at viewing the form of what seemed the same hare, stealing athwart her way, and assuming its former scrutinizing posture. Bent this time, not to permit the opportunity of a savoury supper to escape, she took a steadier aim than before, launched the fresh sickle, and struck the animal on the brow. But how was she horrified! when the hare, instead of betaking itself to flight, with a wild scream of vengeance, darted upon her, implanted its talons—probably turned up and whetted for the nonce—in her face—biting and scratching her like a cat! Such a fierce affray then began betwixt the two—woman and hare—that there is no knowing to what extremities the matter might have proceeded—had not two labourers mowing in the vicinity, alarmed by the woman’s outcries, hastened to her rescue—when on their attempting to lay hold on the enraged creature—it slipped through their hands, and was speedily beyond all human hopes. This singular audacity in a hare, excited wondrous speculation in the community, who all philosophers after a fashion of their own, forthwith set on foot an investigation, as to the causes of such unaccountable procedure. Nor was it long ere it was ascertained, that a solitary, friendless female, deeply struck with the decrepitude and paralysis of age, from that very period bore upon her hitherto unsullied front, an ugly seamed gash, as if occasioned by a sharp instrument. It also appeared that this dame

though heretofore particularly intimate with the individual whom the strange accident had befallen—from that time forward, could not abide her—diligently avoiding her presence. The mystery was disclosed at once! That hitherto demure and inscrutable female, was all that fancy could conceive of wickedness in a human being; one who to accomplish the works of malignity and darkness, towards which her own bad will had inclined, but which nature denied the power and vigour to execute, had framed a detestable compact with the king of evil, at the price of both body and soul! Irritated by the odious imputation, the wrinkled matron, who though long dreaded and viewed askance, yet had always preserved the externals of decency and personal respect,—grew desperate—broke out into awful excesses—cursed and “blasphemeand”—vowed vengeance immitigable—renounced the friendship of all her former associates—wreaked her fury on milk, butter-churns, and dwining babies—fell foul of the farmer’s stock, and shook his corn—in short committed all the untoward disasters within the circuit of her neighbours’ limited geographical range. She “gave herself furth to have knowledge to do evill, and quhair ever scho promisit to do evill—evill befell.” What was her fate, is not declared; whether consigned to the flaming tar-barrel—the customary judicial resource in such obstinate cases—or rather, bending beneath the heavy and accumulating ills of age, she fell a victim to the dislike and cruelty of her ignorant and misguided fellow creatures—“werit of the warldis fasheries; and brought to sic miserie,” as made her “willing to die!”\*

Marvellous relations too are rife, of children, brought to the field by mothers, who had not the means of their being tended at home, and left cradled at the foot of the ridge, till the “landing” had been concluded, undergoing changes, the most remarkable and perplexing. Eager, and foremost of the straggling company, on their way to a new portion of their labours, hurries some doting mother towards her slumbering offspring, and the coverlet being withdrawn, what instead of her own sweet cherub “celestial rosy-red,” meets her appalled vision, but a “greet” hideous lump of ugliness, staring awake, and grinning a smile of malicious welcome to the devoted foster parent, whom it has already formed the design of draining to a shadow! This was the work of the Fairies, that they might replace one of their own lubberly, woe-begone, valueless bantlings with some exquisite “mortal mixture of earth’s mould;” and often too as the swain well knows, and takes particular pains to impress on the rising generation

\* Trial of Elspeth Cursetter or Colsetter, 29 May, 1629. *apud* Dalryell’s *Darker Superstitions of Scotland*, p. 44.



when gleaning behind the reapers, on the summit of the "stooks," nestling among the crowded ears, are fixed tempting morsels of "fairly butter"—"lickerish baits" to lure young—unguarded lips, and intemperate appetites astray.

"The scene is changed." The riant flow of that joyous course of existence is now almost sped, and that firmly wedged compact fast advances to its dissolution. Amidst a country, dotted with rows of shock and "gait," and an increasing frequency of yellow solitudes stripped of their golden honours, we now behold them forming their darkened ranks along the edge of the last field of grain, destined to fall beneath the reaper's blade. Glad was the prelusive morn, that with the promise of bright days, ushered in scattered knots, that harvest company a-field—and as in some rapturous pastime of their childhood, in the fresh novelty of their toils, did the first glib clips of the fine-edged sickle, driven by a sinewy and eager arm, sweep "burdened with ears," swollen handfuls from the ridge; but gladder still "and Oh! with what deeper welcome!" the propitious day-break that heralds that labour's close. Not content alone with the healing prospects it discloses, music must instil a relish intenser still, and to strenuous efforts, impart speedier wings. Some village Orpheus, nodding ecstatic over squeaking fiddle or wind-blown bagpipe, upon that day attains "the height of his high argument," while he beholds the country's hope and glory, moving to his volant touch. They "raised to height of noblest temper," prosecute "in perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood," their modulated toil. High upborne on lengthened pole, like to a Roman maniple, their showy standard guides the fervid way. This is the *corn-baby* or *kirn-dolly*, an image formed from a quantity of corn, selected from the field last to be cut down, and prepared some time previous to the day of harvest home. Its size is that of a full grown female. The spikes of grain being arranged in a bunch, are firmly compressed and tied where they unite with the stalks, to form the head and neck. Upon its head is placed a muslin cap, such as country maidens delight to exhibit themselves in on holiday occasions, and a white muslin smock, trimmed with ribbons and top-knots enow, being fitted over the straw, it at length assumes an infinitely more gracious semblance to humanity, than does an Otaheitan divinity. The longest fork shaft procurable, being thrust up through it, ensures a desired facility of transport from landing to landing, or if business press—for its being stationed statue-like at the head of the field, the reaper's "star of Arcady"—their "Tyrian Cynosure."

Anxious to arrive at a conclusion, in seasonable time, that is before the sun go down, the mid-day's interval of rest, or it may be on occa-



sions of riot and ludicrous uproar, is cheerfully abridged, and with more prompt and earnest endeavours is the willing work resumed.

Great is the strife that now ensues in that erst peaceful and regular array; as the sensibly diminished corn-ridges, assailed on every side are hurried to the sheaf, and the eye can already calculate the amount of strokes that will lay them low. The old people of either sex, erewhile most sedulous in bearing the heavy burden, now that another season's battle has been fought so toughly and well, suspend their sickles—idle now. Fled for aye the light-winged hours, when they with youth on their side, were competitors in that hot melee. "Another race has followed," and "the palm" is destined to fresher and less furrowed brows. Theirs however is a gaiety of heart that age, and care, and labour may impair, but cannot suppress, and while the youngsters struggle on,—excited perchance by an exhilarating glass, which she of the party who has seen most harvests has been dispatched to procure, and caught by the enchanting lure of the wild musician, they join hands in many a merry reel, round stook and sheaf. The object of the now all-engrossing contention is, to obtain the last cut of corn, reaped on the field. Hands are wounded, and wrists twitched, that have weathered many a brunt, but still, in heedless and savage fury, they flounder on, until the aspired for handful, falls, generally by the collusion of a friendly *bandster*, who has managed to conceal it, beneath an unbound sheaf, or in the middle of a "stook," to the lot of the fairest and the favourite of the field. Not however without the murmurs of the envious is the contest resigned, for great is the privilege that last cut confers, as being chiefest offering dedicate to the sacred rites of Hymen. Smiled on by the god—heading the nuptial train, will she with elastic footstep, enter within the precincts of the sacred fane, while over the "Bridge of Sighs," the relentless portecullis for ever excludes hope.

The last business, before leaving the field, is "to shout the kirn." This consists in the rapturous outburst of the congregated multitude, in one united and long prolonged acclaim. In some localities, the shout is preceded by a rhyme apposite to the occasion, recited by the clearest voiced individual of the company. The following specimen of it, has often awakened the echoes on the green banks of the Wansbeck.

"Blessed be the day our Saviour was born;  
For Master ..... 's corn's all well shorn,  
And we will have a good supper to night,  
And a drinking of ale, and a kirn! a kirn! ahoe!"

All uniting at the close in a simultaneous shout. Those ungenerous

individuals who refuse to participate the general joy, by joining in the huzza, have their ears properly "cobbed," that is sensibly lengthened, by means of a not very smooth process. In the fertile flats of Glendale, a somewhat abbreviated version of the harvest rhyme, is in use.

"The master's corn is ripe—and shorn,  
We bless the day that he was born,  
Shouting a kirn! a kirn! ahoe!'"\*

The labourers on adjoining farms, if within hearing often take up the jovial shout of jubilee, and speed to more remote districts the tidings of good news.

The procession home is now marshalled. The musician, with many a flying favour, strides in front. Then comes the corn-baby on its pole; with the heroine of the day, bearing over her arm, neatly plaited, the talisman of her fortunes. Behind, troop the obstreperous multitude. On arriving at home, the thrilling shout is again raised, the last cut is consigned to the hands of the master, and the fiddler chosing his station, a country-dance is struck up on the sward before the door of the "*Ha*," in which in presence of master and mistress, as if anticipating the evenings revels, both lad and lass bounce lustily, "with no lead on their heels." To prepare for that happy festival, the central point, for many a day, of the hopes, the wishes, and the conversation of that harvest band, they now disperse to their several abodes.

The festivities of the Kirn "hymned by loftier harps,"—its lengthened preliminary preparations—the Kirn gifts of new caps conferred by the mistress on her deserving damsels—the display of rustic finery in comb and "gumflower," rosette and robe of motely pattern—the flow of feast and song—the long memorial recapitulation of the best things of the season—its songs, its stories, and its more exciting scenes—the merit of fiddle-de-dee and his exhaustless store of tune, the "life and mettle" of the dancers—and the character of the dances—that dance of dances—the *cushion dance*, not excepted—the various phenomena of over-prolonged suction—the breaking up—and last scene of all "the setting home"—all these as familiar, but unfortunately less and less frequently recurring observances of an age, more generous in its usages, than that which has succeeded it, I purposely omit. It may not however be out of place to mention the

\* The Harvest Home call of the Durham reapers is given in Hone's Table Book, ii col. 505.

"Blest be the day that Christ was born,  
We've gotten mull of Mr ———'s corn,  
Well won, and better shorn.  
Hip, hip, hip! —huzza! huzza! huzza!"

fate of the *corn-baby*, so gaily busked, and acting such a prominent part in the earlier proceedings of the day. During the evening it occupies the chief and most conspicuous place in the "ha," constantly reminding them, (and there have been occasions much to be regretted, in which some have been so unmannerly as to forget\*), of the auspicious event they have met to celebrate; unless when in the deepest enthusiasm of the dance, it is snatched down, and born in triumph through its eddies. One of the dishes may also be alluded to, as being supposed to have given origin to the usual name of the harvest feast—the *Kirn*—although the idea of such a dish may have merely arisen from a fanciful play upon words, while the real meaning of the term, implies somewhat more recondite and esoteric. When the company have been satisfied to repletion with the substantial fare that loads the hospitable board, there are brought forward sundry dishes of cream, taken out of the churn, just as it was going to break into butter. This, well seasoned with sugar, soon disappears under a pell-mell of spoons; as many persons eating from a dish, as, without stretching too long an arm, can conveniently reach it.

The reapers are sometimes permitted to bring with them such of their acquaintances, as from their ready accomplishments in pleasantry, will contribute to the evening's entertainments. Lasses have their lovers premonished; and if the *kirn* is noted, it attracts, unbidden, the choice merit of the district. A particular aim with many of those strangers, is, to appear in such a disguise, as shall effectually prevent their being recognized. The fantastic mummary of the Christmas season is resorted to, and the harvest feast is often converted into a rude masquerade. Some dress themselves in female attire, others are encased, from head to heel, in straw ropes wound spirally round the body and limbs. Others again have recourse to some animal's skin, to mask the face, and like the Hottentot *kaross*, enwrap the body; while behind, very ludicrous in the dance, depends an ox's bushy tail. Secured, beneath these "guisings," from every embarrassment, the emboldened rustic, with much gallantry, gives a round

\* Whitley was long famous for its *kirns*, but *kirns* like many other good things are liable to much abuse—the resort to them became so promiscuous and numerous—and parties in several instances acted with such indiscretion, that there was a necessity for their being discontinued. In the north of Northumberland, the donation of a shilling to each reaper, at the conclusion of the harvest, is now frequently substituted for a *kirn*. With this, on an appointed night, the men treat themselves to liquor, music and dancing—and the good wives and "greener damsels," to dispense their charity in a gentle way, convene in the house of some needy but worthy widow, who, out of their *kirn* money, entertains them, with cake, and gossip, and the cup "which cheers but not inebriates;" receiving in recompence of her pains, the generous remains of a plenteous feast.



of dancing to all the females in the room, and while thus engaged, performs such capers "wildly graceful," and such dexterous feats of buffoonery, as draw forth the unqualified admiration of the assembly. He who eclipses the rest, is entitled as his due, to a proportionate share of esteem, as being the "best guisard." Some preserve their incognito to the close, and depart without affording any token by which conjecture might be gratified. Others having performed their part, divest themselves of their disguise, and return to join some fair friends, who, during the previous farce, had been selected as their partners for the evening.

On these occasions also there are pranks, far less praiseworthy, at the expense of the ideal terrors of others. Not unfrequently, a company on their return home from the feast, will be waylaid by some of their companions for the purpose of giving them a fright. At one of the country kirns, as runs the story, a youth had planned a scheme for thus amusing himself. Wrapping himself in a white sheet, he stationed himself besides a gateway, which he knew some of the kirk people had to pass. The spot had long in vulgar belief, inherited the reputation of being ghost-haunted. Here with desperate boldness he posted himself, when suddenly the real ghost rose up out of the earth before him, on the opposite side of the gateway, in shape and costume so resembling himself, that to his confused perception, it seemed the selfsame being! Terrified to the utmost, he attempted to spring to his feet and run away, but the shadowy figure, significantly nodding its head, said to him in slow, solemn tone of authority.

"You come to scare, I come to scare,  
While I sit here—sit you there."

Overpowered with amazement, the poor rustic swooned away, in which state, cold and deathlike, though not ultimately irrecoverable, he was found by his friends on their arrival.\*

\* On the authority of Robert Bolam's Notes. This resembles an encounter with the renowned "Meg of Meldon," as garrulous tradition has preserved the incidents. An individual, well known for his scepticism in regard to ghosts, had often heard of Meg's achievements in frightening people, but would not credit them. He however had no scruple in perpetuating the belief amongst a credulous community, so, one mirk night, dressed in a white drapery, he placed himself on the parapet wall of Meldon bridge—a favourite haunt of that unquiet spirit—and there sat awaiting strangers. He had not stayed long, till he found Meg herself seated beside him. "You've come to fley,"\* said she, "and I've come to fley, let's both fley together." At the same time she drew herself a little nearer him, while he jealous of too familiar an intimacy, moved still further along. Meg repeated her movement, and he still shrunk from her approach. She at

\* Frighten.

An ovation—humbler and less ostentatious—but to some minds, to whom the thrift and cheerful resources of poverty afford a contemplation at all times delightful—fully more interesting—still remains—the Gleaner's kirn. "The last blythe shout hath died upon our ears," and the events of the kirn-night, common by repetition, have ceased to interest, or even to be matter of talk. Then out in the bared fields, day after day, when the sun has absorbed the dew, and the rains of the latter season delay their arrival, the assembling families of the farm-stead and the cotter's row, young and old, like the coveys of upland game, frequent the harvest field, to pick up the scanty relics, the farmer has abandoned to their use, and that of the fowls of heaven. The accumulated proceeds, plaited up in handfuls called *singles*, are at mid-day or evening, borne home—where being sufficiently dried, the grain is beaten out with a mallet, and afterwards separated from the chaff by being allowed to fall from a *wecht*, in the stream of a current of air. The produce, where the busy hands are numerous and diligent, often considerably augments the frugal hind's boll, subject to many a call. At the end of the "gathering season," in reward of the assiduity of her little ones, the mother prepares for them, their delicious banquet. That day, the "kirn" is put in motion—and the cream brought exactly to the mingling of acidity with sweetness. Then sugar dropped in, in unsparing spoonfuls, raises the mixture to its highest zest. Meanwhile upon the fire, a rich cake of the white flour of the gathering, with sugary baits and persuasives throughout, is in rapid preparation. These unwonted delicacies, the supreme of youthful conception, more than repay the poor little things, for all the pinching ills they have endured, in many a raw—cheerless day of expiring autumn.

Meantime under the influence of propitious suns, and dry evaporating breezes, the remaining enclosures are speedily cleared of their treasures—a period not unrefreshed with effervescent flashes of jovialty—at least among the junior portion of the rural community. The genial current that diffused cheerfulness and content, amid the weighty cares of the harvest, has not so entirely shrunk its dimensions, but that still mirth and harmless pastimes, mingle along its smiling banks. And if in future years, one who at the call of his own elastic impulses has quaffed those exhilarating and sparkling waters, in looking back upon the few, how few! illuminated spots, that gild the shadowy land of memory, could have found a recording voice, methinks he might thus have raised the retrospective strain.

length came so close as to give him a push, which he hastily attempted to shun, but lost balance, and fell headlong into the water.

## I.

And there was too in the long harvest eves,  
 The happy toil, when the late leading wain,  
 By fav'ring moonlight, housed the ready grain,  
 To aid the *builder* with the forth-brought sheaves ;  
 To guide the horse to *trace* the o'erladed team ;  
 To drag to *forker's* hand the distant *stook* ;  
 And when the car its way through moorlands took,  
 To watch the wheels with glistening moss-fire gleam.\*  
 And there were the wild sports when work was o'er,  
 At *Bogle*, by the mazy *stacks* concealed ;  
 Or *Hide and seek*—or *Bases* far a-field ;  
 Or greedy *Gled* that off the younglings bore.  
 Can after life give back the gladdening hours,  
 That 'mid those fervid Harvest games were ours !

## II.

And when that youthful merriment was gone,  
 And deeper feelings—nobler motives—thrill'd,  
 Still were those scenes with fresh enjoyment fill'd,  
 For what had vanish'd amply to atone :  
 For having reached some upland's airy line,  
 Beneath us stretch'd the woodland prospect fair,  
 What scenes of fancy might with that compare !  
 What hues so varied ! or what tints so fine !  
 Not Spring when " she comes forth with buds " and flowers,  
 Or Summer when awake her splendid things,  
 On gold and purple, green and azure wings,  
 To flutter 'mid her radiant sun-lit bowers ;  
 Had half such fascination, could so move,  
 The secret fountains of the heart's deep love.

In this deeply interesting period of the woodland's changing umbrage, when the repose of nature's energies diffuses a quietude, unperturbed and universal—as if in harmony with the inactive scenes around, is the circuit of harvest labour completed, and the anxieties of the farmer and his labourers brought finally to a close. Then is

\* In passing over swampy moorlands in Autumn, the wheels of carts, or the shoes of travellers, are often seen to glimmer as if beset with thousands of luminous sparkles, or even sheets of flame. This is occasioned by breaking in upon the decayed vegetable ingredients underneath the surface, which teem with phosphorescent matter visible only in the dark, and when thus excited. I need not say that the flame is innocuous, and destitute of heating properties. This phenomenon is usually called *Wild-fire*.



the last sheaf of corn, securely circled by the stackyard wall, or lodged beneath the covert of the barn. Sometimes the celebration of the kirk is deferred till then, that both servant and master may have equal cause for rejoicing. At all events, few are so niggardly, as to grudge regaling their farm-servants, for the multiplied toils, and long moonlight yokings, they have submitted to in their work of love, with a cheering round or two of the bottle, joined to a keenly relished repast of bread and cheese, washed down with "mantling quaighs of ale." The mistress too, as chance will have it, comes in for a share of the entertainment, as should her well-fledged train of geese, now admitted to the full range of the stubbles, and advancing to their maturity at Michaelmas, come across the track of the last loaded wain, on its passage to the stackyard, the driver is not worth his whip, if he have not a "harvest guise" roasted for supper. This no one can righteously retain from him, provided he can by fair means, lay it dead with his whip handle. This is another custom now almost unpractised, which seems to have been of more frequent occurrence in the days of our forgotten ancestry. In Yorkshire, on the eve on which the corn was secured, the husbandmen partook of what was termed their "Inning-geese."\* Tusser, tells the farmers to "let Goose have a goose, be she lean be she fat," and that for a reason which cannot be too deeply remembered by those immediately in contact with the outfield labourer, as it is by such small considerate favours, as much as by the tie of mutual interest, that the bond of rural society, so beautiful and patriarchal, is rendered indissolubly firm.

"Please such as did please thee, man, woman, and child,  
Thus doing, with alway suche helpe as they can  
Thou winnest the praise of the labouring man."\*

Thus in various parts of the extensive shire of Northumberland, are some of the modes, by which the "harvest folk," contrive to "keep themselves merrie all harvest time long," and thus when the unflagging round of occupation has been conducted with prosperity and unflinching steadiness to its close, do they give loose to the last glad outburst of their exuberant hearts—thus shake "to the wind their cares."

\* Brand's Popular Antiquities by Sir H. Ellis, vol. ii. p. 16. In Boys's Sandwich occurs this item "35 Hen. VIII. Spent when we ete our harvyst goose iij<sup>s</sup> vi<sup>d</sup>. and the goose x<sup>s</sup>." (Hone's Every-Day Book, ii. 1174.) The French had their "Harvest gosling" under Henry IV. (Brand, *ubi sup.*)

\* Ibid, p. 17.

“ Our rural ancestors, with little blest,  
 Patient of labour when the end was rest,  
 Indulged the day that housed the annual grain,  
 With feasts and offerings, and a thankful strain :  
 The joy their *wives*, and *sons*, and *servants* share  
 Ease of their toil and partners of their care :  
 The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,  
 Smoothed ev’ry brow, and opened every soul.\*

As a stranger and as a gleaner we entered the harvest field—these stray spikes, the sparing result of our devious search, disposed in a slightly connected fascicle, we dedicate to the benign genius of the season.

### The Humble Petition

OF

### THE LAST REMAINS OF STOCKTON CASTLE.

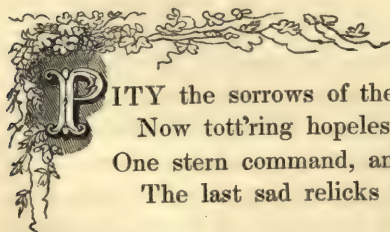
FROM “THE GENTLEMAN’S MAGAZINE,” FOR JULY, 1800.



HE ancient castle of Stockton could boast a remote origin, and, it is believed, occupied the site of some Roman structure, for in digging the foundation of a quay, there was found near the spot where the castle wall joined the river, a coin of Nero Claudius Cæsar, who invaded Britain about A.D. 59. The castle however, was in existence previous to the eleventh century, must have been a place of great strength, and appears to have been built by one of the kings of England, after which it became the occasional residence of the bishops of Durham. Until the beginning of the eleventh century, the castle and manor of Stockton was comprehended in the parish of Norton, and are supposed to have been given by some of the Norman barons, in conformity with the religious customs of those days, to the see of Durham. Philip de Poitou, bishop of Durham was particularly attached to king John, whom he is said to have entertained on a visit at Stockton castle, where John afterwards granted a charter to the burgesses of Newcastle, dated “Stockton, February 5th, 1214.” Bishop Farnham made Stockton almost his constant residence for eight years, and died here in 1257,

previous to which he had "abandoned his bishopricke voluntarily; and *contentinge* himselfe with three good manors of that See, Hoveden, Easington, and Stockton, betoke himselfe to *contemplacon*." Bishop Kellow, who succeeded Bek, re-built the castle or Manor house, and afterwards, during the residence of bishop Matthew, in 1597, it was partly consumed by fire. Stockton, Norton, and Claxton are recorded amongst the places destroyed by the Scots in the reign of Edward II., and most probably the castle was not left unscathed. Dr Morton was the last Bishop of Durham, who resided at Stockton, whence he fled into Yorkshire, after the defeat of the king's army by the Scots at Newburn. The castle did not fall a sacrifice to the ravages of time, but to the distracted state of the kingdom; the order of parliament for the sale of the bishop's lands, brought it into the hands of private persons, who appear to have demolished it for the sale of materials with which some of the stone houses in the town are said to have been built. In "a *particular* of lands belonging to the bishop of Durham, sold by virtue of an ordinance, entitled, an ordinance for abolishing of archbishops and bishops within the kingdom of England and dominion of Wales, and for settling their lands and possessions upon trustees for the use of the Commonwealth, to be disposed of as both houses of parliament shall think fit and appoint," we find that on the 24th of March, 1647-8, the manor of Stockton was sold to William Underwood, and James Nelthorpe, for £6,165 10s. 2½d. But the castle was not totally destroyed until four years after, by order of Cromwell, according to the following memorandum, "1652 *Castrum de Stockton fuit totalit dirutum*." The inclosure adjoining the site of the castle is still called the "Park."

#### THE HUMBLE PETITION OF THE LAST REMAINS OF STOCKTON CASTLE,



PITY the sorrows of these antient walls,  
 Now tott'ring hopeless o'er their time-worn base;  
 One stern command, and all their grandeur falls,  
 The last sad relicks of a noble race.

Ah! who can tell the changes of his fate,  
 Or trace through rolling years the varying tides?  
 Who can disclose his ever-alt'ring state,  
 Or mark the streamlet, less'ning as it glides?



In rude magnificence, a massy pile,  
Triumphant here its Norman banners wav'd,  
A bulwark bold, array'd in antient style,  
Whilst gentle Tees its strong foundations lav'd.

No harbour this for Rapine's dreadful sway,  
No haughty baron rul'd indignant here,  
No trembling peasants lawless lords obey,  
Or wipe in silence the neglected tear.

Here other morals find more ample room,  
Tho' damp'd, alas! by Superstition's dream;  
The Gospel penetrates the deadly gloom,  
And sheds abroad a more instructive gleam.

Where this small ruin lifts its humble head,  
And tells the tale of desolating Time,  
Their lives a race of holy Prelates led,  
Whose smiles dispell'd the rigour of the clime.

Bosom'd in trees the Gothic mansion stood,  
Which grateful shed a sacred gloom around;  
Its battlements reflected from the flood—  
Its deep-trench'd mote a sure defence was found.

Yet not for war alone these tow'rs were rais'd,  
Fair peace and loyalty more joys afford;  
Thro' the broad hall a thousand torches blaz'd,  
The royal banquet smok'd upon the board.

Nor yet loud revelry, nor base misrule,  
(Unseemly sights!) this hallowed pile confest;  
From pomp and power, Ambition's dang'rous school,  
Good Farneham sought it as a place of rest.

Quick rolls the torrent down the mountain's side  
When angry clouds the alter'd year deform;  
Quick ages roll, destructive as the tide,  
And sweep the scatter'd remnants of the storm.

Tho' far retir'd, tho' sunk in hoary years,  
And tending slowly to mild decay;  
A cruel spoiler all my glory tears—  
Where will not civil discord find its way?

Now strewn abroad by many an impious hand,  
 Forlorn, deserted my sad ruins lie,  
 Scarce mark the spot of honour's late command,  
 Scarce tell the pitying stranger *where* to sigh.

Yet 'midst the wrecks and ravages of Time,  
 Benevolence a sacred trophy rears<sup>1</sup> —  
 Not propt on bases, sculptur'd stones sublime,  
 But wet with orphan's sympathetic tears.

Soft verdure crowns the undulating ground,  
 The shepherd's riches deck the rural shed,  
 Nature's first bev'rage sweetly streams around;  
 The infant's suckled, and the hungry fed.

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### Sonnet to the River Tweed.

BY THE REV. W. L. BOWLES.



TWEED! a stranger that, with wandering feet,  
 O'er hill and dale has journey'd many a mile;  
 If so his weary thoughts he might beguile,  
 Delighted turns thy bounteous scenes to greet.

The waving branches, that romantic bend  
 O'er thy steep banks, a soothing charm bestow;  
 The murmur of thy wandering wave below  
 Seems to his ear the pity of a friend.

Delightful stream! though now along thy shore,  
 When Spring returns in all her wonted pride  
 The shepherd's distant pipe is heard no more;  
 Yet here with pensive peace could I abide,  
 Far from the stormy world's tumultuous roar,  
 To muse upon thy banks at eventide.

<sup>1</sup> Shute Barrington Bishop of Durham appropriated the site of Stockton castle, with other parts of his demesne lands there, for the purpose of forming a milk-farm for the use of the poor of that place.



## My Next-Door Neighbours ;

BEING SOME ACCOUNT OF

BETTY CARR, WHO DIED AT THE AGE OF 104 :

AND A BRIEF NOTICE OF

JOE DAWSON, WHO LIVED TO BE 101.

BY JOSEPH RIDLEY.



T was my singular fortune in the earlier portion of my life, to live between two neighbours who both survived beyond a century. Old Betty Carr on the one hand next door, and in the house immediately adjoining ours on the other hand, Old Joe Dawson. We look with admiration on a monument of a hundred years standing, and regard as partaking of comparative antiquity the events which occurred, and the persons who figured

in the world a century ago. How much more deserving of our admiration is such a living monument of the Creator's skill, as has been walking the earth during the whole of that period. The subject of monarchs whose dynasty has become extinct—the eyes that have gazed on myriads now no more—the tongue that has talked till its local dialect has been imperceptibly changed—a frail body sustained



by 150,000 meals, which a morsel might have choked—a bosom containing a heart which has beat 55 millions of pulsations, and propelled the vital fluid during a hundred years, through a frame which might have been strangled in the birth. This—this is the monument to be looked upon with admiration.

“Strange that a harp of thousand strings  
Should keep in tune so long.”

Such a monument of the Creator's skill, was Old Betty Carr. She was our next-door neighbour during a quarter of a century, but was Old Betty Carr before I was born. It is pleasant when those whose extreme age makes them objects of wonder, are also by their virtues entitled to our esteem; but such I fear, was not the subject of this memoir. She has been dead these twenty years, but I have a vivid recollection of her feeble frame—wrinkled skin—toothless head—frowning physiognomy—dirty habits, and vicious practices. What her maiden name had been, I never heard; for nobody living in the town at the time of her death, knew her unmarried. She had however, been twice wedded. Her first husband's name was Carr, which she always retained; the second was Lambert, who hanged himself on a tree in the eastern boundary of Hexham parish. The old woman had a saying, which was associated with this event, to the end of her life, “Ah Hinneys, its a fine thing for a body to dee their own fair death.” The house she lived in was her own, but she had little income beyond the rent of a spare room, and the produce of a small garden at the back door, where, besides a solitary apple tree, old and decayed like its owner, she grew mint and marigolds which she sold chiefly on Sundays, to young folks for nosegays. Old Ned Holms the piper was her tenant for some years, and his music drew youngsters about the house. Occasionally Tansy cakes and other merry-makings were held, for the old woman's benefit and pleasure; for she delighted in vain amusements—had card parties at her house on holidays, and practised playing the old year out and the new one in. A huge old stone formed her seat at the front door, where she often sunned herself on summer evenings; whilst she smoked her black cutty which she never abandoned but to die. There, I imagine I see her, crawling along by the wall to an adjoining shop, for the few articles of daily consumption—her arms black and withered—her face often sooty—her toothless jaws in ruminating motion, and the expression of her countenance fierce and repulsive. “There,” she would say, as she laid down a plain shilling, “ye need not look at it, for I got it of one who would not take a bad one if they knew.” Her stick was often raised to beat “unlucky bairns,” the more mischievous of whom sometimes drew

down her imprecations ; and often has the complaint been made to our mother—" Betty Carr says bad-words."

When in her hundredth year, some heartless wretch robbed her house,—carrying off her feather bed and pillows ; on which occasion a kind neighbour wrote her a brief, which is now before me. At the period of her death, which was in 1823, she was reputed to be one hundred and four years old ; having been a subject of all the four Georges, one of whom reigned about threescore years : and she looked as old as she was—had her share of the common infirmities of her very uncommon age, with but few of its redeeming qualities. It was her ambition though poor, to keep her own house over her head till the last ; and it was inherited by a man who bore the family name, but with scarcely any other claim to the property.

OLD JOE DAWSON came originally from Allendale, and never laid aside his native dialect, though he lived in Hexham during the lifetime of nearly all the people inhabiting it on his settling there. How wonderfully diversified is Language, when places only ten miles asunder have dialects so different ! Not only the grand divisions of the Earth—its Continents and larger Islands, not only the quarters of the Globe, with their Empires—Kingdoms—States—Provinces and considerable districts, have their Languages and Dialects ; but adjoining parishes—nay different parts of the same parish have their various tongues ; as is plainly audible in the conversation of a native of Hexhamshire, with an inhabitant of the town. Joe Dawson's Obituary found a place in the Newcastle Chronicle, at the time of his death, which, as it affords data in proof of his age, I shall here republish.

" 1829. Died on the 8th inst., (June) at Hexham, aged 101, Mr. Joseph Dawson. Like many old people he could not satisfactorily state his exact age ; but it might be inferred pretty nearly, from facts which he often repeated—he was old enough to be engaged in ploughing, during the Rebellion of 1745 ; and was on one occasion driven, with his companions, from that employment, by the appearance of a supposed troop of horse, on Whitfield fell, which however, turned out to be Ore Galloways.\*"

Old Joe lived with the " twee lads," as he continued to call his sons, though far advanced in life ; who made a tolerable livelihood by keeping a horse and cart ; though poor in appearance, and uncomfortable in their habits, as all men become who dispense with the services of females, and abandon the decencies of life. Unaided by

\* A drove of poneys, carrying bags of ore upon their backs, from the Lead Mines to the Smelting Mills.



book-learning, though in nowise deficient in natural capacity, his knowledge was limited, and his conversation uninteresting. His manners, like those of his family, were sufficiently heathenish; though not designed to be offensive to his neighbours. He had indeed, two married daughters, still 'the lasses,' though now old women; and when the old man died, it was resolved to bury him at the place which he came from. So having procured a coffin, the lads laid it, enclosing their Father's remains, upon their own cart. The lasses, having first lighted their pipes, took their seats upon it; and young Joe, as the eldest son had always been called till now—though blinder than the father at the end of his days—considering it was a long way to Allendale, made the nag quicken his pace. Joe Dawson's name was long since connected with a story about the laying of a ghost; but the materials are too slender to warrant attempting a sketch.

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## THE WIZARD'S CAVE.

### A Northumbrian Legend.

BY ROBERT OWEN, ESQ.

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THE Wizard's Cave" is from the pen of Robert Owen, Esq., a native of North Shields. Like a true Northumbrian, Mr. Owen was passionately fond of the Tales and Legends of the Border, and made an extensive collection of them, towards a work which he planned and intended to publish, under the name of "*The Minstrelsy of the English Border.*" Owing to ill health and other causes, the design was abandoned, and Mr. Owen, during the progress of Hone's Table Book, placed at the disposal of the editor of that work, a considerable portion of the *material* he had collected and written. Such was the origin of "the Wizard's Cave," a very pleasing ballad in true minstrel strain.

The author of it is now a resident in a distant clime; should our work ever come to his hands, we doubt not that he will be gratified at finding that *his* idea as to an English Border Minstrelsy, has, to a certain extent, been carried out by other hands, and that in the pages of the present publication, an attempt—and we trust not an unsuc-

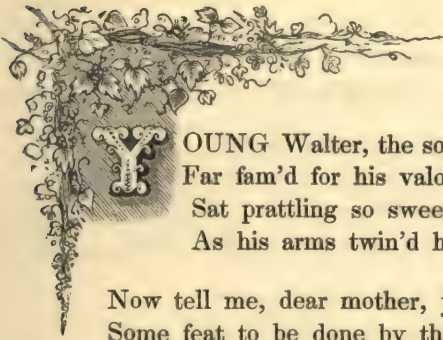


cessful one—has been made to collect the scattered legends and tales, of a considerable portion of the *English Border*.

The tradition of the "*Wizard's Cave*" is as familiar to the inhabitants and visitors of Tynemouth, as "household words." A few years ago, during the summer season, even fair damsels might be seen risking their slender necks, to ascertain, by adventurous exploration, whether young Walter the Knight might not, in his hurry, have passed over some of the treasures of the Cave: but, alas! Time on this, as on other things, has laid his heavy hand; for the falling in of the rock and earth, and peradventure the machinations of the discomfited "spirits," have, one or both, stopped up the dark passage of the cavern, at the depth of ten or twelve feet. The entrance of the cave, now well known by the name of "*Jingling Geordie's Hole*," is partly formed by the solid rock, and partly by masonry, and can be reached with some little danger, about half way up the precipitous cliff, on which Tynemouth castle and priory stand. It commands a beautiful haven, or sandy bay, on the north of Tynemouth promontory, badly sheltered on both sides by fearful beds of black rocks, on which the ocean beats with a perpetual murmur.

D.

### THE WIZARD'S CAVE.



YOUNG Walter, the son of Sir Robert the Knight,  
Far fam'd for his valour in border-fight,  
Sat prattling so sweet on his mother's knee,  
As his arms twin'd her neck of pure ivory.

Now tell me, dear mother, young Walter said,  
Some feat to be done by the bow or the blade,  
Where foe may be quell'd or some charm be undone;  
Or lady, or treasure, or fame may be won.

The lady, she gaz'd on her war-born child,  
And smooth'd down his ringlets, and kiss'd him, and smil'd;  
And she told him high deeds of the Percy brave,  
Where the lance e'er could pierce, or the helm-plume wave,

And she told him wild tales, all of magic spell,  
Where treasures were hidden in mountain or dell;

Where wizards, for ages, kept beauty in thrall  
'Neath the mould'ring damp of their dank donjon wall.

—But list thee, my Walter, by Tinmouthe's towers grey,  
Where chant the cowl'd monks all by night and by day ;  
In a cavern of rock scoop'd under the sea,  
Lye treasures in keeping of Sorcery.

It avails not the Cross, ever sainted and true,  
It avails not the pray'rs of the prior Sir Hugh,  
It avails not, O dread ! Holy Virgin's fond care,  
Great treasure long held by dark Sathan is there.

Far, far 'neath the sea, in a deep rocky cell,  
Bound down by the chains of the strongest spell,  
Lies the key of gold, countless as sands on the shore,  
And there it will rest 'till old time is no more.

Nay, say not so, mother, can heart that is bold  
Not win from the fiend all this ill-gotten gold ?  
Can no lion-soul'd knight, with his harness true,  
Do more than cowl'd monks with their beads e'er can do ?

Now hush thee young Walter, how like to thy sire !  
Thy heart is too reckless, thine eye full of fire :  
When reason with courage can help thee in need,  
I will tell how the treasure from spell may be freed.

Full many a long summer with scented breath,  
Saw the flowers blossom wild on the north mountain heath ;  
And the fleetest in chase, and the stoutest in fight,  
Grew young Walter, the son of Sir Robert the Knight.

Full many a long winter of sleet and of snow,  
Swept through the cold valleys where pines only grow ;  
But heedless of sleet, snow, or howling blast,  
Young Walter e'er brav'd them, the first and the last.

Who is that young knight in the Percy's band ?  
Who wieldeth the falchion with master hand ?  
Who strideth the war-steed in border fight ?  
—'Tis Walter, the son of Sir Robert the Knight !

Thy promise, dear mother, I claim from thee now,  
When my reason can act with my blade and my bow ;

But the lady she wept o'er bold Walter her son,  
For peril is great where renown can be won.

And the lady she told what to brave knights befell,  
Who reckless of life sought the dark treasure-cell ;  
Who failing to conquer the fiends of the cave,  
For ever must dwell 'neath the green ocean wave.

No tears the bold bent of young Walter could turn,  
And he laugh'd at her fears, as in veriest scorn—  
—Then prepare thy good harness, my bonny brave son,  
Prepare for thy task on the eve of Saint John.

O loud was the green ocean's howling din,  
When the eve of Saint John was usher'd in :  
And the shrieks of the sea-gulls, high whirling in air,  
Spread far o'er the land, like the screams of despair.

The monks at their vespers sing loud and shrill,  
But the gusts of the north wind are louder still ;  
And the hymn to the Virgin is lost in the roar  
Of the billows that foam on the whiten'd shore.

Deep sinks the mail'd heel of the knight in the sand,  
As he seeks the dark cell, arm'd with basnet and brand ;  
And clank rings the steel of his aventayle bright,  
As he springs up the rocks, in the darkness of night.

His plume it is raven, and waves o'er his crest,  
And quails not the heart-blood that flows in his breast :  
Unblench'd his proud eye that shines calm and serene,  
And floats in the storm his bright mantel of green.

Now leaping, now swarving the slipp'ry steep,  
One spring and the knight gains the first cavern keep ;  
The lightnings flash round him with maddening glare,  
And the thunderbolts hiss through the midnight air.

Down deep in the rock winds the pathway drear,  
And the yells of the spirits seem near and more near,  
And the flames from their eye-balls burn ghastly blue,  
As they dance round the knight with a wild halloo.

Fierce dragons with scales of bright burnished brass,  
Stand belching red fire where the warrior must pass ;



But rushes he on with his brand and his shield,  
And with loud shrieks of laughter they vanish and yield.

Huge hell-dogs come baying with murd'rous notes,  
Sulphureous flames in their gaping throats ;  
And they spring to, but shrinks not, brave Walter the Knight,  
And again all is sunk in the darkness of night.

Still down winds the warrior in pathway of stone,  
Now menac'd with spirits, now dark and alone ;  
Till far in the gloom of the murky air,  
A pond'rous lamp sheds unearthly glare.

Then eager the knight presses on to the flame,  
Holy mother !—Why shudders his stalwart frame ?  
A wide chasm opes 'neath his wond'ring view,  
And now what availeth his falchion true.

Loudly the caverns with laughter ring,  
And the eyeless spectres forward spring :  
Now shrive thee young Walter, one moment of fear,  
And thy doom is to dwell 'neath the ocean drear.

One instant Sir Walter looks down from the brink  
Of the bottomless chasm then ceases to shrink ;  
Doffs hauberk and basnet, full fearless and fast,  
And darts like an eagle the hell-gulf past.

Forefend thee, good knight, but the demon fell  
Now rises to crush thee from nethermost hell ;  
And monsters most horrible hiss thee around,  
And coil round thy limbs from the slimy ground.

A noise, as if worlds in dire conflict crash,  
Is heard 'mid the vast ocean's billowy splash ;  
But it quails not the heart of Sir Robert's brave son,  
He will conquer the fiend on the eve of St. John.

He seizes the bugle with golden chain,  
To sound it aloud once, twice, and again ;  
It turns to a snake in his startled grasp,  
And its mouthpiece is arm'd with the sting of the asp.

In vain is hell's rage, strike fierce as it may,  
The Wizard well knows 'tis the end of his sway ;

For the bugle is fill'd with the warrior's breath,  
And thrice sounded loud in the caverns of death.

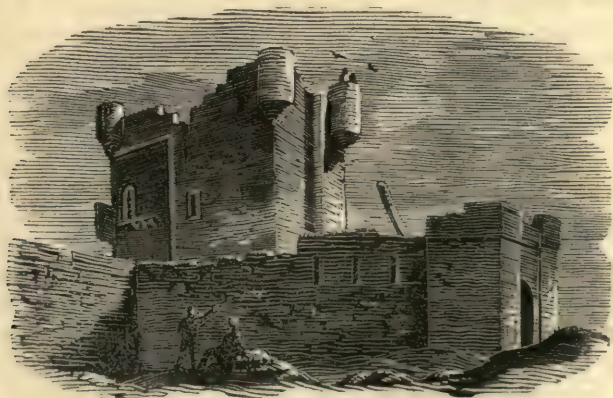
The magic cock crows from a brazen bill,  
And it shakes its broad wings, as it shouts so shrill;  
And down sinks in lightning the demon array,  
And the gates of the cavern in thunder give way.

Twelve pillars of jasper their columns uprear,  
Twelve stately pillars of crystal clear,  
With topaz and amethyst sparkles the floor,  
And the bright beryls stud the thick golden door.

Twelve golden lamps, from the fretted doom,  
Shed a raidiant light through the cavern gloom,  
Twelve altars of onyx their incense fling  
Round the jewell'd throne of an eastern king.

It may not be sung what treasures were seen,  
Gold heap'd upon gold, and emeralds green,  
And diamonds, and rubies, and sapphires untold,  
Rewarded the courage of Walter the Bold.

A hundred strong castles, a hundred domains,  
With far spreading forests and wide flowery plains,  
Claim one for their lord, fairly purchased by right,  
Hight Walter, the son of Sir Robert the Knight.



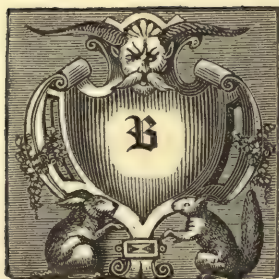
GATE of TYNEMOUTH CASTLE,  
As seen in 1783.

## BELIEFS IN PHYSICAL ENDOWMENTS

FOR

GOOD OR EVIL.

These, and all long errors of the way,  
In which our wand'ring predecessors went. COWLEY.



ODILY endowments or imperfections, and the uncontrollable fortuities of birth, one would imagine, it would require a fine ingenuity to distort into a source of false tenets, or to purposes of popular delusion. And yet there are abundant instances, in which these arbitrary events, regarded as having "necessary causes above"—intimations of a particular design of Providence for human weal or woe, have by certain deceptive processes of reasoning, given rise to beliefs absurd and baseless—ceremonies superstitious and vain.

It is an opinion prevalent not only in the North of England, but also on the Continent that the seventh son of a family, born without any girl intervening, is endued with sovereign virtue—the power once attributed only to crowned heads, of healing diseases by the touch—that he is destined to be skilful and successful, an eminent physician—one whose reputation surpasses fame.

"Convenient themes in every period start,  
Which he may treat with all the pomp of art;  
Curious conjectures he may always make,  
And either side of dubious questions take:  
He may a system broach, or, if he please,  
Start new opinions of an old disease;  
Or may some simple in the woodland trace,  
And be its patron, till it runs its race." \*

As an attestation and seal of his sublime capacity, let his side or his breast be examined, and lo! the constellation of the *seven stars*—the "rainy Pleiades!" visibly imprinted.

This miraculous gift a French writer gravely accounts a divine testimony to the wisdom of the Salique law, by which females were excluded from the inheritance! and yet says another author of that

\* Crabbe.



nation, of three seventh sons, with whom I was acquainted, there were two who could not cure anything, and the third was firmly persuaded that he had cured many diseases, although he had cured none.\*

A popular but strange remedy for sleep-walking, is monopolized by individuals born with their feet first. A benevolent and even sensible old lady, thus privileged "in life's morning march," once rose from what proved a mortal illness, to perform the assuaging rite upon the body of her restless grandchild. This she did by stamping nine times "pedibus nudis," upon his breast.

As to certain descriptions of *evil-eyed* persons, no far-fetched conjuration is needed to intimate, that "squint suspicions" and the envious of their neighbour's property are never far distant; and with regard to evil speakers, it requires no *tingling of the ear* to convey the intelligence, that the course of life is through good report and through bad. There however exist in Northumberland, and perhaps are not to be met with elsewhere, a particular class that fall under this category, who when conducted home to a good man's house, woe!

\* The potency of the number seven can be traced back to the earliest ages, and to primitive practice and institutions. Among the Jews it was the symbol of sanctity and perfection. In their history, as recorded in the Bible, we have many instances of the regard paid to it. In the rites of the Chaldaic nations, it still preserves its pristine reputation. Greece had her seven sages—the ancient world its seven wonders—and seven notes was the extent of the musical scale. Seven cities laid claim to Homer; sevenfold were the hides in the ample shield of Ajax; the Nile was the seven-headed river; Thebes the seven-gated city; seven was the number of the planets; and the heavens were encompassed by seven circles. At Rome, the number seven was held in much reverence. "Qui numerus," says Cicero, "rerum omnium fere nodus est." In the number seven, says one of the Fathers, "there is a mystical perfection that our understanding cannot attain to." Its virtue was transmitted unimpaired to the middle ages; seven was the number of the sciences, and without seven years arduous study, no education could be complete. Aldhelm, an ancient Saxon, wrote a treatise on the dignity of this number, and he was not the last of the "numerists." In Scotland so much is this number esteemed, that no person is believed sane, unless he have seven senses. Seven planets, says Tacitus expressing an idea borrowed from the Egyptians, govern the universe, and regulate the life of man. The astrologers but repeated the long established opinion. By this number human destiny is swayed, and in the flow of times and seasons, there is no period more momentous, than the completion of the series of seven. Sixty-three, the grand climacteric of life, is but the crisis of revolutionary septenaries. "Beginning from seven, it doth as it were by steps finish a man's life." "Thus hath it fared with number," as Sir Thomas Browne remarks, "which though wonderfull in it selfe, and sufficiently magnifyable from its demonstrable affections, hath yet received adjections of admiration from the multiplying conceits of men, and stands laden with additions which its equity will not admit."—Remains of the Rev. A. Nisbet. Sir T. Browne's *Vulgar and Common Errors*. B. IV. c. 12. Cicero de Republica. lib. VI. Brand's *Pop. Antiq.* Vol. III. and the authorities cited. Wright's *Biogr. Literaria*. Vol. I. pp. 69. 219. Tacit. Hist. V. c. 4. &c.

woe! to the poultry yard, and the whole fraternity of cacklers and waddlers, that form such a considerable item in the expenses of a rural helpmate. These are *the* evil-eyed, and *the* bad-handed, who can never set a "clutch" of chickens but it forthwith miscarries, or look upon an egg, but straightway the vital principle deserts it for ever! Against such let every farmer and farmer's son be on his guard.

*J. Hardy's Col.*

## Stanzas.

BY ROBERT ROXBY.

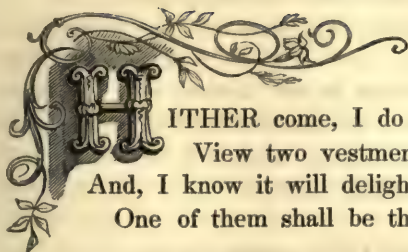
FROM ROBERT WHITE'S MANUSCRIPTS.



PWARDS of half a century ago, in compliance with the fashion which then prevailed in the Border counties, a considerable number of respectable young men, when in full dress, wore fine red cloth waistcoats. Glaring though the colour might appear, such articles, when new and glossy, looked, as old people observe, remarkably well. In point of economy they were also very serviceable, retaining their hue for a long period; and many a plain man in a humble sphere of life, who was fortunate enough to procure one, and who wore it only on holidays, made it serve for several years. A story is still current in a small town on the north side of the Border, of an old veteran in wedlock whose mate had been remarkably fruitful, and who invariably wore the same scarlet waistcoat, when he presented his children successively in the kirk to be baptized. He appeared in this way before the minister upwards of twenty times, and his noted vest was the innocent occasion of much raillery. It was usually suggested that each husband of the place, who had been married for some time and was not likely to become a father, should, as a means of obtaining that honour, borrow and wear for a period, the red waistcoat of his more fortunate neighbour.

The following stanzas tell their own tale, being addressed by the author, who had purchased a couple of waistcoats of this quality, to Mr. Roger Hall of the High Moat, near Elsdon. The subject is handled with considerable freedom, and the reflections arising thence are finely illustrative of the changes of human life.

## Stanzas.



HITHER come, I do invite thee ;  
 View two vestments I have got ;  
 And, I know it will delight thee,  
 One of them shall be thy lot.

Brilliant scarlet is their colour,  
 And the buttons gilt wi' gold ;  
 They hae toom'd my purse o' siller,  
 And are splendid to behold.

Red adorns the cheeks o' lasses,  
 Blooming fresh as flowers in May :  
 Red's the wine that fills our glasses ;  
 Red's the rising orb of day.

Red arrays the gallant sodger,  
 Who attracts each lady's heart ;  
 And why may not Bob and Roger  
 Wear the colour and be smart.

Red's the rose that blooms the rarest,  
 'Mid the dells or cultur'd plains ;  
 Ruby lips are aye the dearest,  
 When young blood is in the veins.

Elsdon Fair is fast advancing,  
 There our waistcoats we'll display ;  
 With the Redesdale damsels dancing,  
 Skip the gayest of the gay.

When the lilting pipes<sup>1</sup> resounding  
 Rouse the jocund company ;  
 Lads and lasses lightly bounding  
 Join in reelsome revelry.

<sup>1</sup> The celebrated Jamie Allen was then Piper to the Duke of Northumberland, and attended the Fair at Elsdon held on the 26th August.



Youth's the time for social pleasures,  
 When the heart from care is free ;  
 Youth's the time for sprightly measures,  
 Wine and women's witcherie.

Now's the time when in our glories  
 Lithe's the limb, and bright the e'e :  
 Time, the thief, will soon steal o'er us ;  
 But we'll spend him merrilie !

When old age and pains attack us,  
 Frail the limbs and dim the sight ;  
 Farewell joys of Love and Bacchus,  
 Dancing day, and merry night !

ROBT. ROXBY.

*Monkridge hall. 12th Aug. 1789.*

### The King's Meadows.



N interesting history attaches to the little Island in the river Tyne which bears this name, and which, on Ascension-day, presents so gay and festive a scene. From its name many people are led to suppose that it is the property of the Crown ; whereas, in reality, it belongs to the Countess of Coventry. The way in which it came into her ladyship's family, strongly illustrates the advantages of our free constitution.

A boy of the name of Moses, born in the neighbourhood of Wolsingham, commenced his career in life as a humble foot-boy in a family of the name of Mowbray, residing at Manor House, near Lanchester, a property lately purchased by John Fawcett, Esq. of Durham. The young man acquitted himself so well, and displayed such quickness, that he was sent by his master to a friend residing in Hull, a partner in a firm extensively engaged in the Baltic trade. Here his good qualities were soon discovered and appreciated. From his menial duties he was advanced to those of an under-clerk in the counting-house, and some time afterwards sent out as resident agent to the firm, in Riga, where his integrity and business talent induced his employers to admit him to a small share. On his return to this country

he married a lady with thirty thousand pounds. She dying shortly after their union, he married another lady with a like fortune; and the same fate attending her, he married a third, who was also mistress of thirty thousand pounds. By this time, Mr. Moses was a man of immense wealth, part of which he laid out in purchasing property in his native county. One of the estates thus acquired is near his native place, Wolsingham—another in the neighbourhood of Easington—a third at Knitsly, in the parish of Lanchester—and a fourth the King's Meadows. The issue of his three matrimonial speculations was an only daughter. Heiress to such immense wealth, no wonder that she became Duchess of St. Alban's; and as her property was entailed upon herself and her children, it descended to her only child—a daughter, who married Lord Deerhurst, now Earl of Coventry.

## THE RAID OF FEATHERSTONEHAUGH.\*

### A Border Ballad,

BY THE LATE R. SURTEES, ESQ.,

WITH REMARKS BY J. H. DIXON, ESQ.



WILLIAM HOWITT in his "Visits to Remarkable Places," thus speaks of the late R. Surtees, esq., "Mr. Surtees was a poet of a high order. His ballads are full of a wild and solemn spirit, which recalls the dark days and doings of strange and half savage times; the spirit of the black heath and the mountains, and the dirge hymned half by beldame voices, and half by the midnight winds. With some of these he even imposed on Sir Walter Scott, who received them from him with exultation as genuine relics of antiquity, and not only printed them in his "Border Minstrelsy," but inserted them in the notes to his metrical romances, and even part of one, the *Raid of Featherstonehaugh*, in the text of *Marmion* itself." It was sometime since we had looked into our copy of *Marmion*, but

\* Called in the *Border Minstrelsy* of Scott, "The Death of Featherstonehaugh."

the passage just quoted induced us to refer to it, and we find it as Howitt states, viz: that a verse of the *Raid of Featherstonehaugh* is inserted in *Marmion*, and the ballad given intire, in a note, as a genuine relic of antiquity! The passage in *Marmion* may be found in the first canto, verse 13, and is as follows:

“The whiles a northern harper rude  
 Chaunted a rhyme of deadly feud,  
 “*How the fierce Thirlwalls and Riddleys all,  
       Stout Willimoteswick,  
       And Hard riding Dick.  
       And Hughie of Hawden, and Will o’ the Wall,  
       Have set on Sir Albany Featherstonehaugh,  
       And taken his life at the Deadman’s shaw.”*  
 Scantly Lord Marmion’s ear could brook  
 The harper’s *barbarous* lay,” &c., &c.

BARBAROUS indeed! and withall so capital an imitation of “quaint Inglis,” that we are not surprised at the success of the joke, though, one phrase in the ballad, viz: “haud their jaw,”—might have almost induced an antiquary, to suspect its *modern* origin.

From what Sir W. Scott says of this “veritable” production, it appears to the world as having been *trebly* distilled, before it underwent the alembic of Abbotsford. An old woman of eighty recites it to an agent at the Alston mines; he hands it to Mr. Surtees, and Mr. Surtees sends it to Scott, thus reminding one of the process mentioned in a passage of the song called “Jack Robinson,” where

“Somebody came one day, and said  
 That somebody else had somewhere read  
 In some newspaper,” &c., &c.

Sir Walter Scott thus writes. “This old (*old!*) Northumbrian ballad was taken down from the recitation of a woman eighty years of age, mother of one of the miners in Alston Moor, by an agent of the lead mines there, who communicated it to my friend and correspondent, R. Surtees, Esq., of Mainsforth. She had not, she said, heard it for many years; but when she was a girl, it used to be sung at merry-makings, ‘till the roof rung again.’ To preserve this curious, though rude rhyme, it is here inserted. The ludicrous turn given to the slaughter, marks that wild and disorderly state of society, in which a murder was not merely a casual circumstance, but in some cases, an exceedingly good jest. The structure of the ballad resembles the ‘Fray of Suport,’ having the same irregular stanza and wild chorus.” No doubt of the resemblance! Mr. Surtees knew well enough what sort of a dish to set before the Magician of the North. But the wag-gish antiquary not only provides “a dainty dish” for the library table



at Abbotsford, but sends with it "a full, true, and particular" account of its ingredients! "In explanation" says Scott "of this ancient ditty, Mr Surtees has furnished me with the following local memorandum—" Willimoteswick, the chief seat of the ancient family of Ridley, is situated two miles above the confluence of the Allen and Tyne. It was a house of strength, as appears from one oblong tower, still in tolerable preservation. It has been long in the possession of the Blackett family. Hardriding Dick is not an epithet referring to horsemanship, but means Richard Ridley of Hardriding, the seat of another family of that name, which, in the time of Charles I., was sold on account of expences incurred by the loyalty of the proprietor, the immediate ancestor of Sir Matthew Ridley. Will of the Wa' seems to be William Ridley of Waltown, so called from its situation on the great Roman wall. Thirlwall castle, whence the clan of Thirlwalls derived their name, is situated on the small river of Tippell near the western boundary of Northumberland. It is near the wall, and takes its name from the rampart having been *thirled*, i. e. pierced, or breached, in its vicinity. Featherstone castle lies south of the Tyne, towards Alston Moor. Albany Featherstonehaugh, the chief of that ancient family, made a figure in the reign of Edward VI. A feud did certainly exist between the Ridleys and Featherstones,\* productive of such consequences as the ballad narrates. "24 Oct. 22do. Henrici 8vi. Inquisitio capt. apud Hautwhistle, sup. visum corpus Alexandri Featherston, Gen. apud Grensilhaugh, felonice interfecti, 22 Oct. per Nicolaum Ridley de Unthanke, Gen. Hugon Ridle, Nicolaum Ridle, et alios ejusdem nominis." Nor were the Featherstones without their revenge; for 36to Henrici 8vi. we have—*Utlagatio Nicolai Featherston, ac Thomæ Nyxson etc. etc. pro homicidio Will. Ridle de Morale.*"

Such is the "local memorandum" received from Mr. Surtees by Scott, a "memorandum" written in a style equal to any annotation or explanation that ever emanated from old Rabelais, or from the modern Ingoldsby!

Thus much may be said, in extenuation of the literary fraud which was practised on Scott. Between Scott and Surtees there existed the greatest intimacy. No man was fonder of a good practical joke than the Border Poet, and the instances in which he palmed off his own rhymes as "old songs," "old plays," &c, were neither 'few' nor "far between." Scott, we may imagine, had frequently, when in conversation with Surtees, laughed at these tricks, and we

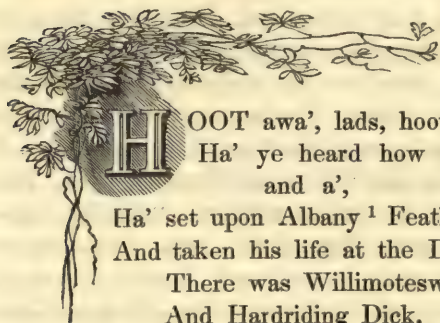
\* The present descendants of the Featherstonehaughs generally so abbreviate their name.

can fancy the good humoured historian saying to himself, "you're a clever fellow, a capital hand at deceiving others, so I shall just try my hand on you!" How he *did* try, and how the joke succeeded, the reader is aware! That Surtees, ever for a moment, supposed that the "old song" would be ingrafted into Marmion, and form the subject of a note in a Metrical Romance, we do not believe, but it having, probably to his dread and surprise, appeared in such a "shape," the historian no doubt thought it the best policy not to "question" it, dreading lest a breach of friendship might follow, or that the public at large might take up the affair in an ill-natured spirit, and attribute motives and designs to him, of which he was perfectly innocent.

The head and front of his offending

Was this——no more.—*Shakspeare.*

### I.



HOOT awa', lads, hoot awa',  
 Ha' ye heard how the Riddleys, and Thirlwalls,  
 and a',  
 Ha' set upon Albany<sup>1</sup> Featherstonhaugh,  
 And taken his life at the Deadman's shaw?  
 There was Willimoteswick,  
 And Hardriding Dick,  
 And Hughie of Hawden, and Will of the Wa'.  
 I canno tell a', I canno tell a',  
 And mony a mair that the deil may knaw.

### II.

The auld man went down, but Nicol, his son,  
 Run away afore the fight was begun;  
 And he run, and he run,  
 And afore they were done,  
 There was mony a Featherston gat sic a stun,  
 As never was seen since the world begun.

### III.

I canno tell a', I canno tell a',  
 Some gat a skelp,<sup>2</sup> and some gat a claw;

<sup>1</sup> Pronounced *Awbony*.—W. Scott.

<sup>2</sup> Skelp—signifies *slap*, or rather is the same word which was originally spelled *schlap*.—Scott.

But they gar'd the Featherstones haud their jaw,<sup>3</sup>

Nicol, and Alick, and a'.

Some gat a hurt, and some got nane;

Some had harness, and some gat sta'en.<sup>4</sup>

#### IV.

Ane gat a twist o' the craig;<sup>5</sup>

Ane gat a dunch<sup>6</sup> o' the wame;<sup>7</sup>

Symy Haw gat lamed of a leg,

And syne ran wallowing<sup>8</sup> hame.

#### V.

Hoot, hoot, the auld man's slain outright!

Lay him now wi' his face down:—he's a sorrowful sight.

Janet, thou donnot,<sup>9</sup>

I'll lay my best bonnet,

Thou gets a new gude-man afore it be night.

#### VI.

Hoot away, lads hoot away,

We's a' be hangid if we stay.

Tak' up the dead man, and lay him ayint the bigging.

Here's the Bailey o' Haltwhistle,<sup>10</sup>

Wi' his great bull's pizzle,

That supp'd up the broo', and syne—in the piggin.<sup>11</sup>

<sup>3</sup> A vulgar expression still in use.—Scott.

<sup>4</sup> Got stolen, or were plundered; a very likely termination to the fray.—Scott.

<sup>5</sup> Neck.

<sup>6</sup> Punch.

<sup>7</sup> Belly.

<sup>8</sup> Bellowing.

<sup>9</sup> Silly slut. The Border bard calls her so, because she was weeping for her slain husband; a loss which he seems to think might be soon repaired.—Scott.

<sup>10</sup> The Bailiff of Haltwhistle seems to have arrived when the fray was over. This supporter of social order is treated with characteristic irreverence by the moss-trooping poet.—Scott.

<sup>11</sup> An iron pot with two ears.—Scott.





## Biographical Notice of

## ROBERT CLARKE OF SUNDERLAND.

FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE, JANUARY, 1799.



RIVATE life, however distinguished by peculiar worth or talent, generally flows in such an even stream, as to want that variety and interest, which attract the pen of the biographer; but where that worth is of so superior a cast as to offer a shining example, or when those talents have been successfully exercised in matters of public utility, it then becomes a duty to save from oblivion those virtues we may imitate, and those talents which may lead to honest emulation and improvement.

In goodness of heart and indefatigable application of inventive ability, few men, within the same portion of time, have gone beyond ROBERT CLARKE. From his father, Mr. Cuthbert Clarke, whose knowledge and ingenuity in the North of England had brought him into notice, he inherited a genius leading to natural and experimental philosophy, and in very early life discovered taste and talents in the imitative arts. At the period of his birth, in August 1767, his father was engaged in agriculture in some part of Northumberland, and soon after at Dalton, in the county of Durham. His early years passed over at Belford, in Northumberland, where, under the superintending eye of his father, the bent of his genius was allowed its undivided application to those objects and studies, in which he afterwards became so conspicuous: for, at a more advanced period, he obtained a perfect knowledge of the French and Latin languages, finding them indispensable to the completion of his scientific pursuits. To unite the researches of science with a course of practical utility, and to open a way to independance through the medium of a liberal profession, his father was induced to fix upon surgery and the practice of medicine, as an apt state for the attaining of those different objects. The commencement of his professional career was under Mr. Maxwell, of Newcastle upon Tyne, with whom he continued to the age of nineteen. He then proceeded to Edinburgh and attended the lectures of the different professors; amongst which, those of Dr. Black on Chemistry, seemed to have peculiar attractions; that being a branch of science to which he became particularly attached, and in which he

advanced to a very considerable degree of proficiency. In 1787, he engaged himself as an assistant to a medical practitioner in Sunderland, with whom he continued about twelve months. The two following years we find him in the employment of Mr. George Midford, of Morpeth. This gentleman's opinion of Mr. Clarke's abilities and general conduct, may be best gathered from a circumstance that occurred some time after, when Mr. Midford politely offered him an immediate introduction to his friends and connections at Morpeth, then left at liberty by the removal of a Mr. Hawden, who had succeeded him, and a tender of his services in any way that Mr. Clarke might have occasion for. This occurred at a time when other prospects opening on his view, induced him to decline the engagement. He, at this time, attracted the attention of Dr. Keith, with whom he continued a scientific and friendly correspondence, and whose good opinion and esteem were eminently useful to him on future occasions.

A short time before he quitted Morpeth, his father died at Leith, after having received subscriptions for a course of lectures in natural and experimental philosophy, which were obstructed by his declining health and subsequent dissolution. Mr. Clarke soon proceeded to that place, and offering to return the subscription-money or to deliver the lectures himself, the latter was preferred; and, from every account, there is reason to believe the subscribers were much gratified by his method, and the masterly way in which he acquitted himself on the occasion. For a lecturer, indeed, he was well qualified, uniting to a knowledge of his father's theory and experiments, a good elocution, winning address, and a forcibly interesting manner. Mr. Cuthbert Clarke had been for many years publisher of "The Astronomical Tide-Calendar for Sunderland, Shields, Newcastle, Leith, &c." this, after an accurate survey of the places for which the tables were adapted, was continued annually by our young philosopher, with the most accurate correctness, till the winter of 1796, when other objects engrossing his attention he was induced to discontinue the publication.

In 1791, he entered into another professional engagement at Sunderland, which continued about two years; and where the cultivation of some private friendships, and a growing estimation of his talents and virtues fixed the destiny of his future life. At this time he distinguished himself by his activity and assistance in the establishment of a *Human Society* at that place; for which, and for his successful treatment of some cases of "suspended animation," he received the thanks of the Committee and was elected an honorary member of the institution. His engagement closed in the spring of 1793, about which time we find him employed in drawing plans necessary to the specification of a patent for a "Machine Rope Manufactory," since estab-



lished, on an extensive scale, in the neighbourhood of Sunderland. The state of dependence to which Mr. Clarke had been hitherto confined, was deemed unworthy of his talents by some private friends, who liberally offered to support him another winter in Edinburgh for the completion of his medical and chirurgical studies. This plan was carried into effect in the October following, and the warm recommendations of Dr. Keith introduced him to the notice and intimacy of several of the most eminent professors. At Edinburgh he became dissecting pupil to Mr. John Bell, and exerted himself with such intelligence and unwearied application in his anatomical pursuits, as to gain the approbation, and esteem, and future correspondence of that able and ingenious professor. Midwifery too, and other subjects connected with his professional line, obtained a proportionate share of his diligence and observation—so that it may be fairly said, that nothing was neglected which seemed necessary to form a character, fitted to practice with success in a place of such consideration, as that, in which his interest and his inclination seemed now disposed to fix him.

On his return to Sunderland in March 1794, he commenced practice; and very soon had the satisfaction to see himself respectably supported. A Dispensary being on the eve of establishment at this time, the solicitation of many of his friends, an honest consciousness of his own abilities, together with the earnest recommendation of Mr. John Bell, induced him to offer himself as a candidate for the office of surgeon, to which a numerous and independant support fully justified his pretensions. But an opposition, as unmerited as it was unexpected—over which, however, at this time, it may be best, perhaps, to draw a veil—had influence enough to defeat his election. The conduct of some, on that occasion, wounded his sensibility deeply, and we believe he never, entirely, lost the sense of it.

His professional avocations did not totally detach his mind from other scientific pursuits, but rather pointed out a direction in which his combined knowledge of surgery and mechanics might be productive of practical utility. An alteration in the construction of the key-tooth-instrument, and an improvement in the field-tourniquet of M. Savigny were among the fruits of his leisure-hours. The principles upon which they were constructed, with explanatory drawings, were communicated, amongst other eminent surgeons, to the ingenious Anthony Carlisle, by whom the former was inserted in the "Medical Facts and Observations;" and the plan of both was received by professional men with great approbation. The usual mode of working pumps, by means of a brake, had, for some time, attracted his attention; a mode which appeared to him little



productive in proportion to the muscular labour employed. His inventive genius soon pointed out an improvement in the use of a curved lever, and making the action the same with that of rowing, conducing, at once, to the superior ease as well as muscular power of the person so employed. This was successfully carried into effect, on board a new ship, the *Archimedeia* of Sunderland, and an ample account of his plan, with requisite engravings, was published after his death in the "Repertory of Arts." During the construction of that stupendous work, the cast-iron bridge at Sunderland, in the years 1795-6, Mr. Clarke was, upon different occasions, consulted by the architects, and his opinions generally received attention. To indulge a favourite amusement, to present a token of respect to an intimate friend, and at the same time to preserve some vestige of the means by which so vast an arch was turned, he was impelled to make a drawing of that elegant structure previous to the centres being taken down. In this design, beauty and accuracy were so intimately blended, that with all the general effect of an excellent picture, every block of iron of which the outward range was composed, every piece of timber of which the scaffolding was framed, and every tier of stones in either buttress might be minutely distinguished. The admiration of all who saw this drawing, and the warm approbation of the gentleman\* immediately concerned in this noble and useful structure, induced him, with some reluctance, to publish this view, together with a companion print of the Bridge in its finished state. The two beautiful aquatinta plates, with a plan of the sectional parts, now before the public are ample proofs of his ingenuity and minute application, and will remain monuments of his taste, judgment and general execution, and what must very much enhance the quickness and versatility of his talents, the writer of this article may add, from his personal knowledge, that though he had occasionally practised drawing with a view to anatomical representation, this was his first attempt at landscape and perspective.

His character as a man of genius and talents was now fully established, and a rapidly increasing practice promised amply to reward his exertions; when his friends, with extreme concern, saw in him evident symptoms of a consumption. In the spring of 1797, these appearances alarmingly gained ground, and he was urged by his friends, in vain, to try a change of air: his consent could not be obtained until a removal was considered as no longer advisable. A conviction of his approaching dissolution long attended him, and under this idea he committed his papers to the flames; amongst

\* Rowland Burdon, Esq. M. P. for the County of Durham.

which was an anatomical work, in which he had made considerable progress. Occasionally the vigour of his genius seemed restored, and his love of science to the last was prevalent with him. A few weeks before his death, in a conversation with some intimate friends, on the early period nature had frequently put to the pursuits of artists, he feelingly observed, "she has put an indelible stamp on me."

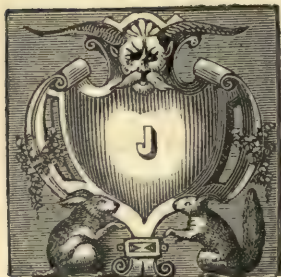
His illness gained fast upon him at the commencement of 1798, and on the 24th of February he closed a short but useful life, to the great regret of numerous admirers of his ingenuity and exertions, many of whom, sympathising in the fate of departed merit, followed him to the grave.

He was a man of virtue and liberality, with uncommon powers of mind, and with an intenseness of application truly wonderful. He excelled in correct delineations of the human figure in its anatomical relations; and his drawings of plans of mechanism and philosophical apparatus, through all their minute and complicated parts and appearances, were accurate and beautiful. His figure was genteel, his aspect pleasing. His powers of excitability were remarkably energetic: he received impressions with keen sensibility—but he gave them back, modified by his own peculiar turn of thinking, with a re-action, at least, equally forcible. His mind bearing continually its direction on objects of magnitude and interest, the turn of his language became proportionably raised, and was, in general, above the colloquial level. In discussing, his eye brightened, his features protuberated, and his whole countenance became ineffably animated. In a word, he was one, in whom an inventive genius, comprehensive knowledge, and active application, were dignified by simplicity of manners, suavity of disposition, and a heart of universal benevolence.

#### INSTANCE OF

### **A Life preserved after falling into a Coal-pit.**

FROM THE "GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE."



JOHN BOYS, a collier, employed in the coal works belonging to the hon. the late Lady Windsor, and the late Mr. Alderman Simpson, of Newcastle upon Tyne, at Lanchester common, in that neighbourhood, going to his work very early one morning in the year 1763, and, according to custom, on his turn to descend the shaft, in waiting to take out the ascending hook, in order to his making a loop to introduce his thigh for that



purpose, the pit, casting up very strongly a thick dense vapour, deceived him in the attempts of laying hold thereof, and, by his throwing his centre of gravity, unsupported, too far over the mouth of the shaft. he unfortunately fell to the bottom; a depth of 42 fathoms, or 84 yards.

Immediately on his falling, a cart was sent for, to convey the body home, as no person had ever been known to survive such an accident to such a depth; but, to the great surprise of the other colliers, on his being sent to-bank, or drawn out of the pit, in a corf, and after having recovered in some degree from the violence of the fall, he was found, on examination, neither to have a broken or dislocated bone or joint, nor any external wounds, or even marks of contusion; yet the delicate compages of the human frame had received such a shock and derangement, from the momentum of his striking the bottom, that he was never able afterwards to walk without the assistance of two sticks.

He was a pretty jolly man at the time of the accident, of about 12st. weight; and survived it about twenty years, getting his livelihood by cobbling old shoes, not being able to work any more in the coal-pit.

Many people have attributed this very remarkable escape to the resistance he met with in falling from the force of the strong up-cast current of air in the pit, having retarded the acceleration of his descent: but I think that reason of little consequence; it ought rather to be attributed to his having fallen perpendicularly, and without having been dashed and reverberated from side to side in the shaft (as generally happens when any thing is dropped down a pit), and from his having struck the bottom in the most favourable position for the preservation of his head, &c., and the consequent saving of his life.

It is very remarkable, that he broke the strong chain on the rope at the bottom of the pit, consisting of links, made of round iron, near three quarters of an inch diameter. On his being asked concerning his sensations during the fall, he said he descended very smoothly; but, as his descent was confined only to a few seconds, it cannot be supposed that he could, during so short a space of time, employ the power of perception in any considerable degree.

JOHN BUDDLE.

Bushblade's Colliery, March 5, 1788.





## THE LEGEND OF PERCY'S CROSS,

## A Northumberland Battle Tale.

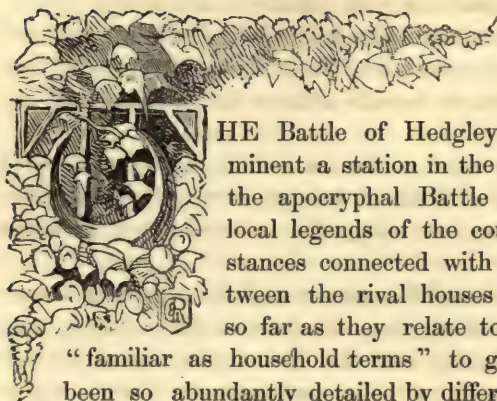
BY JAMES SERVICE.

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"I have saved the bird in my breast."

*Sir Ralph Percy's dying declaration.*

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THE Battle of Hedgley Moor occupies as prominent a station in the pages of history as does the apocryphal Battle of Chevy Chase in the local legends of the country. All the circumstances connected with the desolating wars between the rival houses of York and Lancaster, so far as they relate to Northumberland, are as "familiar as household terms" to general readers, and have been so abundantly detailed by different writers, that a repetition here would be a work of supererogation. A few brief remarks are only necessary to give the following legend a local name, and to increase the interest of the original tradition by fictitious embellishment. Legitimate history at the best only affords a sort of indistinct light, or what painters term general effect, and which is insufficient of itself, without the aid of conjecture, to illumine the dim outline of this and the subsequent battle that immediately followed at Hexham, when the Lancastrians again lost the day, and with it

"The earthquake voice of victory,

To them the breath of life.

Mr. Wright, in his History of Hexham, observes, that "no legend points out the scene of action, and historians differ so widely, that it is yet a pertinent question—where was the Battle of Hexham fought?" From the *known* incidents connected with the Battle of Hedgley Moor, it may be inferred to have been a sanguinary struggle: indeed, the very circumstance of a Percy conducting the enterprise sufficiently strengthens the hypothesis. There was business of the most stern and uncompromising nature to enact when a Percy took the field. The very name almost commanded success, and could calm

into obedience the most turbulent spirits on the English borders, or rouse them into untameable excitement.

His was the name that oft hath cast  
 Terror when given to the blast ;  
 His was the charger when the tide  
 Of purple strife rolled far and wide ;  
 When vengeful blades were thickest flashing,  
 Ever was seen in fury dashing !—  
 Where havock's fiend was wildest raving,  
 Ever his dreaded plume was waving !  
 Where the yell and shout were loudest,  
 Ever his banner soared the proudest !—  
 His was the name that many a hill  
 And Scottish glen remember still ;  
 When the bugle's blast, and the ban-dog's howl,  
 Scared the turretted raven and owl !  
 And shrieks below, and fires on high  
 Reddened the troubled and startled sky,  
 Told Caledon's sons the foe was nigh.—  
 A foe ! who deemed not aught was done,  
 Till all were fled and all was won ;  
 Who knew not parley nor retreat,  
 Till the work of victory was complete !

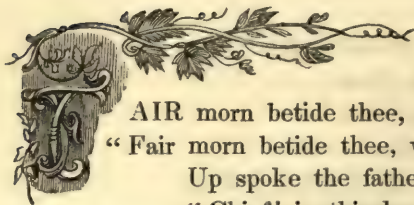
Vide Service's Reminiscences.

Sir Ralph Percy was the only nobleman of the red-rose party who preserved the sanctity of his vow inviolate to Henry, and "the bird in his breast" sacred to his own honour ; and who, when basely deserted by Lords Hungerford and Ross, obstinately maintained his ground to the last gasp, and "foremost fighting fell" among the bravest of the brave. To him may be applied these lines of Milton :—

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— " Faithful found  
 Among the faithless, faithful only he ;  
 Among innumerable false, unmoved,  
 Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,  
 His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal ;  
 Nor number, nor example, with him wrought,  
 To swerve from truth, or sway his constant mind,  
 Though single."

## THE LEGEND OF PERCY'S CROSS.



AIR morn betide thee, sire of this lonely glen,

"Fair morn betide thee, why stopp'st thou me?"

Up spoke the father then,

"Chief! in this lonely glen,

"Through the dark night hours I've tarried for thee.

"Chief! to the battle plain spur not thy charger,

"Far be from Hedgley thy pennon and plume!

"A vision comes o'er me,

"Hosts gather before me,

"The mighty rush on—but they rush to the tomb."

"Ho gallants! a Seer!" quoth the Lord of the crescent then,

"Knight and squire, page and groom, reck ye the rede?"

"The voice of a stranger

"Warns PERCY from danger,

"Fly, fly we like cravens—spur palfrey and steed!"

"Ha!" cried the wizard then, "spurnest thou my counsel?"

"Yet again, and but once, list the voice thou hast scorned,

"Trust not the Ross's word,

"Shun the dark Hungerford,

"Fly the proud Montacute—Chief! thou art warned."

"On," said the PERCY, "and heed not the dreamer,

"Burst like a storm on the rebels' array!

"Accurst be the omen

"Parts foeman from foeman,

"Stout hearts for the red roses!—spur and away!"

Darkly they serried their lines on the desert neath,

Darkly they closed, and the battle raged high;

Rung on the sighing gale

Many a dying wail;

Steel clash'd on hauberk—shafts darken'd the sky.

Many a goodly steed masterless galloped there,

Many a rider lay reeking in gore,



Many a bloody hand  
 Plied the red bill and brand,  
 Many a knight fell to rise never more !

Chieftains on chieftains rush—lo ! where the proudest fight,  
 Whose barb through the phalanx bounds fearless and first—  
     In his banner far streaming  
     The crescent is gleaming,  
 And fiercely his bands through the serried links burst.

Ha ! quenched is the crescent's light—lo ! where he bleeding lies !  
 True were the words he recklessly braved ;  
     Mark ye his glazing eye,  
     List ye his dying cry !  
 "Triumph ! the bird in my bosom I've saved."

---

#### NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

PERCY'S CROSS is a pillar commemorative of the death of SIR RALPH PERCY, who was killed at the Battle of Hedgley Moor, in one of the contests between the Yorkists and Lancastrians in the year 1463, when nearly all the vassal population of Northumberland were destroyed. The cross stands in a field on the east side of the road leading from Morpeth to Wooler, and at a short distance to the north of the 21st milestone. The arms of Percy and Lucy and other heraldic insignia are rudely sculptured on the four sides

---

Of the dark grey stone,  
 Now shattered by time and rugged grown,  
 Memorial of deeds gone by,  
 Yet woos the passing wanderer's eye—  
 Lone vestige of the mighty past !  
     Upreared by long-sepulchred hands,  
 Like monarch old in exile cast,  
     In ruined majesty it stands—  
 Casting an aspect of the tomb,  
 A shade of monumental gloom,  
 O'er the rude heath, that far and wide,  
     (As travellers' weary eye may ken),  
 Scarce shews a trace of human pride—  
     A distant residence of men.  
 'Tis sculptured with devices o'er,  
 And mottoes of the brave of yore ;  
 But there time's wasting breath hath been,  
 And the winter winds of heaven keen,  
 And the tempest's rush and the drenching rain,  
 That will not beat for an age in vain,  
 Mouldering the artist's toil away,  
 Wasting all in slow decay.

'Tis of the PERCY's deathless fame,  
That dark grey Cross remains to tell ;  
It bears the PERCY's honoured name,  
For near its base the PERCY fell.  
And there, when evening's shadows brown,  
Dark Hedgley, on thy heath sank down,  
Oft have I lingered, till the gale,  
That died in murmers faint away,  
Seemed laden with a feeble wail,  
O'er that lone relic worn and grey.  
And oft imagination's eye,  
Dim through the mist could there descry  
Dark shadowy forms careering by ;  
Each wielding in its cloudy hand  
The semblance of a spear or brand,  
As if the spirits of the brave,  
Who found on Hedgley Moor their grave,  
To mourn above the vestige came,  
That bears their chieftain's honoured name.

Vide Service's Reminiscences.

END OF VOLUME TWO.



THE BORDERER'S  
TABLE BOOK;  
OR,  
GATHERINGS  
OF THE  
*Local History and Romance*  
OF THE  
ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH BORDER.

BY  
M. A. RICHARDSON.

---

IN EIGHT VOLUMES,  
ILLUSTRATED BY UPWARDS OF NINE HUNDRED WOOD-CUTS.

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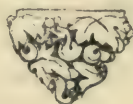






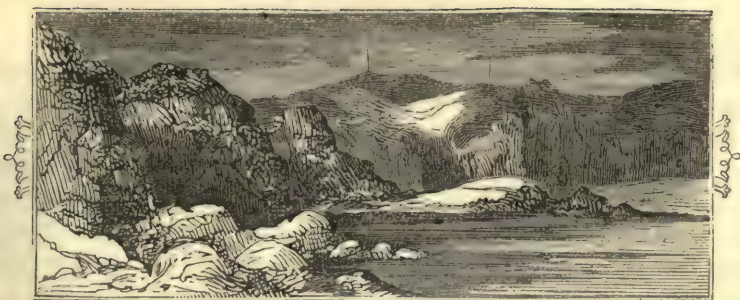
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# TABLE BOOK

OF

## TRADITIONS, LEGENDARY POETRY,

&c., &c.

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### The Long Pack ;

#### A NORTHUMBERLAND TALE.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

---



N the year 1723, Colonel Ridley returned from India, with what, in those days, was accounted an immense fortune, and retired to a country seat on the banks of North Tyne in Northumberland. The house was rebuilt and furnished with every thing elegant and costly; and, among others, a service of plate supposed to be worth £1000. He went to London annually with his family, during a few of the winter months, and at these times there were but few left at his country house. At the time we treat of, there were only three domestics remained there; a maid servant, whose name was Alice, kept the house, and there were besides, an old man and a boy, the one threshed the corn, and the other took care of some cattle; for the two ploughmen were boarded in houses of their own.

One afternoon, as Alice was sitting spinning some yarn for a pair of stockings to herself, a pedler entered the hall with a comical pack

on his back. Alice had seen as long a pack and as broad a pack ; but a pack equally long, broad, and thick, she declared she never saw. It was about the middle of winter, when the days were short, and the nights cold, long, and wearisome. The pedler was a handsome, well-dressed man, and very likely to be a very agreeable companion for such a maid as Alice, on such a night as that ; yet Alice declared, that from the very first she did not like him greatly, and though he introduced himself with a little ribaldry, and a great deal of flattery interlarded, yet when he came to ask a night's lodging, he met with a peremptory refusal ; he jested on the subject, said he believed she was in the right, for that it would scarcely be safe to trust him under the same roof with such a sweet and beautiful creature. He then took her on his knee, caressed and kissed her, but all would not do. "No, she would not consent to his staying there." "But are you really going to put me away to-night?" "Yes." "Indeed, my dear girl, you must not be so unreasonable ; I am come straight from Newcastle, where I have been purchasing a fresh stock of goods, which are so heavy, that I cannot travel far with them, and as the people around are all of the poorer sort, I will rather make you a present of the finest shawl in my pack before I go further." At the mentioning of the shawl, the picture of deliberation was portrayed in lively colours on Alice's face for a little ; but her prudence overcame. "No, she was but a servant, and had orders to harbour no person about the house but such as came on business, nor these either, unless she was well acquainted with them." "What the worse can you, or your master, or any one else be, of suffering me to tarry until the morning?" "I entreat you do not insist, for here you cannot be." "But, indeed, I am not able to carry my goods further to-night." "Then you must leave them, or get a horse to carry them away." "Of all the sweet inflexible beings that ever were made, you certainly are the chief. But I cannot blame you ; your resolution is just and right. Well, well, since no better may be, I must leave them, and go search for lodgings myself somewhere else, for, fatigued as I am, it is as much as my life is worth to endeavour carrying them further." Alice was rather taken at her word : she wanted nothing to do with his goods : the man was displeased at her, and might accuse her of stealing some of them ; but it was an alternative she had proposed, and against which she could start no plausible objection ; so she consented, though with much reluctance. "But the pack will be better out of your way," said he, "and safer, if you will be so kind as lock it by in some room or closet." She then led him into a low parlour, where he placed it carefully on two chairs, and went his way, wishing Alice a good night.



When Alice and the pack were left together in the large house by themselves, she felt a kind of undefined terror come over her mind about it. "What can be in it," said she to herself, "that makes it so heavy? Surely when the man carried it this length, he might have carried it farther too—It is a confoundedly queer pack; I'll go and look at it once again, and see what I think is in it: and suppose I should handle it all around, I may then perhaps have a good guess what is in it."

Alice went cautiously and fearfully into the parlour and opened a wall-press—she wanted nothing in the press, indeed she never looked into it, for her eyes were fixed on the pack, and the longer she looked at it, she liked it the worse; and as to handling it, she would not have touched it for all that it contained. She came again into the kitchen and conversed with herself. She thought of the man's earnestness to leave it—of its monstrous shape, and every circumstance connected with it—They were all mysterious, and she was convinced in her own mind, that there was something *uncanny*, if not unearthly, in the pack.

What surmises will not fear give rise to in the mind of a woman! She lighted a moulded candle, and went again into the parlour, closed the window shutters, and barred them; but before she came out, she set herself upright, held in her breath, and took another steady and scrutinizing look of the pack. God of mercy! She saw it moving, as visibly as she ever saw any thing in her life. Every hair on her head stood upright. Every inch of flesh on her body crept like a nest of pismires. She hasted into the kitchen as fast as she could, for her knees bent under the terror that had overwhelmed the heart of poor Alice. She puffed out the candle, lighted it again, and, not being able to find a candlestick, though a dozen stood on the shelf in the fore kitchen, she set it in a water-jug, and ran out to the barn for old Richard. "Oh Richard! Oh, for mercy, Richard, make haste, and come into the house. Come away, Richard." "Why, what is the matter, Alice? what is wrong?" "Oh, Richard! a pedler came into the hall entreating for lodgings. Well, I would not let him stay on any account, and, behold, he has gone off and left his pack." "And what is the great matter in that," said Richard. "I will wager a penny he will look after it, before it shall look after him." "But, Oh Richard, I tremble to tell you! We are all gone, for it is a living pack." "A living pack!" said Richard, staring at Alice, and letting his chops fall down. Richard had just lifted his flail over his head to begin threshing a sheaf; but when he heard of a living pack, he dropped one end of the hand-staff to the floor, and, leaning on the other, took such a look at Alice. He never took such a look at her

in his life. "A living pack!" said Richard. "Why, the woman is mad, without all doubt." "Oh, Richard! come away. Heaven knows what is in it! but I saw it moving as plainly as I see you at present. Make haste and come away, Richard." Richard did not stand to expostulate any longer, nor even to put on his coat, but followed Alice into the house, assuring her by the way, that it was nothing but a whim, and of a piece with many of her phantasies. "But," added he, "of all the foolish ideas that ever possessed your brain, this is the most unfeasible, unnatural, and impossible. How can a pack, made up of napkins, and muslins, and corduroy breeches, perhaps, ever become alive? It is even worse than to suppose a horse's hair will turn an eel." So saying, he lifted the candle out of the jug, and, turning about, never stopped till he had his hand upon the pack. He felt the deals that surrounded its edges to prevent the goods being rumpled and spoiled by carrying, the cords that bound it, and the canvas in which it was wrapped. "The pack was well enough, he found nought about it that other packs wanted. It was just like other packs, made up of the same stuff. He saw nought that ailed it. And a good large pack it was. It would cost the honest man £200, if not more. It would cost him £300 or £350 if the goods were fine. But he would make it all up again by cheating fools, like Alice, with his gewgaws." Alice testified some little disappointment at seeing Richard unconvinced, even by ocular proof. She wished she had never seen him or it howsoever; for she was convinced there was something mysterious about it; that they were stolen goods, or something that way; and she was terrified to stay in the house with it. But Richard assured her the pack was a right enough pack.

During this conversation in comes Edward. He was a lad about sixteen years of age, son to a coal-driver on the Border—was possessed of a good deal of humour and ingenuity, but somewhat roguish, forward, and commonly very ragged, in his apparel. He was about this time wholly intent on shooting the crows and birds of various kinds, that alighted in whole flocks where he foddered the cattle. He had bought a huge old military gun, which he denominated *Copenhagen*, and was continually thundering away at them. He seldom killed any, if ever; but he once or twice knocked off a few feathers, and, after much narrow inspection, discovered some drops of blood on the snow. He was at this very moment come, in a great haste, for *Copenhagen*, having seen a glorious chance of sparrows, and a Robin-red-breast among them, feeding on the site of a corn rick, but hearing them talk of something mysterious, and a living pack, he pricked up his ears, and was all attention. "Faith, Alice," said he,



"if you will let me, I'll shoot it." "Hold your peace, you fool," said Richard. Edward took the candle from Richard, who still held it in his hand, and, gliding down the passage, edged up the parlour door, and watched the pack attentively for about two minutes. He then came back with a spring, and with looks very different from those which regulated his features as he went down. As sure as he had death to meet with he saw it stirring. "Hold your peace, you fool," said Richard. Edward swore again that he saw it stirring; but whether he really thought so, or only said so, is hard to determine. "Faith, Alice," said he again, "if you will let me, I'll shoot it." "I tell you to hold your peace, you fool," said Richard. "No," said Edward, "in the multitude of counsellors there is safety; and I will maintain this to be our safest plan. Our master's house is consigned to our care, and the wealth that it contains may tempt some people to use stratagems. Now, if we open up this man's pack, he may pursue us for damages to any amount, but if I shoot it what amends can he get of me? If there is any thing that should not be there, Lord, how I will pepper it! And if it is lawful goods, he can only make me pay for the few that are damaged, which I will get at valuation; so, if none of you will acquiesce, I will take all the blame upon myself, and ware a shot upon it." Richard said, whatever was the consequence, he would be blameless. A half delirious smile rather distorted than beautified Alice's face, but Edward took it for an assent to what he had been advancing, so, snatching up *Copenhagen* in one hand, and the candle in the other, he hasted down the passage, and, without hesitating one moment, fired at the pack. Gracious heaven! The blood gushed out upon the floor like a torrent, and a hideous roar, followed by the groans of death, issued from the pack. Edward dropped *Copenhagen* upon the ground and ran into the kitchen like one distracted. The kitchen was darkish, for he had left the candle in the parlour; so, taking to the door, without being able to utter a word, he ran to the hills like a wild roe, looking over each shoulder, as fast as he could turn his head from the one side to the other. Alice followed as fast as she could, but lost half the way of Edward. She was all the way sighing and crying most pitifully. Old Richard stood for a short space rather in a state of petrification, but at length, after some hasty ejaculations, he went into the parlour. The whole floor flowed with blood. The pack had thrown itself on the ground; but the groans and cries were ceased, and only a kind of guttural noise was heard from it. Knowing that then something must be done, he ran after his companions, and called on them to come back. Though Edward had escaped a good way, and was still persevering on, yet, as he never took time to consider of the utility of any thing, but acted



from immediate impulse, he turned, and came as fast back as he had gone away. Alice also came homeward, but more slowly, and crying even more bitterly than before. Edward overtook her, and was holding on his course; but as he passed, she turned away her face, and called him a murderer. At the sound of this epithet, Edward made a dead pause, and looked at Alice with a face much longer than it used to be. He drew in his breath twice, as if going to speak, but he only swallowed a great mouthful of air, and held his peace.

They were soon all three in the parlour, and in no little terror and agitation of mind unloosed the pack, the principal commodity of which was a stout young man, whom Edward had shot through the heart, and thus bereaved of existence in a few minutes. To paint the feelings, or even the appearance of young Edward, during this scene, is impossible; he acted little, spoke less, and appeared in a hopeless stupor; the most of his employment consisted in gulping down mouthfuls of breath, wiping his eyes, and staring at his associates.

It is most generally believed, that when Edward fired at the pack, he had not the most distant idea of shooting a man; but seeing Alice so jealous of it, he thought the Colonel would approve of his intrepidity, and protect him from being wronged by the pedler; and besides he had never got a chance of a shot at such a large thing in his life, and was curious to see how many folds of the pedlar's fine haberdashery were *Copenhagen* would drive the drops through; so that, when the stream of blood burst from the pack, accompanied with the dying groans of a human being, Edward was certainly taken by surprise, and quite confounded; he indeed asserted, as long as he lived, that he saw something stirring in the pack, but his eagerness to shoot, and his terror on seeing what he had done, which was no more than what he might have expected, had he been certain he saw the pack moving, makes this asseveration very doubtful. They made all possible speed in extricating the corpse, intending to call medical assistance, but it was too late; the vital spark was gone for ever. "Alas!" said old Richard, heaving a deep sigh, "poor man, 'tis all over with him! I wish he had lived a little longer to have repented of this; for he has surely died in a bad cause. Poor man! he was *somebody's* son, and no doubt dear to them, and nobody can tell how small a crime this hath, by a regular gradation, become the fruits of." Richard came twice across his eyes with the sleeve of his shirt, for he still wanted the coat; a thought of a tender nature shot through his heart. "Alas, if his parents are alive, how will their hearts bear this, poor creatures!" said Richard, weeping outright, "poor creatures! God pity them!"

The way that he was packed up was artful and curious. His knees were brought up towards his breast, and his feet and legs stuffed in a wooden box; another wooden box, a size larger, and wanting the bottom, made up the vacancy betwixt his face and knees, and there being only one fold of canvass around this, he breathed with the greatest freedom; but it had undoubtedly been the heaving of his breast which had caused the movement noticed by the servants. His right arm was within the box, and to his hand was tied a cutlass, with which he could rip himself from his confinement at once. There were also four loaded pistols secreted with him, and a silver wind-call. On coming to the pistols and cutlass, "Villain," said old Richard, "see what he has here. But I should not call him villain," said he again, softening his tone; "for he is now gone to answer at that bar where no false witness, nor loquacious orator, can bias the justice of the sentence pronounced on him. *We* can judge only from appearances, but thanks to our kind Maker and Preserver, that he was discovered, else it *is probable* that none of us should have again seen the light of day." These moral reflections, from the mouth of old Richard, by degrees raised the spirits of Edward: he was bewildered in uncertainty, and had undoubtedly given himself up for lost; but he now began to discover that he had done a meritorious and manful action, and, for the first time since he had fired the fatal shot, ventured to speak. "Faith it was lucky that I shot then," said Edward; but neither of his companions answered either good or bad. Alice, though rather grown desperate, behaved and assisted at this bloody affair better than might have been expected. Edward surveyed the pistols all round, two of which were of curious workmanship. "But what do you think he was going to do with all these?" said Edward. "I think you need not ask that," Richard answered. "Faith it was a mercy that I shot, after all," said Edward, "for if we *had* loosed him out, we should have all been dead in a minute. I have given him a devil of a broadside, though. But look ye, Richard, Providence has directed me to the right spot, for I might as readily have lodged the contents of *Copenhagen* in one of these empty boxes." "It has been a deep laid scheme," said Richard, "to murder us, and rob our master's house: there must certainly be more concerned in it than these two."

Ideas beget ideas, often quite different, and then others again in unspeakable gradation, which run through and shift in the mind with as much velocity as the streamers around the pole in a frosty night. On Richard's mentioning more concerned, Edward instantaneously thought of a gang of thieves by night.—How he would break the leg of one—shoot another through the head—and scatter them like chaff before the wind. He would rather shoot one robber on his feet or on



horseback than ten lying tied up in packs; and then what a glorious prey of pistols he would get from the dead rascals—how he would prime and load and fire away with perfect safety from within!—how Alice would scream, and Richard would pray, and all would go on with the noise and rapidity of a windmill, and he would acquire everlasting fame. So high was the young and ardent mind of Edward wrought up by this train of ideas, that he was striding up and down the floor, while his eyes gleamed as with a tint of madness. “Oh! if I had but plenty guns, and nothing ado but to shoot, how I would pepper the dogs!” said he with great vehemence, to the no small astonishment of his two associates, who thought him gone mad. “What can the fool mean?” said old Richard, “What can he ail at the dogs?” “Oh, it is the robbers that I mean,” said Edward. “What robbers, you young fool?” said Richard. “Why, do not you think that the pedlar will come back at the dead of the night to the assistance of his friend, and bring plenty of help with him too?” said Edward. “There is not a doubt of it,” said old Richard. “There is not a doubt of it,” said Alice; and both stood up stiff with fear and astonishment. “Oh! merciful heaven! what is to become of us?” said Alice again, “What are we to do?” “Let us trust in the Lord,” said old Richard. “I intend in the first place, to trust in old *Copenhagen*,” said Edward, putting down the frizzel, and making it spring up again with a loud snap five or six times. “But good Lord! what are we thinking about? I’ll run and gather in all the guns in the country.” The impulse of the moment was Edward’s monitor. Off he ran like fire, and warned a few of the colonel’s retainers, who he knew kept guns about them; these again warned others, and at eight o’clock they had twenty-five men in the house, and sixteen loaded pieces, including *Copenhagen*, and the four pistols found on the deceased. These were distributed amongst the front windows in the upper stories, and the rest, armed with pitchforks, old swords, and cudgels, kept watch below. Edward had taken care to place himself, with a comrade, at a window immediately facing the approach to the house, and now, backed as he was by such a strong party, grew quite impatient for another chance with his redoubted *Copenhagen*. All, however remained quiet, until an hour past midnight, when it entered into his teeming brain to blow the thief’s silver wind-call; so without warning any of the rest, he set his head out at the window, and blew until all the hills and woods around yelled their echoes. This alarmed the guards, as not knowing the meaning of it; but how were they astonished at hearing it answered by another at no great distance! The state of anxiety into which this sudden and unforeseen circumstance threw our armed peasants, is more easily conceived than



described. The fate of their master's great wealth, and even their own fates, were soon to be decided, and none but *he* who surveys and overrules futurity could tell what was to be the issue. Every breast heaved quicker, every breath was cut short, every gun was cocked and pointed toward the court-gate, every orb of vision was strained to discover the approaching foe by the dim light of the starry canopy, and every ear expanded to catch the distant sounds as they floated on the slow frosty breeze.

The suspense was not of long continuance. In less than five minutes the trampling of horses was heard, which increased as they approached to the noise of thunder; and in due course, a body of men on horseback, according to the account given by the colonel's people, exceeding their own number, came up at a brisk trot, and began to enter the court-gate. Edward, unable to restrain himself any longer, fired *Copenhagen* in their faces: one of the foremost dropped, and his horse made a spring towards the hall door. This discharge was rather premature, as the wall still shielded a part of the gang from the windows. It was, however, the watchword to all the rest, and in the course of two seconds the whole sixteen guns were discharged at them. Before the smoke dispersed they were all fled, no doubt, greatly amazed at the reception which they met with. Edward and his comrade ran down stairs to see how matters stood, for it was their opinion that they had shot them every one, and that their horses had taken fright at the noise, and galloped off without them; but the club below warmly protested against their opening any of the doors till day, so they were obliged to betake themselves again to their berth up stairs.

Though our peasants had gathered up a little courage and confidence in themselves, their situation was curious, and to them a dreadful one. They saw and heard a part of their fellow-creatures moaning and expiring in agonies in the open air, which was intensely cold, yet durst not go to administer the least relief, for fear of a surprise. An hour or two after this great brush, Edward and his mess-mate descended again, and begged hard for leave to go and reconnoitre for a few minutes, which after some dispute was granted. They found only four men fallen, who appeared to be all quite dead. One of them was lying within the porch. "Faith," said Edward, "heres the chap that I shot." The other three were without, at a considerable distance from each other. They durst not follow their track farther, as the road entered betwixt groves and trees, but retreated into their posts without touching any thing.

About an hour before day. some of them were alarmed at hearing the sound of horses' feet a second time, which, however, was only

indistinct, and heard at considerable intervals, and nothing of them ever appeared. Not long after this, Edward and his friend were almost frightened out of their wits, at seeing, as they thought, the dead man within the gate endeavouring to get up and escape. They had seen him dead, lying surrounded by a deluge of congealed blood ; and nothing but the ideas of ghosts and hobgoblins entering their brains, they were so indiscreet as never to think of firing, but ran and told the tale of horror to some of their neighbours. The sky was by this time grown so dark, that nothing could be seen with precision ; and they all remained in anxious incertitude, until the opening day discovered to them, by degrees, that the corpses were removed, and nothing left but large sheets of frozen blood ; and the morning's alarms by the ghost and the noise of horses had been occasioned by some of the friends of the men that had fallen, conveying them away for fear of a discovery.

Next morning the news flew like fire, and the three servants were much incommoded by crowds of idle and officious people that gathered about the house, some inquiring after the smallest particulars, some begging to see the body that lay in the parlour, and others pleased themselves with poring over the sheets of crimson ice, and tracing the drops of blood on the road down the wood. The colonel had no country factor, nor any particular friend in the neighbourhood ; so the affair was not pursued with that speed which was requisite to the discovery of the accomplices, which, if it had, would have been productive of some very unpleasant circumstances, by involving sundry respectable families, as it afterwards appeared but too evidently. Dr. Herbert, the physician who attended the family occasionally, wrote to the colonel, by post, concerning the affair ; but though he lost no time, it was the fifth day before he arrived. Then indeed advertisements were issued and posted up in all public places, offering rewards for a discovery of any person killed or wounded of late. All the dead and sick within twenty miles were inspected by medical men, and a most extensive search made, but to no purpose. It was too late ; all was secured. Some indeed were missing, but plausible pretenses being made for their absence, nothing could be done. But certain it is, sundry of these were never seen any more in the country, though many of the neighbourhood declared they were such people as nobody could suspect.

The body of the unfortunate man who was shot in the pack lay open for inspection a fortnight, but none would ever acknowledge so much as having seen him. The colonel then caused him to be buried at Bellingham ; but it was confidently reported that his grave was opened and his corpse taken away. In short, not one engaged in

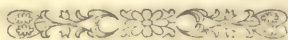


this base and bold attempt was ever discovered. A constant watch was kept by night for some time. The colonel rewarded the defenders of his house liberally. Old Richard remained in the family during the rest of his life, and had a good salary for only saying prayers amongst the servants every night. Alice was married to a tobaccoist at Hexham. Edward was made the colonel's gamekeeper, and had a present of a fine gold mounted gun given him. His master afterwards procured him a commission in a regiment of foot, where he suffered many misfortunes and disappointments. He was shot through the shoulder at the battle of Fontenoy, but recovered, and, retiring on half-pay, took a small farm on the Scottish side. His character was that of a brave, but rash officer; kind, generous, and open hearted in all situations. I have often stood at his knee, and listened with wonder and amazement to his stories of battles and sieges, but none of them ever pleased me better than that of the *Long Pack*.

Alas! his fate is fast approaching to us all! He hath many years ago submitted to the conqueror of all mankind, His brave heart is now a clod of the valley, and his grey hairs recline in peace on that pillow from which his head shall be raised only when time shall be no more.

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NOTE.—The foregoing tale which has enjoyed an almost unexampled popularity in the north of England, for a long series of years, was written by James Hogg, and although it is undeniable that he has amplified and embellished it in some degree, the story is, (in the main) founded on fact. Local tradition points out Swinburne Castle on the North Tyne, as the scene of the outrage, and certain parts of the edifice (which has been partially rebuilt), and some pieces of ancient furniture, are still shewn as having borne some part in the tragedy. Hogg's own words indeed, favour this site, for he plainly states that the mansion is situate on "the banks of the *North Tyne*," and, as common report points out Swinburne (which answers precisely as to situation) we are, we think, fully justified in pitching upon it as the locality. An objection may be raised:—Swinburne was not at any time the residence of any branch of the family of *Ridley*.—True, but it *was* of the family of *Riddell*, to whom it belonged, and who resided there both before and after the period of the circumstance. It is then, easy to account for the error (as we deem it) committed by Hogg, who, in writing down the tradition from the mouth of the narrator, might very readily and excusably (not being a native), apply a wrong surname, especially when it is remembered that both the orthography and pronunciation of each are similar. There is, in conclusion, some reason to doubt the accuracy of the date assigned by the author (1723), which we think is considerably too modern, and although the country was in a somewhat troubled state, even until a later period, yet a robbery, or combination of so serious and effectively organized a character as that described, would be more consonant with the state of things a quarter of a century earlier, or even more. G. B. R.

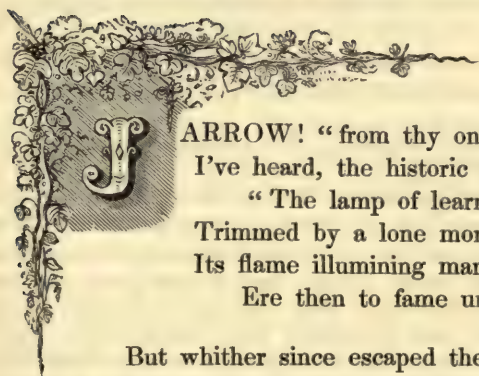






JARROW MONASTERY (1830).

## Jarrow.



ARROW! "from thy once lucid cell,"  
 I've heard, the historic Surtees<sup>1</sup> tell,  
 "The lamp of learning shone;  
 Trimmed by a lone monastic's hand,"  
 Its flame illumining many a land;  
 Ere then to fame unknown.

But whither since escaped the light,—  
 Is Jarrow's glory quenched in night,  
 Because her Bede<sup>2</sup> has fled?  
 Chill thought away! "When sire forsakes,  
 His orphan charge another takes;"  
 So Deity hath said.

Too silent in religion's cause,  
 Sagacious but unhappy Dawes!<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Historian of the County of Durham.

<sup>2</sup> Venerable Bede,

<sup>3</sup> Dawes, (Richard) a famous classic scholar connected with Jarrow, or at least with Heworth, in the chapel yard of which latter place he lies buried. See Local Historian's Table Book, Historical Division, vol. II. p. 145.

O fam'd for scholastic deed ;  
 In him, once Jarrow hope expressed,  
 That now is in her Hodgson<sup>4</sup> blessed,  
 To find another Bede.

Restor'd may be the ruined cell,  
 May other Bedes in Jarrow dwell,—  
 Let time achieve his worst ;  
 Meanwhile, forbid, through love or scorn,  
 That any should the second mourn  
 Inferior to the first.

And for thy Bede,—age honoured Sire !  
 From these his ancient walls retire,  
 Can I without regret ?  
 Such thoughts impel the negative—  
 Such poignant thoughts, that as I live,  
 His spirit haunts them yet.

But whether at this silent hour,  
 Some wild imaginative power  
 Deludes my passive soul ;  
 Or, whether Bede himself be here,  
 I know not—virtue, I revere,  
 And honour heaven's controul.

Now, hark ! from yonder green-hill side,  
 Whose cavern'd base receives the tide,  
 Led up by little Done ;<sup>5</sup>  
 Methinks I hear the holy choir,  
 In anthems from his woodland quire,  
 Salute th' eternal throne.

Not his the stiff repulsive mien,  
 That in these latter days is seen

<sup>4</sup> Hodgson, (Rev. John). This ingenious and pious gentleman, whose character as an author and a divine, is too well known to require any description here, has, since the composition of these lines, been deservedly preferred to the vicarage of Hartburn, Northumberland.

<sup>5</sup> The Hedworth Brook, called by Leland the "Done," rises in the Boldon Hills, and thence running towards Tyne, passes through the vale of Jarrow, near the site of the monastic ruins.

To mark the cloister'd race ;  
 In him, the saint and sage combined,  
 His dignity with honour joined,  
 Simplicity with grace.

Oft seated on yon rugged stone,  
 Whose breadth with shaggy moss o'ergrown,  
 Ne'er knew a sculptor's hand ;  
 The holy man by oral sound,  
 Would call the honest rustics round,  
 A reverential band.

All happy met in spacious air,  
 To Heaven on wings of faith and prayer,  
 Their simple accents broke ;  
 So humbly lodged, religion dwelt,  
 Upon the grassy turf they knelt,  
 Their roof the spreading oak.

Their altar was the hillock side,  
 A font the running brook supplied ;  
 And why forbear to tell,  
 How once a time with acorns heaped  
 Went round their salver,—while they dipp'd  
 Their chalice from the well.<sup>6</sup>

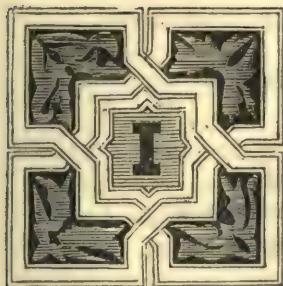
With gentle words he bade them drink,  
 And in the while themselves bethink  
 Of mercy's healing spaw ;  
 "Go search," said he, "where Jesus tells,  
 And from salvations deeper wells  
 Your living waters draw."

Jarrow ! from time's destructive grasp,  
 As safe the arms of ivy clasp  
 Thy turrets loose and grey,  
 So glad would muse of pious deed,  
 Entwine the memory of thy Bede,  
 With her divinest bay.

<sup>6</sup> In the vicinity of Jarrow is a well, which among the rustics still bears the name of "Bede's Well."



## THE HAG-WORM AND THE ADDER.



N Cumberland and Northumberland," remarks a pleasant writer, "the viper, *Coluber berus*, is called the hag-worm; and the *Anguis fragilis*, the blind or slow worm."\* As far as consists with our information, we would be disposed to say that the hag-worm, is a name *not* of the adder or *Vipera communis*, Leach, but of the common blind-worm. As in England, in the days of

Shakespeare, who terms it "the eyeless venom'd worm,"† so in Northumberland at present, it is affirmed that the bite of the hag-worm, it being in reality one of the most harmless creatures that crawls, is much more deadly than that of the adder—even capable of inflicting an incurable wound. It is also an opinion that the *blind-worm* as its name implies, is destitute of the faculty of vision. And in consonance with such attributes, in a rhyme which represents in grim colloquy, the twin reptiles of bane that our island boasts, we find it expatiating, with however a single redeeming trait, on the pre-eminence in "things evil," which, but for the deficiency of eye-sight, it might have attained.

"The hag-worm said to the ether,  
If I had ane ee, as thou has twae,  
There should never a bairn on the gait gae,  
But the wee step-bairn that drees a' the wae."

Step-children from the days of Cinderella and the Classics, have been proverbially the victims of caprice and ill-treatment.‡

The adder, although from its baleful fangs, it is generally regarded with dread and abhorrence, yet viewed apart from this dangerous possession, and within its own assigned limits, is an object of extreme loveliness and elegance. Every reader of Milton is enraptured with the mazy march, and surpassing splendour, of the fatal serpent, in its attempts to draw the attention of our common Mother, even though deeply conscious of the slippery guile—the "inmate bad," concealed beneath so fair a spectacle. From some undefined feeling of this kind, the Northumbrian peasant in one of those rural adages, that present in such a delightful manner, the concentrated zest of untutored taste, imbibed from nature's own models, delineated in exhaustless profusion, on all created objects, has assigned a peculiar pro-

\* *Rambles in Northumberland*, p. 191. † Timon of Athens.

‡ *Lurida terribiles miscent aconitæ novercæ.*

minence, as a characteristic of the month of recurring blossoms, and evolving buds, to the re-appearance of the adder in the vivifying warmth of spring.

“March wind,  
Kindles the ether, and blooms the whin;”  
or as it will vary,

“March wind,  
Wakens the ether and buds the thorn;”  
or as Shakespeare has enshrined the vernal observation,  
“It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,  
And that craves wary walking.”\*

*J. Hardy's Col.*

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### ODE ON ATHELSTAN'S VICTORY,

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The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,  
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,  
Did use to chant it,—SHAKESPEARE.

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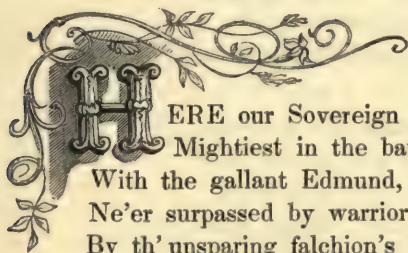
THE following “free metrical translation of the celebrated Anglo-Saxon Ode on Athelstan’s victory gained over the forces of Constantine, King of Scotland, at Brunan-burgh, in Northumberland” was contributed to the *Gentleman’s Magazine* anonymously, and appears in the number for November, 1838. The author proceeds to state that the “ode was originally extracted from two MSS. in the Cottonian Library, B. M., Tiberius, B. iv., and Tiberius, A. vi.,” and the event it celebrates is “dated 937 in Gibson’s Chronicle, and in Hickes’s Saxon Grammar, 938, and supposed to be written by a contemporary bard.” Here however it may be well to state that these dates have each their additional supporter in ancient record, the Saxon Annals give 938, and the Chronicle of Mailros 937. It may also be well to advert to one or two other points in the following poem, which seem to require notice. And first, *Brunanburgh* in the ode is somewhat unaccountably rendered *Brunsbury*, a name which neither any existing village or spot of ground in the county of Northumberland, nor the words of the original ode itself, seem to give

\* Julius Cæsar, Act. ii. scene 1.

grounds. Much dispute too, has arisen relative to the positive locality of this ever memorable battle. Hodgson\* presumes Brinkburn, where, on the north, are to be seen ancient foundations, and especially as John de Hexham in 1154 calls the place *Brincaburch*, orthography which (he is inclined to believe) renders such a supposition very probable; but, on the other hand, Camden contends for the honour of *Broomridge* near the fatal field of Flodden, an opinion questioned by some, but Wallis seems confident that the lines and entrenchments to be seen in the vicinity are those thrown up by the brave and successful Athelstan who so signally defeated the mighty host of Anlaf the Dane. This Anlaf, a brave and warlike man, like Alfred, explored the hostile camp as a minstrel. His pride betrayed him; a soldier observing him throw away the reward of his performance, watched him, and recognized the Northumbrian leader; afterwards he told Athelstan of the quality of his guest, "why did you not alarm the camp and stop him," said the king. "Because," replied the soldier, "I was once his liege man." That night an emissary penetrated secretly to the royal tent, and the occupant of the bed was assassinated, but it was not the king.—A dreadful conflict ensued which raged from sunrise until sunset, and the confederate princes were vanquished with fearful slaughter.

The writer of this poem concludes his prefatory remarks by stating that "though this is professedly not a strict translation, yet I would remark that several of the epithets, such as 'candle of the Eternal God,' applied to the Sun in the third canto; and 'our illustrious smiths of war,' in the last, are rendered word for word."

G. B. R.



HERE our Sovereign Athelstan,  
 Mightiest in the battle's van,  
 With the gallant Edmund, Prince,  
 Ne'er surpassed by warrior since,  
 By th' unsparing falchion's edge  
 Glorious lasting victory gained;  
 Winning many a noble pledge  
 With the life of Scotland stained.—  
 Helm was cleft, and corslet riven,  
 Down th' opposing buckler driven,

\* Beauties of England and Wales, vol. North.



Rent the banner, snapp'd the spear,  
By the sons of Edward here.

## II.

From their earliest ancestry  
Boldly taught to do or die ;  
In the fortress, and the field,  
Wealth and lands and home to shield  
From th' encroaching foe ;  
Rushing now with furious heat,  
Girt by thousands, they destroy'd  
Caledonias's host and fleet,  
Till, with reeking carnage cloy'd,  
Sunk the sword and bow.

## III.

But the hills with thunder rang,  
And the dead in slaughter fell,  
From the hour when morning sprang  
Over mount and plain and dell,  
Till the red and hastening sun,  
(Candle of th' Eternal God,)  
Pall'd in mists and vapours dun,  
Left to shadowy eve the sod.

## IV.

There, the northern soldier lay,  
Steep'd in blood from Albion's charge ;  
Lance or shaft had found its way  
O'er his vain and scanty targe ;  
There the Scot, bereft of life,  
Red with gore, and dark with strife.

## V.

Then the Western-Saxon swept,  
With a fresh and chosen band,  
On the wearied few who kept  
To the last their valiant stand :—  
List ! the charger's trampling heel !  
Mark the flash of waving steel !  
Lo ! the routed veterans fly  
But to faint, and fall, and die.

## VI.

Mercia's warriors never shrank  
From the hordes of Anlaf :—Vain

Did each wild and rebel rank  
 Boast the Cambrian and the Dane;  
 They but journey'd o'er the wave  
 Here to find an earlier grave.—  
 Princes of the Danish blood,  
 Five had safely stemm'd the flood;  
 There they rest in grim decay,  
 By the falchion swept away.

## VII

Seven Earls of Anlaf's train  
 Ghastly strew'd the sodden plain.—  
 Countless all was Scotland's host  
 From her fleet and army lost.

## VIII.

But the chieftain of the north,  
 By the struggling moonbeam led,  
 With a wasted legion, forth  
 To his ship in terror sped;  
 Now they hoist the sail and flee  
 Swiftly o'er the yellow sea.

## IX.

And the fallen Constantine,  
 Shorn his crest and marr'd his shield,  
 Mourning many a knightly line  
 Left on Brunsbury's fatal field,  
 Sought his mountain home.  
 Vainly 'gainst his conquering foes  
 Rang th' alarum cry of Hilda,  
 For the sound of sorrow rose  
 Even from Tweed to Holy Kilda,  
 'Mid the distant foam.

## X.

Blackening on the blasted heath  
 Sleep the monarch's friends in death;  
 And his son, the brave! the fair!  
 Lies a mangled carcase there;  
 He could not save him from the falchion's power.  
 Howbeit, though bootless 'twere,  
 To wail the young in war, the lad with golden hair,  
 He wept his princely dead, and cursed that bitter hour.

## XI.

Ne'er shall haughty Anlaf boast,  
Nor the remnant of his host,  
That their swords in combat smote  
With th' accustom'd strength of yore :  
Ne'er th' assemblies of the mote  
Shall they lead in counsel more :  
Never shall they now rejoice  
In the battle's awful voice,  
In the strife, when squadrons wheel  
'Mid the clang of 'countering steel ;  
In the heaps of slain and dying  
By each captur'd standard lying ;  
For they strove with Edward's heirs,  
And the victory was not theirs.

## XII.

Scarce a broken band  
See the Northern warriors meet,  
Where their toss'd and shatter'd fleet  
Lies 'mid shoals and breakers, cast  
By the tempest and the blast  
'Gainst this hostile strand ;  
On each quivering bark they leap,  
Hurrying through the waters deep.  
First they gain the friendly walls  
Of Eblana's ancient halls,  
Then their homeward steps retrace,  
Scath'd by shame and foul disgrace.

## XIII.

And the Saxon Brothers, fraught,  
With the spoils of chief's renown'd,  
King and Prince their country sought,  
Loftier hymn'd and lordlier crown'd.

## XIV.

With the dead, they left afar  
Every screaming bird of war ;  
Bittern hoarse, and hungry kite,  
Beak'd raven black as night,  
Gready heron from the sedge,  
Eagle from th' unscal'd ledge,  
Ravenous vulture from the rocks ;  
And the wolf and grizzled fox.



## XV.

Noblest blood flow'd free as water ;  
 Ne'er had been a heavier slaughter  
 (So the hoariest minstrels say)  
 Since that long and fitful day,  
 When the fiery Saxon came

Like a cloud upon our coast,  
 Swallowing all with sword and flame,

Britain's pride and Cambria's boast,  
 Our illustrious Smiths of War,  
 And the Welsh for honour famed,  
 Fill their fierce and flaming star,  
 Every lowlier beacon shamed ;  
 Till the ruddy torch and brand,  
 Vanquish'd Britain's suppliant land.

## AUTHOR'S NOTES.

## ——— "Our Sovereign Athelstan."

This King was the natural son of Edward the Elder, but the stain in his birth was not, in those times, deemed so considerable as to exclude him from the throne. Athelstan is regarded as one of the ablest and most active of our ancient Princes : he died at Gloucester in the year 941, after a reign of 16 years, and was succeeded by Edmund his legitimate brother [mentioned in the ode].—*Hume*, vol. i. p. 136, &c.

## "Mercia's warriors never shrank," &amp;c.

Mercia, the largest, if not the most powerful, kingdom of the heptarchy, comprehended all the middle counties of England ; and, as its frontiers extended to those of all the other six kingdoms, as well as to Wales, it received its name from that circumstance.—*Hume*, vol. i. p. 63.

## "From the hordes of Anlaf :—"

Anlaf was the son of Sithric, a Danish nobleman, on whom Athelstan had conferred the title of King of Northumberland, because the inhabitants of that country bore with impatience the English yoke. On the death of Sithric, which happened very shortly afterwards, Anlaf, and his brother Godfrid, assumed the sovereignty without waiting for Athelstan's consent. They were, however, soon expelled by the power of that monarch. Anlaf subsequently entered into a confederacy with Constantine King of Scotland ; and having collected a great body of Danish pirates, whom he found in the Irish seas, and some Welsh princes, who were terrified by the growing power of Athelstan, he made, in conjunction with the numerous forces of the Scottish King, an irruption into England.

## ——— "Holy Kilda."

Saint Kilda is one of the Hebrides, and the most westerly island of Great Britain. There is no land between it and North America. [It is not introduced in the original ode.]

## ——— "The mote."

The word "ward-mote" is still in constant use to express a meeting of the principal inhabitants of the ward.

## ——— "Eblana's ancient halls."

Eblana was the early name of Dublin, or of a town on the spot where Dublin now stands.

## THE GRAY MAN OF BELLISTER.

COMMUNICATED BY WM. PATTISON.—EDITED BY JAMES HARDY.

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An old rude 'tale' that fitted well  
The ruin wild and hoary.—COLERIDGE.

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T was at the gray of the evening twilight, about half a century ago, that a stripling held his way towards the castle of Bellister, with the view of entering into service there. Having crossed the Tyne at Haltwhistle, he found the darkness increasing fast; and although the distance he had to travel was not great, yet in those days, bad companions were more common than welcome on the unfrequented roads after nightfall. Leaving the Ferry, he passed a thicket of willow bushes, and then his route lay along a broken road, which he had been directed to follow, as that which would conduct him to the castle. He had not proceeded far, when he descried a traveller at some little distance in advance—a circumstance rather singular, as he had tarried for a few minutes at the ferry, and no one had come over for some time previous. The youth, a stranger in the place, and looking forward with uncertain solicitude towards the new scene of his labours, soon overcame the mysterious feeling, to which this idea first gave rise, in the prospect of relief from his own anxious thoughts, presented to him, for some part of the journey. He therefore quickened his pace, and when sufficiently near, shouted to the unknown individual to stop. But the stranger paid no regard—he neither stopped nor looked behind. The lad had now approached within a few yards, yet with the utmost exertion he could not overtake him. He passed forward with superhuman rapidity, gliding rather than walking over the surface. An unpleasant sensation of fear crept over the youth, which was not a little increased, by a closer inspection, as far as the dubious light enabled, of the object of his misgivings. His head was uncovered, and his long hair hung behind, white as the frosts of winter. He was wrapt in a long grey cloak, reaching to his heels, and he

appeared to carry a small bundle under his arm, concealed by his exterior vestments. So occupied had the youth been in the struggle, that he did not perceive that he had now reached the broken gateway of the old castle of Bellister. At that very moment, when its dark mass became evident through the investing gloom, the mysterious figure unexpectedly stood still, and turning abruptly round upon the youth, revealed the awful nature of the fellowship, which he, in the simplicity of his heart, was so eager to obtain. Death had set his pallid seal on that grisly countenance, and a bloody gash that ran across it, heightened the expression of ghastliness imprinted there ! The thick beard was dripping with blood, and the forepart of its garments were dyed with the ensanguined stream. It fixed its large, lustreless eyes upon the youth, and pointing with a hideous scowl, towards the dilapidated ruin—melted silently away.

It was a scene of the deepest horror. For some time he stood spell-bound to the spot ; gazing into the vacant air, that gave back no image—but extended itself in limitless expansion into a vast, terrible, all-absorbing gulf—that seemed to invite him forward, in pursuit of the dread, unsubstantial essences, that roamed its dim and dismal depths. Rallying his scattered fortitude, his first idea was that of self-preservation. His new home was nigh, and thither, scarcely conscious of the action, he betook himself. The old mistress was the only one of the family within, and to her he revealed the horrifying apparition, he had witnessed. The old lady was much concerned. Of the existence of a spirit near the place, she was fully aware ; she had heard of it from others wiser and older than herself—members of a generation of which there were now few survivors ; and there were several instances, in which it had made itself visible to persons whom she well knew. Such a thing never occurred, she said, without some accompanying calamity, and when as on the present occasion, there were manifested tokens of a vindictive disposition on the spirit's part, the danger was near and alarming.—It came to pass as the old lady feared and predicted. That very evening the unfortunate lad was seized with a severe illness, and before next morning was a corpse.

When the castle was occupied by the Blenkinsopps, its manorial lords ; many—many centuries ago, a wandering minstrel, says tradition, sought the protection of its roof, far on in the evening,—and the humble request was granted, and the aged musician was invited to the family hearth. The days of high-souled chivalry and of generous feeling had not then departed, when not yet knowing “ the bleak freezings of neglect,” the minstrel obtained a ready admittance to the society of the gentle and the august, and his tale and harp found favourable audience with all.



“ High placed in hall, a welcome guest  
 He poured to lord and lady gay,  
 The unpremeditated lay.”

But the hospitable boon had not been long conceded, ere dark suspicions began to rankle in the breast of the lord of Bellister. He was at feud with a neighbouring baron, who scrupled not to employ the basest means for gratifying his rancour. In the appearance of this stranger, at such an untimely hour, there appeared to him some reason to dread the intrusion of a spy, or a disguised agent of his rival to execute some revengeful plot. Distrust therefore sat upon the countenance of the baron; \* and as the cordiality with which he had been received declined, a visible constraint gathered over the minstrel's features, which soon communicated itself to the entire circle.

“ By fits less frequent from the crowd  
 Was heard the burst of laughter loud;  
 For still, as squire and archer stared  
 On that dark face, and matted beard,  
 Their glee and game declined.”

It was therefore with more than customary alacrity, that the signal for withdrawal, was obeyed. After the company had retired, the lord of Bellister continued to pace his apartment, filled with perplexing anxieties. The image of the harper, too abject to justify his fears, still haunted him, and the oft-experienced perfidy of his deadly foe. At length suspense rose into passion. He summoned his attendants, and directed them to bring the harper into his presence. But how was every doubt and jealousy anew inflamed, when they found the chamber he had occupied empty, and the inmate gone? Either he had augured treachery from his entertainer, or he was conscious that the guilty errand on which he had been sent, was detected. In the mind of the baron, his flight only served to confirm the unfavourable ideas he had been led to conceive. The bloodhounds were ordered out, and instant pursuit after the fugitive commenced; the baron himself heading a band of his followers, drawn together as if for the utmost exigency. The bloodhounds were soon upon his track, and rapidly outstripped the vengeance of their exasperated master. They came up with the poor old minstrel, hard by the willow trees near the banks of the Tyne, and tore him to pieces, before any of the party had reached them. Remorse for the bar-

\* “ Some Gentlemen of the North are called to this day Barons,” says Grey in 1649. The Blenkinsopps of Bellister were entitled to the designation of *Baron* only in courtesy. By a similar token of respect, the Whitfields of Whitfield, transmitted to the latest generation, the *local* title of Earl.

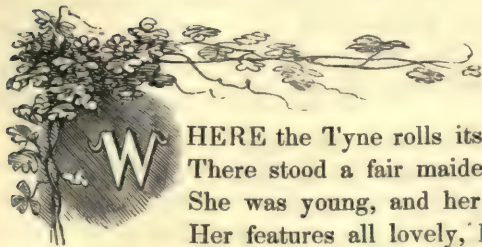
barous outrage seized the baron, but the deed of violence was irremediable. Whenever, after the sunset hour, he took this way to the castle, the fate of the hapless minstrel rose in terror before his eyes, and the visible shape of the murdered man always attended him home. The baron slept with his fathers, and likewise all that race. But the injured spirit, still frequented its ancient limits—unsatisfied and unappeased. At some periods it was more than usually outrageous—its efforts to attract notice became more assiduous,—and the appearances it assumed more terrific. This agitation and inquietude was ever found to be the prelude of some impending misfortune to the house of Bellister and its dependents, between whose fate and its own, there had been induced an inseparable bond.

The Gray Man no longer appears at Bellister, or traverses the broken pathway, near which the clump of willows still responds in sad murmurs to the wizard blast of evening. But Bellister and its vicinity continues to be a haunted and forbidden place after nightfall. The rustic passes it with a beating heart; the schoolboy's bravery is over, and his merriment hushed, till it is by; and the rider trusting neither his eye nor his ear, gives the spur to his steed, and hurries past. The dread of an unexpiated crime, and of a mystery unrevealed, hangs unlifted from the spot; and nature, as she spreads the pall of midnight over the lonesome way and the gloomy ruin, and as the sweep of the rushing river combines with the moaning breeze and the owl's funereal scream, seems to sympathize with the peasant's awe, and approve his reverence for the life of a fellow being.

## NEWCASTLE MARY'S LAMENT FOR HER LOVER.

(FROM A BROADSIDE PRINTED IN BIRMINGHAM.)

ATTRIBUTED TO CUNNINGHAM.



HERE the Tyne rolls its waters to join in the tide,  
There stood a fair maiden, and deeply she sighed,  
She was young, and her figure was fair to behold,  
Her features all lovely, her tresses of gold.

She stood, and she look'd to the sea, while a sigh,  
Heav'd her breast, and the big tear it dimm'd her bright eye:

To weep for her lover, her lost one she came,  
And Newcastle Mary, the fair, was her name.

O dark was the day, said the maiden forlorn,  
When Henry, my love, from these fond arms was torn,  
When cruelly torn from these fond arms of mine,  
He left me to weep on the banks of the Tyne.

How sweet flew the time, like some sweet lovely dream,  
When fondly we stray'd by the banks sweetest stream,  
When he whisper'd his love-tale, and call'd me his dear,  
And his voice, like sweet music, fell soft in my ear.

Yes, dear were the hours we pass'd thus alone,  
Sweet sun-scenes of pleasure, for ever now gone,  
My soldier, my love, from my bosom is torn,  
And Newcastle Mary the fair is forlorn.

Roll on, thou fair river, roll on to the main,  
And tell to my Henry how sad I complain,  
Yes, tell how I sigh, and weep for his sake,  
And ere I forget him this fond heart will break.

O torn from the book be that law too severe,  
Which forbade me to go, as I wish'd with my dear,  
Which forc'd me to stay, and in solitude pine,  
Or sadly to weep by the banks of the Tyne.

The banns were twice published, and had he not gone,  
For one week—one longer—I'd then been his own,  
His fond wife, and gone o'er the sea with my dear,  
Nor wander'd and wept, like a wounded dove here.

This locket he gave me and ribbons so fair,  
Enclosing a lock of his own auburn hair,  
And never, O never, from this will I part,  
But, dying, will press it still close to my heart.

Blow softly ye breezes—still, ocean, thy roar,  
And waft my love gentle and safe to the shore,  
And pleasure my Henry for ever be thine,  
Though Newcastle Mary roves mad by the Tyne.



## "CANNY SHIELDS."



THE town of Shields, from the days of yore even until now, has ever received but scant courtesy from the scribe or the traveller; and the meed of praise, thus sparingly granted, has been accorded in a still less degree by its powerful and opulent neighbouring borough, a few miles further up the Tyne. The following poem was written, it would seem, from some of the allusions,

about twenty years since, and was printed for private circulation. We cannot do better, we think, than prefix an account of a visit to the locality, by the famous bibliographer, Dibdin, which, it must be confessed, seems to favour the sentiments of the poem. "Our first approach," says he, "was to the two Shields, south and north; a very Wapping, at the *embouchure* of the river Tyne. How am I even to attempt the description of these parallel towns, intersected by a river, upon the breast of which, all day long, colliers, and steamers, and wherries, and cock-boats, are in a constant state of movement and excitement! Never had such a scene before presented itself to my view. The black tints of Sunderland were neutralised into *grey*, compared with the colour of everything and every body here around me. While we were waiting for the ferry-steamer, to carry over the horse and chaise, with ourselves and other passengers, lounging at the water's edge, I looked down upon a lighter, or barge, nearly cleared of its cargo; and on gazing at the motley scene below, I saw a lad, of about fifteen, jump, from the side of the barge, upon a heap of very small coal, in the corner, and roll himself about in it as gaily and happily as a haymaker in a hay-cock! There is no disputing about taste; but doubtless this was as *natural* to the lad as the hay-cock to the haymaker. He lept up from his frolic a very Otaheitan in colour. Face, hands, shirt and clothes, were as black as his hat. "This is a very odd circumstance, is it not?" observed I to a bystander. "Not at all, Sir, the lads like few things better."

"We now crossed the river, a good width, and all in a ferment with navigation of every possible description, and in every possible direction. Echoing shouts of men, splashing of oars, roaring surf round the steamers' prows, swelling sails, and fluttering flags, caught the ear and eye wherever they wandered. North Shields may be considered almost the exclusive property of His Grace the Duke of Northumberland; who has built a good substantial hotel close to the

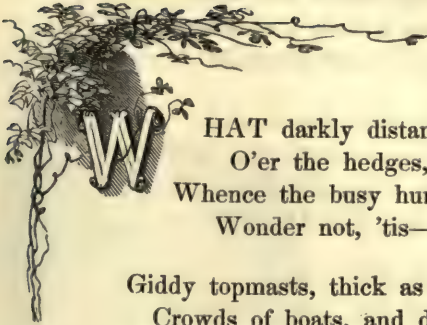


In the LOW STREET, NORTH SHIELDS.

landing place. Indeed, it was once a moot point whether the customhouse, with all appurtenances of quay, wharfs, and docks, should not have been established here, rather than at Newcastle-upon-Tyne; but the Newcastle-folk fought a very tough fight, and discomfited the duke. Happening to mistake our way, as to the more ready and agreeable route to the Abbey ruins, we had to thread a few streets—which can never be forgotten...for their combined narrowness, stench, and dense population. Human beings seemed to have been born, and to have kept together since birth, like onions strung upon a string. You never see one or *two* together; they stand still, or bustle along, in *fives, sixes, and sevens*. It is a rushing stream of countless population. And what houses! What streets!—what articles for sale! Yet they all seemed as merry and happy as if they were the *Holmeses* and *Lewisies* of Regent street.

“Owing to a *choke* in the street, our vehicle was stopped some time; and every head from every window seemed to be thrust out to see who we might be. We had dropped from the clouds—if the expression of surprise and astonishment, visible upon each face had been the interpreter. At length we began to ascend, and gained the high road.”

## Canny Shields.



HAT darkly distant see I yonder,  
O'er the hedges, ditches, fields,  
Whence the busy hum, I wonder?  
Wonder not, 'tis—CANNY SHIELDS.

Giddy topmasts, thick as rushes,  
Crowds of boats, and dirty keels;  
Ballast-hills, like Goosb'ry bushes,  
Altogether—CANNY SHIELDS.

A great long street from top to bottom  
Where, on your head or on your heels,  
You walk as safely, but—Ods rot 'em—  
For the carts, in—CANNY SHIELDS.

No! no! a nice Cross-house, a Square there's  
But O! the nosegays that it yields  
As you pass thro'—from various causes  
I won't mention—CANNY SHIELDS.

A town of Books (—for beef Accounts—)  
And Letters (—Average ones—); and Reels,  
And Balls (at “the Law”) in large amounts,  
For making happy—CANNY SHIELDS.

A town of Music, too, for Bagpipes,  
Fiddles—Herring and “Grozer”-squeals;  
And for the taste, Blackpuddings, Tripes  
And Sausage nice, in CANNY SHIELDS.

Then the “schism-shops,” and the steeple,  
And he who Pontiff-thunder wields;  
And who to Sect'ries turn the people,  
All make part of—CANNY SHIELDS.

Glass and Iron, Gin and Gallipots,  
Porter, Parchment, Ships and Wheels,  
Things of all sorts—no sort—Lollipops—  
May be bought in—CANNY SHIELDS.



Once a youth of fame departed,  
 In spruce pea-jacket, watch and seals,  
 His clean-wash'd face, it look'd so smart—it  
 Was too nice for—CANNY SHIELDS.

Ere long, howe'er, a voice was started  
 In tones so frightful, (—was't the De'il's?—)  
 It well nigh went to wring his heart out,  
 "Ay! the Ship's frae CANNY SHIELDS!"

Below he flies at one bold rush,  
 Brings up the paint pot, down he steals  
 Aft the stern, and brush—brush—brush—  
 Indignant, brush'd out CANNY SHIELDS.

He was, indeed, a modest youth,  
 As each should be who nicely feels;  
 And so he painted (—loving truth—)  
 Another place for CANNY SHIELDS.

Now they talk of building bridges,  
 Tied to the clouds with "Apple-peels;" \*  
 Next they'll plough the sand in ridges,  
 To grow Tobacco for CANNY SHIELDS.

Shields for ever! the true blue Sailor  
 Says, and so says each who deals  
 In all good wishes,—parson, tailor,—  
 Shields for ever! CANNY SHIELDS!



ARKER, who was vicar of Embleton, near Alnwick, in the reign of Queen Anne, contributed to the *Tatler*, and was author of the celebrated "Cure of a Scold," which first appeared there, but has since found a place in almost every collection of poetry:—

"Miss Molly, a famed toast, was fair and young,  
 Had youth and charms, but then she had a tongue;  
 From morn to night the eternal 'larum rung,  
 Which often lost those hearts her eyes had won."

*Border Tour.*

\* Shields phraseology.

## An Incident in the Life

OF

## THE DAME OF THE WOODHOUSES, IN TYNEDALE.



HE farm and steading of the Woodhouses about two miles above the village of Falstone, in Tynedale, were occupied some sixty years ago or upwards, by a decent, well-meaning man of the name of Matthew Robson. His wife was a careful, industrious woman, who rose early and sat up late, and was never weary in a worldly way, of providing for her family. The work she performed was wonderful ; for besides doing all that was required in the kitchen, she was able herself, by carding wool for cloth and blankets, to keep two serving women constantly spinning on what was called "the muckle wheel." Her husband on going to bed at night, left her always at work, and in the morning she was busy again, before he considered it time to be up looking about his farm. When Saturday night came, she employed herself the same way as on any other evening in the week, and Matthew, being a man who entertained great reverence for religion, had some fears that before she retired, she frequently encroached on the morning of the Lord's day. He remonstrated with her on the impropriety of this ; but not being desirous of running out his authority to its full extent, he left, for a time, the matter to her own conscience, and she proceeded as usual, steadily walking on in the strength of her unwearied industry.

A piper of the name of Miles was then in the habit of travelling through Tynedale ; and he remained always a couple of days or more at the Woodhouses. At that time farmers were not straitened in circumstances as they are now ; and Matthew Robson, by furnishing Miles with provender while he stayed, and a fleece of wool as a donation at "clipping time," heard, during the piper's visit, the best and most arousing strains that he could possibly produce. The wily itinerant also habitually planned his visits so that he might reach Matthew's house on the Saturday night, probably to partake of an excellent dinner on the following day ; and on this occasion arriving in the dusk of the evening, he was, unobserved by the mistress, conveyed into a small cellar, immediately below the kitchen. Being supplied with food and a comfortable bed, he received from

his host instructions to remain quiet till twelve o'clock, after which hour he was to take up his instrument and play, not longer however than a few minutes, and then again betake himself to rest till the morning.

Well, Robson went to bed at his usual time, leaving the mistress busy as she could be, providing cardings by which the girls might begin work early on Monday morning. The other members of the family also retired, and time gliding speedily away, the hour of twelve was at last announced by an old clock which stood clicking between the *dresser* and the close-bed in which the farmer lay, pretending to be asleep. Sunday morning now commenced, and Miles's pipes began to be audible. Dame Robson was amazed, and deeming that the prince of darkness himself, attended with music, had come to carry her away bodily, she threw cards and wool from her with all possible speed, and leaping into bed beyond her husband, exclaimed, "Oh, Matthew, Matthew, pray an' lay the deil, and I'll never work i' the Sabbath morning mair!" It may be added that Miles appeared in the kitchen early on the following day, and received not only his usual welcome, but a pressing invitation to tarry longer at the Wood-houses than he had done on any previous occasion, which he very joyfully accepted.—*R. White's MSS.*

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THE

CHURCH OF SAINT NICHOLAS,

Newcastle.



THE worthy local antiquary, Master William Grey, in his "Chorographia, or a Survey of Newcastle upon Tyne, in 1649" dilates in his usual enthusiastic manner on the surpassing beauties of the church of St. Nicholas, which he says standeth "in the midst of the towne; a long, faire, and high church, having a stately high stone steeple, with many pinakles: a stately stone lanterne, standing upon foure stone arches, builded by Robert de Rhodes, Lord Priour of Tinemouth, in Henry 6. dayes:" and, in introducing an enigma which he attributes to Ben Johnson, he thus exclaims his admiration of the elegant structure:—"It lifteth up a head of majesty, as high above the rest, as the cypresse tree above the low shrubs."





STEEPLE OF ST. NICHOLAS.

"My altitude high, my body foure square,  
 My foot in the grave, my head in the ayre,  
 My eyes in my sides, five tongues in my wombe,  
 Thirteen heads upon my body, foure images alone;  
 I can direct you where the winde doth stay,  
 And I tune Gods precepts thrice a day.  
 I am seen where I am not, I am heard where I is not,  
 Tell me now what I am, and see that you misse not."

"In the quire and walks about it is many faire monuments tombs, and marble-stones of majors of this towne, their names and armes engraven in stone with their title of (Sometime major of Newcastle) honours; not one word of their good deeds; their generations and names are worne out." And lamenting on this wise, our worthy old scribe tells us that "in former times the aldermen of the towne had their scarlet gownes, but the proud Scot got them by conquest, as they did other ornaments of the towne, thinking no English in authority, worthy to weare scarlet but themselves and so they continued lording over us for two yeares, untill they were hyred out, as

they were brought in, being a mercenary nation, for any nation for money." It is very questionable however whether so lasting or universal a remembrance attaches to "that thrice noble major, Master Robert Anderson, whose memory" our writer in the fullness of his heart asserts "will continue untill there be no more time.\*"

"Dignum laude virum, musa vetat mori."

G. B. R.

## RIMSIDE MOOR.

This bleak waste  
Bare is it, without house or track, and destitute  
Of obvious shelter, as a shipless sea.

WORDSWORTH.



RIMSIDE Moor is a heathy waste, remarkable for its wildness and bleakness, stretching from near the Morpeth and Wooler road over the uplands behind Rothbury. To a Northumbrian, the expression, "*As wide as Rimside Moor*," conveys an idea of extent as indefinite, as to the Columbian his savannahs, or the Greenlander his snows—as the steppes of Asia, or the deserts of Libya.† When wrapt in the darkness of night, as in all moorland tracts, the passage across it, is particularly dreary and lonesome, and in former times, it was deemed almost an impossibility for a stranger to traverse it at untimely hours, without losing himself in its trackless wilds. This has also become proverbial. "*If ye were on Rimside Moor, at twelve o'clock at night, wi' a black sow by the tail, ye wadna*

\* Robert Anderson gave twenty pounds per annum for ever to the four churches of Newcastle.

† Similar scenes give rise to corresponding sentiments. This saying has been more than once repeated in another part of the island. "*As wide as Coldingham common*" was probably known in Berwickshire as remotely as the battle of Falkirk (1298), when its wastes are described as "*sine numero*." (Surtees' Soc. Pub. Priory of Coldingham, App. p. xciv.) "*As wide as Magus Moor*," is also the character of the extensive heath in Fifeshire, so fatal to the Scottish primate, Archbishop Sharp.

*be here to-night.*"\* This moor was formerly infamous for the outrages committed upon travellers by robbers infesting it, who readily escaped detection in a vast untenanted desert. Now, the appearance of the country is much altered, and its moral amelioration has followed as the natural result of improvement. An ample extent of heath yet remains to gratify the heathfowl in its favourite resort, and to supply the vagrant bee with its loved nectar. Cultivation, however, has made sweeping encroachments on the brown wilderness; young plantations of fir, clothe with dark verdure, several of its gentle heights; easy and convenient roads intersect it, and cottages at not unfrequent intervals on its borders, impart a sense of security, and a prospect of speedy relief in the presence of danger. Already, in several places, a new creation gladdens the reclaimed moorlands, grateful in the relief it furnishes to the eye; nor is the heart untouched with the amenity of the landscape, and the driving of the "tinkling team," "o'er peaceful Freedom's undivided dale."

"The clover, red and white, supplants  
The purple heath-bell; rustling ears succeed  
The dreary stillness of the lurid moor—  
The sheltering hawthorn blossoms, where the furze  
Its rugged aspect reared; and in those wilds,  
Where melancholy plovers hovering screamed,  
The partridge-call, at gloamin's lovely hour  
Far o'er the ridges breaks the tranquil hush;  
And morning larks ascend with songs of joy,  
Where erst the whinchat chirped from stone to stone."

\* There is said to be an old ballad entitled "The Black Sow of Rimside and the Monk of Holy Island," of which the Rev. James Raine [North Durham p. 181.] cites the following specimen, as illustrative of the goodly things the Monks of the sacred isle were accustomed to derive from their possessions on the mainland; in the production of which dainties, those possessions, as their name would import, having enjoyed a long and deserved celebrity.

From Goswick we've geese, and from Cheswick we've cheese,  
From Buckton we've ven'son in store,  
From Swinhoe we've bacon, but the Scots have it taken  
And the Prior is longing for more.

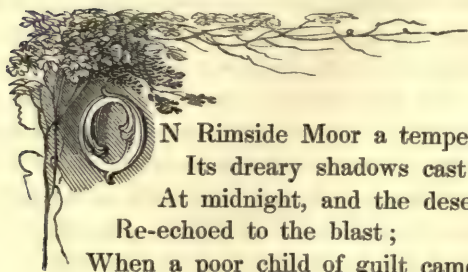




## POLYDORE.

## A Ballad.

FROM "THE EDINBURGH ANNUAL REGISTER, FOR 1810."



ON Rimside Moor a tempest-cloud  
 Its dreary shadows cast  
 At midnight, and the desert flat  
 Re-echoed to the blast;  
 When a poor child of guilt came there  
 With frantic step to range;  
 For blood was sprinkled on the garb,  
 He dared not stay to change.

"My God! Oh whither shall I turn?  
 The horsemen press behind,  
 Their hollo' and their horses' tramp  
 Come louder on the wind;  
 But there's a sight on yonder heath  
 I dare not, cannot face,  
 Though 'twere to save me from those hounds,  
 And gain my spirit grace.

"Why did I seek those hated haunts  
 Long shunn'd so fearfully;  
 Was there not room on other hills  
 To hide and shelter me?  
 Here's blood on every stone I meet,  
 Bones in each glen so dim,  
 And comrade Gregory that's dead!—  
 But I'll not think of him.

"I'll seek that hut where I was wont  
 To dwell on a former day,  
 Nor terrors vain, nor things long past,  
 Shall scare me thence away.  
 That cavern from the law's pursuit  
 Has saved me oft before,  
 And fear constrains to visit haunts  
 I hoped to see no more."

Through well-known paths, though long untrod,  
The robber took his way,  
Until before his eyes the cave  
All dark and desert lay.  
There he, when safe beneath its roof,  
Began to think the crowd  
Had left pursuit, so wild the paths,  
The tempest was so loud.

The bolts had still retain'd their place,  
He barred the massy door,  
And laid him down, and heard the blast  
Careering o'er the moor.  
Terror and guilt united strove  
To chase sweet sleep away;  
But sleep with toil prevail'd at last,  
And seized him where he lay.

A knock comes thundering to the door,  
The robber's heart leaps high—  
“Now open quick, remember'st not  
Thy comrade Gregory?”  
“Whoe'er thou art, with smother'd voice  
Strive not to cheat mine ear,  
My comrade Gregory is dead,  
His bones are hanging near!”

“Now ope thy door nor parley more,  
Be sure I'm Gregory!  
And 'twere not for the gibbet rope,  
My voice were clear and free.  
The wind is high, the wind is loud,  
It bends the old elm tree;  
The blast has toss'd my bones about  
This night most wearily.

“The elm was dropping on my hair,  
The shackles gall'd my feet;  
To hang in chains is a bitter lair,  
And oh a bed is sweet!  
For many a night I've borne my lot,  
Nor yet disturbed thee here,  
Then sure a pillow thou wilt give  
Unto thy old compeer?”

"Tempt me no more," the robber cried,  
And struggled with his fear,  
"Were this a night to ope my door,  
Thy taunt should cost thee dear."  
"Ah, comrade, you did not disown,  
Nor bid me brave the cold,  
The door was open'd soon, when I  
Brought murder'd Mansell's gold.

"When for a bribe you gave me up  
To the cruel gallows tree,  
You made my bed with readiness,  
And stirr'd the fire for me.  
But I have sworn to visit thee,  
Then cease to bid me go,  
And open—or thy bolts and bars  
Shall burst beneath my blow."

Oh sick at heart grew Polydore,  
And wish'd the dawn of day;  
That voice had quell'd his haughtiness,  
He knew not what to say.  
For now the one that stood without  
An entrance craved once more,  
And when no answer was return'd,  
He struck—and burst the door.

Some words he mutter'd o'er the latch,  
They were no words of good,  
And by the embers of the hearth,  
All in his shackles stood.  
A wreath of rusted iron bound  
His grim unhallowed head;  
A dæmon's spark was in his eye—  
Its mortal light was dead.

"Why shrink'st thou thus, good comrade, now  
With such a wilder'd gaze,  
Dost fear my rusted shackles' clank,  
Dost fear my wither'd face?  
But for the gallows rope, my face  
Had ne'er thus startled thee;  
And the gallows rope, was't not the fruit  
Of thy foul treachery?"



“But come thou forth, we’ll visit now  
The elm of the wither’d rind;  
For though thy door was barr’d to me,  
Yet I will be more kind.  
That is my home, the ravens there  
Are all my company;  
And they and I will both rejoice  
In such a guest as thee.

“The wind is loud, but clasp my arm—  
Why, fool, dost thou delay?  
You did not fear to clasp that arm  
When my life was sold away.”  
The midnight blast sung wild and loud  
Round trembling Polydore,  
As by his dead companion led  
He struggled o’er the moor.

Soon had they reach’d a wilderness  
By human foot unpress’d,  
The wind grew cold, the heather sigh’d,  
As conscious of their guest.  
Alone amid the dreary waste  
The wither’d elm reclined,  
Where a halter with a ready noose  
Hung dancing in the wind.

Then turning round, his ghastly face  
Was twisted with a smile—  
“Now living things are far remote,  
We’ll rest us here awhile.  
Brothers we were, false Polydore,  
We robb’d in company;  
Brothers in life, and we in death  
Shall also brothers be.

“Behold the elm, behold the rope,  
Which I prepared before—  
Art pale? ’tis but a struggle, man,  
And soon that struggle’s o’er.  
Tremble no more, but freely come,  
And like a brother be;  
I’ll hold the rope, and in my arms  
I’ll help you up the tree.”

The eyes of Polydore grew dim,  
 He roused himself to pray,  
 But a heavy weight sat on his breast  
 And took all voice away.  
 The rope is tied—Then from his lips  
 A cry of anguish broke—  
 Too powerful for the bands of sleep,  
 And Polydore awoke.

All vanish'd now the cursed elm,  
 His dead companion gone,  
 With troubled joy he found himself  
 In darkness and alone.  
 But still the wind with hollow gusts  
 Fought ravening o'er the moor,  
 And check'd his transports, while it shook  
 The barricaded door.

### ANTHONY ROBINSON, M. D.

FROM THE "GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE." 1789.



ANTHONY ROBINSON was a native of Sunderland, in the county of Durham, where he served a regular apprenticeship to his father, a man exceedingly respectable in his profession of surgeon and apothecary. From his earliest youth he became attached to botanical studies; and, whilst he continued under paternal tuition, he devoted all his leisure-hours to Gerard, Parkinson, and other ancient herbalists, or to excursions abroad, and a collation of their pages with the great volume of Nature. It was not till after his arrival at Jamaica, that he met with the *Systema Naturæ*, and other works of Linnæus, which opened to his mind a new and beautiful theory in his favourite science, and engaged it so forcibly, that for several years he scarcely gave attention to any other pursuit. The chief objects of his enquiry in Jamaica were non-descript plants, of which he discovered many, unnoticed either by Sloane or Brown, and he corrected their descriptions of many other plants which had been already discovered. A desire of strengthening and enlivening his

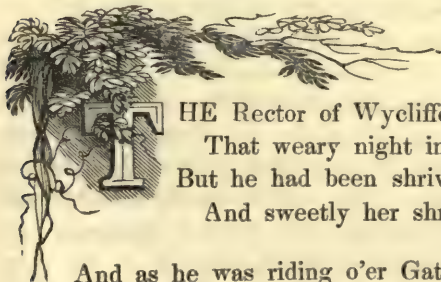
ideas of the true generic or specific alliance of the vegetable races, naturally first pointed out to him the necessity of an *hortus siccus*; but this having its imperfections, next suggested the necessity of copying Nature more expressively by the pencil, in the management of which, although he had never been grounded, his natural talent in the art, soon enabled him to attain a degree of excellence. The Western world presented him with an inexhaustable variety of subject: and the frequency of his delineations so improved his hand, that, among the specimens he left behind him, there were not a few which have been pronounced, by good judges, equal to the works of professed draughtsmen. His judgment was clear and sound; and his memory so retentive, that, at one period, he could recount the generic and specific description, of above one thousand European plants. He had a great general knowledge in some other sciences, and was particularly well read in modern history. He was distinguished beyond most men for a feeling heart, a warm and steady attachment in his friendships; a behaviour perfectly inoffensive, an integrity that nothing could corrupt; a rigid adherence to truth, and for a pliancy and vivacity of temper which rendered him acceptable to all companies. His only blemish, in short, was a certain thoughtless improvidence, to whose ascendancy it is to be imputed, that the public has never profited by his botanical remarks, which were always hastily scribbled, in a hand almost illegible, upon the first scraps of paper he could meet with; these, blurred and blotted, and sometimes soiled with dirt, were promiscuously thrown together, from which cause the greater part of them have been irretrievably lost. He never transcribed or reduced them into any kind of order, still procrastinating this as the destined occupation of some future days of leisure, which, unhappily, never arrived, for, in July 1768, he was seized with a violent illness, which terminated fatally. He was the discoverer of the art of manufacturing a vegetable soap from the juice of the leaf of the great American aloe; and for this invention he received a grant of 100 pistoles, from the assembly of Jamaica. This soap is equally miscible with salt as with fresh water, and therefore very useful to mariners. He obtained from a species of palm tree, which abounds in the more rocky and arid parts of that Island, a very fine and nutritive farina, not palpably different from the sagu powder. He discovered likewise, a vegetable blue dye, of rather greater brilliancy than indigo. And, lastly, it was in attempting to perfect the discovery of a tree balsam, analogous in quality to the celebrated balsam of Mecca, that he underwent a fatigue so excessive, as to occasion the disorder of which he died.



## THE RECTOR'S WARNING.



HIS clever ballad, after the ancient style, was the production of the talented pen of Robert Surtees, the historian of the county of Durham, and is founded upon a circumstance which is thus related by Raine in his "Brief Account of Durham Cathedral:"—"On the 25th of February, 1485, James Manfeld, late of Wycliff, 'gentilman,' in his own person came to the Church of St. Cuthbert, at Durham, and there, the bells being rung, urgently requested the immunity of the said church, and the liberty of St. Cuthbert, for that he, near the village of Ovyngton, in the county of York, about the 26th of January, as he believes, in the year aforesaid, along with others, made an attack upon one Sir Rolland Mebburne, chaplain, rector of the church of Wycliff, and feloniously struck him in his body with a 'Wallych-bill,' (Welch bill or axe,) and gave him a mortal wound of which he instantly died; for which felony, the said James begged the immunity of the said church, in the presence of the Vicar of Kellow, Roger Morland, and Nicholas Dixon, witnesses called in upon the occasion." This ballad was first printed in the memoir of its author, prefixed to the last and posthumous volume of his great work.



THE Rector of Wycliffe had better have staid,  
That weary night in his bed;  
But he had been shriving a delicate maid,  
And sweetly her shrift had been sped.

And as he was riding o'er Gatherly Moor,  
Betwixt the thorn and the slae,  
Bold Dickon the Riever, in Lincoln green,  
Came pricking the self-same way.

"Alight from thy beast, thou proud stone-priest,  
This verra' hour we'll be even;  
With book, candle, and bell, thou'st sent me to hell,—  
I'll send thee to-neet to heaven.

The priest he pattered his pater-noster,  
One ave, and no more ;  
The Wallishe bille was stout and sharp,  
And soundly he paid the score.

It was dead midnight, the stars hid their light,  
And the moon was behind a cloud ;  
But the wind whistled through the hollow old thorn,  
And the howlet was screeching loud.

But long before the grey cock crew,  
Or the lavrock left the wold,  
On wings of fear the Reeever flew,  
To holy Cuthbert's hold.

He twirled at the pin—"Holloo within !  
I've ridden miles thirty and three ;  
One priest I've slain for little gain,  
And a harried man (I think) I be."

He twirled till he wakened brother John ;  
"O ho," the friar cried,  
"We set lyght by these mad pranks on the Tees,  
If they keep the southern side.

"But hadst thou done so in Darnton Warde,  
At the Blue-stone of the Brigg,  
By'r Lady, thou had far'd as hard  
As Dallaval did for his pigge.

"Ho, penancer ! here's a jolly fellow  
Has slain a Tees-water priest."  
"Gramercy," quod he, "if the 'vowson be ours,  
The damage will be with the least.

"These rascals are neither streight, nor strict ;  
They keep not St. Cuthbert's rule :  
He that follows not Benedict  
I count him for a fule.

"These secular priests are vagabond beasts,  
They feed at every man's stall ;  
This Rector, I trow, had bastards enow  
For our Prior and monks and all.

"But come thou in; to purge thy sin,  
 Here's sackcloth, and scourge, and hair."  
 Then he led him into the cold Galilee,  
 And set him with his ---- bare.

"For thy moody fit, see here thou sit  
 'Till the Abbey clock strike one;  
 For some penitent hymn thou must tax thy wit,  
 Or whistle,<sup>1</sup> if thou hast none."—

Dickon had ridden all day, and all night,  
 And a harried man was he;  
 He fear'd the gallows, but never a sprite,  
 And closed his weary ee.—

He dreamt that he lay by the bonny Tees,  
 In a meadow of clover suckling,  
 And he heard the buzzing of the bumble bees,  
 That on the wing were roving;

And he saw the mill, and he saw the oak,  
 And his mayd's bower on the hill;  
 But he could neither wend to play nor work,  
 For a Priest with a Wallish bille.

Then Dickon took the heart of grace;  
 He was master of his trade;  
 "One I have sent to a better place,  
 Of a second I'll not be afraid."

He lifted his staff with right good will,  
 And soundly he laid it on;  
 He had luck the lantern oil to spill,  
 And he knock'd down friar John.

Listen ye gentry of every degree,  
 Give his due to your ghostly guide;  
 And beware, proud priest, how you pricke your beast  
 Sorer than he can bide.

<sup>1</sup> To whistle, if you cannot sing, is an allowed privilege of very ancient date. The Penitentiary probably knew his man, when he offered the alternative to Richard, who could perhaps scarcely lift a stave,—

"Wer't his neck-verse at Haribee."



## Fairies.



THE most noticeable characteristic of the greater number of Fairy Tales is, not only the resemblance which they bear to each other, but the analogy which subsists between those of two different districts—even of one country and another : thus, the Fairy Tales of Northumberland and Durham have a remarkable affinity to some which are prevalent in the Highlands of Scotland and in Wales, and, indeed, perhaps the whole of the more northern states of Europe, although the close connection which formerly subsisted between us and the latter, sufficiently accounts for the similarity of detail ; but it is not so easy to assign cause for the connection with the legends of more remote regions. This circumstance tends to show that there has been one common stock whence all these varieties of one antient legend has sprung ; for on relating an anecdote of this kind nothing was more rational than for the narrator to individualize his tale, by placing its occurrence on some tangible and well known spot of ground in his immediate vicinity. Not that anything of plagiarism is here implied, but the multitude of similar details would lead us to suppose that they must have occurred in a lesser number of places ; nevertheless this remark is more *particularly* applicable to the tales of King Arthur's Knights. These shreds of floaty tradition, whose origin is lost in the remote mists of unfathomable antiquity, possess peculiar interest to the man of observation : they are not merely remarkable as being the remains of a system of mythology, closely interwoven with the history of remote ages, associated with all that is fresh, beautiful and sparkling, and far from the noise and bustle of men ; airy beings, whose chosen scenes are the forest, the lone heath, the gurgling stream, the plashing waterfall and the sandy untrodden beach. They are we say not only remarkable on these accounts, but it makes matter for just surprise, that the faithfulness of tradition during so long a series of ages, has handed down to us in all their freshness and originality, the beautiful and wildly imaginative tales of these tiny beings, whose exploits were first related by men, whose race has long since been run, whose toils and troubles are overpast, and the green earth knows them no more.

“The broad daylight of knowledge” says Chatto, “which has been shed on the human mind within the last fifty years, has caused fairies wholly to disappear, though on many a moor and in many a glen, the emerald rings traced by their tiny feet, twinkling in the

dance to the sound of 'äreal minstrelsy,' are still to be seen. No good-looking young countrymen, six feet high or thereabouts,—for whom all the girls of the village are dying as fast as slighted love, fed only on milk and meal, can make them,—is any longer under the apprehension of captivating a female fairy by his 'manly beauty' and of being violently seduced by her; and no poor woman, when out shearing, is any longer afraid to leave her comely child under a stook of corn, lest it should be carried off by the fairies, and a rickety bantling, peevish as a sick monkey and ugly as sin, left in its place. I never met with any one who could positively assert that he had either received benefit or injury from the fairies, or who had ever witnessed their revels; though I have heard several persons tell of fairies having been seen by their immediate ancestors. I however knew an old man whose dog had *pointed* a troop of fairies; and though they were invisible to himself yet he plainly heard their music, sounding like a fiddle and a pair of very *small* pipes. He believed that they were dancing under a small green hillock in the direction of which the dog pointed. Many years ago, ere 'George the Third was king,' a girl who lived near Nether Witton, returning home from milking, with her pail upon her head, saw many fairies gambolling in the fields, but which were invisible to her companions, though pointed out to them by her. On reaching home, and telling what she had seen, the circumstance of her power of vision being greater than that of her companions was canvassed in the family, and the cause at length discovered in her *weise*,\* which was found to be of four-leaved clover: persons having about them a bunch, or even a single blade, of four-leaved clover being supposed to possess the power of seeing fairies, even though the elves should wish to be invisible; of perceiving in their proper character evil spirits which assumed the form of men; and of detecting the arts of those who practised magic, necromancy, or witchcraft."

The village and vicinity of Nether Witton, indeed, seem to be rife of these tales:—A cottager and his wife, residing at this place, were one day visited by a fairy and his spouse, with their young child, which they wished to leave in their charge. The cottager agreed to take care of the child for a certain period, when it had to be taken thence. The fairy gave the man a box of ointment, with which to anoint the child's eyes; but he had not on any account to touch himself with it, or some misfortune would befall him. For a long time, he and his wife were very careful to avoid the dangerous unction; but one

\* A *weise* is a circular pad, commonly made of an old stocking, but sometimes merely a wreath of straw or grass, to save the head from the pressure of the pail.



day, when his wife was out, curiosity overcame his prudence, and he anointed his eye, without any noticeable effect; but after a while, when walking through Long Horsley Fair, he met the male fairy and accosted him. He started back in amazement at the recognition; but instantly guessing the truth, blew on the eyes of the cottager, and instantly blinded him. The child was never more seen.

Another tale relates that a messenger having visited a country midwife or *howdie* requested her professional assistance in a case where so much secrecy was required that she must be conducted to and from the destined place, blindfolded: she at first hesitated, but her scruples were overcome by a handsome present, the promise of a future reward, and assurance of perfect personal safety. She then submitted to the required condition, mounted behind the messenger on a fleet charger, and was carried forward in an unaccountable manner. The journey was not of long continuance, the steed halted, she dismounted, and was conducted into a cottage where the bandage was removed from her eyes; everything appeared neat and comfortable. She was shewn the woman "in the straw" and performed her office, but when ready to dress the babe, an old woman, (who, according to the narration appears to have been the nurse) put a box of ointment into her hand, requiring her to anoint the child all over with it, but to be careful that it did not touch her own person; she prudently complied, though wondering at the motive: whilst this operation was going on, she felt an itching in one of her eyes, and in an unguarded moment, rubbed it with a finger which had touched the mysterious ointment. And now a new scene forced itself upon her astonished vision, and she saw everything in a different light: instead of the neat cottage, she perceived the large overhanging branches of an ancient oak, whose hollow and moss-grown trunk she had before mistaken for the fire place, glow worms supplied the place of lamps, and, in short, she found herself in the abode of a family of fairies, with fairies was she surrounded, and one of their number reposed on her lap. She however, retained her self possession, finished her task, and was conducted homeward in the same manner as she was brought. So far all went well, and the *howdie* might have carried the secret to her grave, but in after time, on a market day, (in what town the legend saith not) forgetful of her former caution, she saw the old nurse among the country women, gliding about from one basket to another, passing a little wooden scraper along the rolls of butter, and carefully collecting the particles thus purloined, into a vessel hung by her side: after a mutual but silent recognition, the nurse addressed her thus:—"Which eye do you see me with." "With this," innocently answered the other; no sooner had she spoken, than a puff from the withering breath of



her unearthly companion extinguished the ill-fated orb for ever, and the hag instantly vanished. Another version says, the *Doctor* is presented with a box of eye salve by his conductor, on using it he sees a splendid portico in the side of a steep hill, through this he is shewn into the faries' hall in the interior of the mountain: he performs his office, and on coming out receives a second box, he rubs one eye, and with it sees the hill in its natural shape; then thinking to cheat the devil, feigns to rub the other, and gallops off: afterwards he sees the fairy's husband stealing corn in the market, when similar consequences befall him as those which occurred unto the woman.

At Chathill Farm, a few miles north of Alnwick, is a fairy ring around which the children of the vicinity delight to gambol. They have a superstition that if they run more than nine times around it, some evil will befall them. Consequently, impelled by a sort of obstinacy and that unaccountable temerity and curiosity, not confined to babes, but possessed by children of larger growth, venturing even to the brink of ruin, they run around the circle with impunity the appointed number of times, but cannot be induced to overstep the bounds they have assigned. In the sweet precincts of the solitude of Brinkburn, the villagers point out a shady green spot as covering the graves of the tiny people, and truly a more suitable place could not have been devised as the scene of so purely poetic a belief.

A widow and her son, a little boy, lived together in a cottage in or near the village of Rothley, Northumberland. One winter evening, the child refused to go to bed with his mother, as he wished to sit up for a while longer, "for," said he "I am not sleepy." The mother, finding remonstrance in vain, at last told him that if he sat up by himself, the faries would most certainly come and take him away. The boy laughed as his mother went to bed, leaving him sitting by the fire: he had not been there long, watching the fire and enjoying its cheerful warmth, till a beautiful little figure, about the size of a child's doll, descended the chimney, and alighted on the hearth! The little fellow was somewhat startled at first, but its prepossessing smile as it paced to and fro before him, soon overcame his fears, and he enquired familiarly "What do they ca' thou?" "Ainsel" answered the little thing haughtily, at the same time retorting the question, "And what do they ca' thou?" "My ansel" answered the boy; and they commenced playing together like two children newly acquainted. Their gambols continued quite innocently until the fire began to grow dim; the boy then took up the poker to stir it, when a hot cinder accidentally fell upon the foot of his playmate, her tiny voice was instantly raised to a most terrific roar, and the boy had scarcely time to crouch into the bed behind his mother, before the

voice of the old fairy mother was heard shouting "Who's done it? Who's done it?" "Oh! it was my ainsel!" answered the daughter. "Why then," said the mother, as she kicked her up the chimney, "What's all the noise for, there's nyen to blame."

Among the romantic thickets, the projecting rocks, and the deep whirling pools of the sequestered ravine of Whittle dean, near Ovingham, Northumberland, spots are still pointed out by the neighbouring villagers, as the favourite retreats of harmless fairies and weeping lovers. Of one of these latter the old people of Warden relate a curious story and although it may not *exactly* relate to the subjects under consideration, it possesses many points of similarity, and its introduction may therefore be pardoned. A young woman, who died of love, was buried in Warden church-yard, when a singular and uncommon species of yellow flower, similar to that of the mustard, grew on her grave; and what is still more remarkable, it never again appeared after the season in which the broken-hearted nymph was laid beneath the verdant sod.

As a termination to these scraps, we append one of those more purely poetical beliefs, which are now very rarely to be met with. On the north side of Cheviot, in the midst of its green slopes and heathy solitudes, there is a chasm, called the "Hen Hole." This cleft is so deep and so narrow that the rays of the sun can never be said to illumine even its rugged sides, and as might be expected, there is frequently to be seen therein, a *snow egg* at Midsummer. In the days of old, a party of hunters were chasing a roe upon the green hills of Cheviot, when they heard issuing from this chasm, the sweetest music they had ever heard, and forgetting the roe which scoured away unheeded, they were impelled to enter, and could never again find their way out.

G. B. R.

### MIRACLE.



RAND informs us that in the chronicle of Mailros there is a marvellous story of a rich burgess of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, who labouring under an extreme weakness that had almost deprived him of motion, was warned in his sleep to visit the foot of Simon de Montford, a relic in high estimation, and kept at that time in Alnwick abbey, and which afforded him, the same authority adds, a miraculous relief. This foot, which was said to be supernaturally preserved, was enclosed in a shoe of silver.



## King Aldfred's Poem.

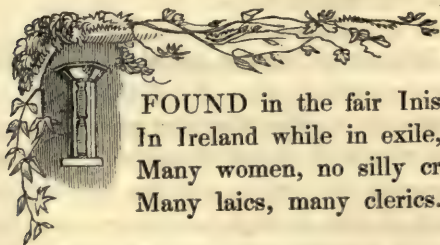
FROM THE "DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL" OF SEPTEMBER 15, 1832.

TRANSLATION OF A POEM COMPOSED IN THE IRISH LANGUAGE, BY ALDFRED  
KING OF NORTHUMBERLAND, DURING HIS EXILE IN IRELAND, ABOUT  
THE YEAR A. D. 685.



THE original poem, of which the following is a strictly literal translation, and now for the first time presented to the public, is attributed to Aldfred, King of the Northumbrian Saxons, and is said to be written during his exile in Ireland, where he was known by the name of Flann Fion. This prince was the illegitimate son of Oswy, King of Northumberland, on whose death he was violently persecuted by his brother, and obliged to retire into Ireland, where according to Bede in his Life of St. Cuthbert, he devoted his time to study "*lectioni operam dabat.*" This was about the year 685. See Lynch's *Cambrensus Eversus*, p. 128, and Dr. O'Connor in the *Annals of Ulster*, p. 129, where O'Connor says that his grandfather had a copy of this poem "*in a very obscure character.*" The present is translated from a copy in the hand writing of the late Edward O'Reilly, transcribed from a very old vellum MS. in the library of William Monck Mason, esq. It is published in Mr. Hardiman's *Irish Minstrelsy*, vol. ii. p. 372, but not translated.—*Dublin Journal.*

### KING ALDFRED'S POEM.



FOUND in the fair Inisfail,  
In Ireland while in exile,  
Many women, no silly crowd,  
Many laics, many clerics.

I found in each province  
Of the five provinces of Ireland,  
Both in church and state  
Much of food—much of raiment.



I found gold and silver,  
 I found honey and wheat,  
 I found affection with the people of God,  
 I found banquets and cities.<sup>1</sup>

I found in Armagh the splendid  
 Meekness, wisdom, circumspection,  
 Fasting in obedience to the Son of God,  
 Noble, prosperous sages.<sup>2</sup>

I found in each great church  
 Whether internal, on shore or island,  
 Learning, wisdom, devotion to God,  
 Holy welcome and protection.<sup>3</sup>

I found the lay monks  
 Of alms, the active advocates—  
 And in proper order with them  
 The Scriptures without *corruption*.<sup>4</sup>

I found in Munster without prohibition  
 Kings, Queens, and royal bards  
 In every species of poetry well skilled—  
 Happiness, comfort, pleasure.

I found in Conact, famed for justice  
 Affluence, milk in full abundance,  
 Hospitality, lasting vigour, fame  
 In this territory of Croghan<sup>5</sup> of heroes.

I found in the country of Connall,<sup>6</sup>  
 Brave victorious heroes,  
 Fierce men of fair complexion,  
 The high stars of Ireland.

<sup>1</sup> *Caithre*, the plural of *Cathair* a city; in Welsh *Cair*. Usher derives the word from the Hebrew, and says it forms the first part of CARTHAGE and CAIRO. [*Carlisle* has the same derivation.]

<sup>2</sup> *Sruithe*, learned men. The *sruithe* were men in religious orders.

<sup>3</sup> [Sanctuary.]

<sup>4</sup> *Aitche*, prostitution. [The poet by using this term, seems to imply that in the copies of the scriptures then in use in Ireland, no alterations had been made, for the purpose of supporting any particular doctrine.]

<sup>5</sup> Croghan was the royal palace of Connaught.

<sup>6</sup> Tirconnell.

I found in the province of Ulster  
 Long blooming beauty—hereditary vigour—  
 Young scions<sup>7</sup> of energy,  
 Though fair, yet fit for war, and brave.

I found in the territory of Boyle  
 8       \*       \*       \*       \*  
 Brehons, Erenachs,<sup>9</sup> palaces,  
 Good military weapons, active horsemen.

I found in the fair surfac'd Leinster  
 From Dublin to Slewmary<sup>10</sup>  
 Long living men, health, prosperity,  
 Bravery, hardihood and traffic.

I found from Ara to Gle,  
 In the rich country of Ossory,  
 Sweet fruit, strict jurisdiction,  
 Men of truth, chessplaying.

I found in the great fortress of Meath  
 Valour, hospitality and truth,  
 Bravery, purity and mirth—  
 The protection of all Ireland.<sup>11</sup>

I found the aged of strict morals,  
 The historians recording truth—  
 Each good, each benefit that I have sung  
 In Ireland I have seen.

[The above poem is a very curious and interesting document—it shews two things, namely: the high pitch to which civilization had arrived in Ireland, at so early a period, and the richly cultivated mind possessed by Aldfred, whereby he was enabled so to laud and appreciate whatever was excellent.]

<sup>7</sup> *Gas, a twig or scion.*

<sup>8</sup> A line of the MS. is effaced.

<sup>9</sup> Cormac McCullenan defines this word to mean “*noble-full rulers.*” Usher thinks it signifies “*Archdeacons.*”

<sup>10</sup> A mountain in Queen's county.

<sup>11</sup> Alluding to Tara, in which the monarch of Ireland lived.





AT STOCKTON (1834).

## REMARKABLE BEQUEST

OF

RALPH BRADLEY, ESQ.

FROM THE "GENERAL MAGAZINE" FOR 1789.



ALPH BRADLEY, of Stockton upon Tees, in the county of Durham, esq., by his will (dated the 27th of December, 1788, and proved in February following by George Brown and Rowland Webster, esqrs. and the Rev. John Brewster, all of Stockton, the executors), devised all his property in the public funds to his executors in trust, at the end of three years after his death to

raise the yearly sum of £500. for the space of 20 years, and from the expiration of the said 20 years to raise the yearly sum of £1000. until the 6th day of January, 1860. And in the mean time until the said 6th of January, 1860, directed his trustees to receive the remainder of the dividends to arise after payment of the said two sums, and to invest the same in the purchase of three per cent consols, the interest of which was likewise to accumulate until the said 6th of January 1860; and further directed, that as well the said two yearly sums of £500. and £1000. during the continuance



of the said terms, as the whole of the interest and dividends to arise from his said funds after the said 6th of January, 1860, should from time to time for ever be applied in the purchasing of such books as by a proper disposition of them might have a tendency to promote the interests of virtue and reformation and the happiness of mankind, the same to be disposed of either in Great Britain or in any other part of the British dominions; this charitable design to be executed by or under the direction or superintendency of such persons and under such rules and regulations as by any decree or order of the High Court of Chancery should from time to time be directed in that behalf. And, he adds,—“It is my express mind and intention, that the trusts of this my will shall be carried into execution under the directions of the High Court of Chancery, and that a proper suit shall be instituted for that purpose, as soon as conveniently may be after my decease.” \*

Mr. Bradley gives Miss Mary Stevenson of Bishopton, in the county of Durham, £100. and all his rings, watches, plate, and pictures, linen, stock of wine and other liquors, and all his printed books, and an annuity of £150, for her life; after which, he thus expresses himself—And I do declare that what I have hereby given to the said Mary Stevenson, is so given to her from a perfect knowledge of the goodness of her disposition; and that the said annuity is so given to her from an entire confidence that she will apply the same together with the income and produce of her own fortune in a proper manner.

Ralph Bradley was born at Greatham, in the county of Durham, on the 2nd September, 1717, and received the rudiments of his education in the Grammar School at Durham. He was called to the Bar by the Society of Gray's Inn, but soon after settled at Stockton upon Tees, where he continued the remainder of his life, and attained uncommon celebrity on account of his legal knowledge and the justness of his opinions. His judgment, indeed, was strong; and the acuteness of his observations remarkable. Although the manner of his life was retired, and he seldom mixed in the society of even his own town, yet he had studied, with no small degree of attention, the characters of

\* “An amicable suit in Chancery was instituted, according to the directions of his will; in consequence of which, by a decree of Lord Chancellor Thurlow, the charitable intention was set aside in favour of the next of kin: and accordingly the remainder of his fortune devolved on Joseph Yeal of Greatham, his two sisters, viz. Margaret Parkin of the same place, widow, and Sarah Yeal of London; and Mary, wife of John Sutton, of Stockton, esq. and daughter of Edmund Bunting, of the same place, esq. his first cousins.

“When we consider the vast extension of the Bible Society and other similar institutions, it may perhaps be thought that there was no invincible obstacle to carrying Mr. Bradley's testamentary disposition into execution, and that at the present day a different decree might possibly have been pronounced.”—*Surtees' Durham*.

men. He possessed a peculiar penetration in reading the thoughts of those who consulted him; a habit probably acquired, in a great measure, from the variety of scenes which must have presented themselves before him in the way of his profession. He was principally eminent for his great skill in that branch of the law which is called *conveyancing*.\* On subjects of this nature, his opinion was always considered as important; and his practice was as extensive as his merits were deserving. He died December 28, 1788; and was buried in the parish church at Greatham, where a handsome monument was erected by his executors to his memory.

### DERWENTWATER'S FAREWELL.



HIS song was communicated to the Ettrick Shepherd, by the late Robert Surtees, Esq., of Mainsforth, as one taken down by him from recitation. The verses in brackets were said to be written by Mr. Surtees to supply an *hiatus*. We much question, however, whether the *whole* of the Poem be not the production of Mr. Surtees. The elegance of the composition, and its resemblance to some of his other poems, are almost convincing proofs, that he was the *Author*.



FAREWELL to pleasant Dilston hall,  
 My father's ancient seat;  
 A stranger now must call thee his,  
 Which gars my heart to greet.  
 Farewell each kindly well known face,  
 My heart has held so dear:  
 My tenants now must leave their lands,  
 Or hold their lives in fear.

No more along the banks of Tyne,  
 I'll rove in autumn gray;

\* Amongst Bradley's pupils were Joseph Ritson, William Hoar, esq. Benchor of Lincoln's Inn, and Recorder of Durham, and the late William Walker, of Gray's Inn, esq. who was possessed of most of Bradley's Drafts and Precedents.—*Surtees*.

No more I'll hear, at early dawn,  
 The lav'rocks wake the day :  
 [And who shall deck the hawthorn bower  
 Where my fond childhood strayed ?  
 And who, when spring shall bid it flower,  
 Shall sit beneath the shade ?

With me the Radcliff's name must end,  
 And seek the silent tomb,  
 And many a kinsman, many a friend  
 With me must meet their doom.]  
 Then fare thee well, brave Witherington,<sup>1</sup>  
 And Forster ever true.  
 Dear Shaftsbury<sup>2</sup> and Errington,<sup>3</sup>  
 Receive my last adieu.

And fare thee well, George Collingwood,  
 Since fate has put us down,  
 If thou and I have lost our lives,  
 Our King has lost his crown.  
 Farewell, farewell, my lady dear,  
 Ill, ill thou counsell'dst me :  
 I never more may see the babe  
 That smiles upon thy knee.

And fare thee well my bonnie gray steed,  
 That carried me aye so free ;

<sup>1</sup> The Widdringtons of Cheeseburn Grange, were deeply implicated in the rebellion of 1715. Ralph Widdrington, esq., was imprisoned and under sentence of death, at Liverpool ; but he and his servant escaped out of the gaol, by means of a rope thrown across the ditch or fosse. Mr. W. retired a few years to the continent. He returned however, and though he lived long after 1745, was never molested.—*Griffin's Jacobite Minstrelsy*. Glasgow, 1829.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Surtees says that Shaftsbury should have been written *Shafto*. The Shaftoes of Bavington forfeited their estate in 1715, which was repurchased from the crown by their relation, Admiral Delaval, and restored to the family. One of the Shaftoes is buried in the great church at Brussels, with an epitaph expressing his loyalty to James III.—*Ibid*.

<sup>3</sup> Lancelot Errington, and his nephew Mark, literally unassisted, secured Holy Island castle, and hoisted the white flag, but receiving no assistance were obliged to escape over the walls, were fired at, wounded (whilst swimming) and taken. They afterwards *burrowed* themselves out of Berwick gaol, were concealed nine days in a peat stack, near Bamborough Castle, (then General Forster's seat,) reached Gateshead House, and sailed from Sunderland for France. Both of them returned to England, and one of them lived long in Newcastle, but is said to have died of grief, at the result of the year 1746.—*Griffin*.



I wish I had been asleep in my bed,  
 The last time I mounted thee.  
 The warning bell now bids me cease ;  
 My trouble's nearly o'er ;  
 Yon sun that rises from the sea,  
 Shall rise on me no more.

Albeit that here in London town  
 It is my fate to die,  
 O carry me to Northumberland,  
 In my father's grave to lie :<sup>4</sup>  
 There chant my solemn requiem  
 In Hexham's holy towers,  
 And let six maids of fair Tynedale,  
 Scatter my grave with flowers.

And when the head that wears the crown,  
 Shall be laid low like mine,  
 Some honest hearts may then lament  
 For Radcliff's fallen line.  
 Farewell to pleasant Dilton Hall,  
 My father's ancient seat ;  
 A stranger now must call thee his,  
 Which gars my heart to greet.

#### ANECDOTE OF LORD ELDON.



ORD ELDON (then Mr. Scott), was some time in the office of Mr. Bray an eminent conveyancer in London, when he was indefatigable in attention to his duties. After he left him, to attend at Lincoln's Inn, he had frequently to pass Mr. Bray's. One morning, while Mr. and Mrs. Bray were at breakfast, the former observed, when Mr. Scott was passing "my dear, that young man will be Lord Chancellor of England one day."—*Maddison's Prestwick Carr.*

<sup>4</sup> Mr. Griffin, in his *Jacobite Minstrelsy*, here appends a note, describing the burial of the unfortunate Lord, the removal of the body, the *aurora borealis* which appeared on the evening of the execution, &c., but all these matters are more fully detailed in the *Historical Division* of the *Table Book*, to which we refer our readers—vide vol. i. pp. 345 to 353.

## Candlemas Day.

EXTRACTED FROM HONE'S "EVERY-DAY BOOK."



IN this Festival, the second day of February, the Romish church celebrates with great pomp, the Purification of the Blessed Virgin. It stands also as a holyday in the calendar of the church of England. According to "The Posey of Prayers, or the Key of Heaven," it is called *Candlemas*, because before mass is said this day, the church *blessees her candles for the whole year*, and makes a procession with hallowed or blessed candles in the hands of the faithful.

The practice is treated of by Butler in his notice of the festival under this head, "On blessing of Candles and the Procession." It is to be gathered from him that "St. Bernard says the procession was first made by St. Joseph, Simeon, and Anne, as an example to be followed by all the earth, walking two and two, holding in their hands candles, lighted from fire, first blessed by the priests, and singing." The candle-bearing has reference to Simeon's declaration in the temple when he took Jesus in his arms, and affirmed that he was a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of Israel.

Brand shows from "Dunstan's Concord of Monastic Rules," that the monks went in surplices to the church for candles, which were to be consecrated, sprinkled with holy water, and censed by the abbot. Every monk took a candle from the sacrist, and lighted it. A procession was made, thirds and mass was celebrated, and the candles, after the offering, were offered to the priest. The monk's candles signified the use of those in the parable of the wise virgins.

In Roman Catholic states the people joined the priests in their public processions to the churches, every individual bearing a burning candle, and the churches themselves blazed with supernumerary illuminations at mid-day.

It is to be noted, that from Candlemas the use of tapers at vespers and litanies, which prevailed throughout the winter, ceased until the ensuing ALL HALLOW MASS; and hence the origin of an old English proverb in Ray's Collection—

"On Candlemas-day  
Throw candle and candlestick away."

Brand cites a curious anecdote concerning John Cosin, bishop of Durham, on this day, from a rare tract entitled "The Vanitie and

Downefall of superstitious Popish Ceremonies, preached in the Cathedral Church of Durham, by one Peter Smart, a prebend there, July 27, 1628," Edinburgh, 4to. 1628. The story is, that "on Candlemas day last past, Mr. Cozens, in renuing that popish ceremone of burning Candles to the honour of our lady, busied himself from two of the clocke in the afternoon till foure, in climbing long ladders to stick up wax candles in the said Cathedral Church: the number of all the Candles burnt that evening was two hundred and twenty, besides sixteen torches; sixty of those burning tapers and torches standing upon, and near the high Altar, (as he calls it,) where no man came nigh."

It is curious to find a very late instance.—A contributor to the Gentleman's Magazine informs Mr. Urban, in 1790, that having visited Harrowgate for his health a few years before, he resided for some time at that pleasant market-town Rippon, where, on the Sunday before Candlemas-day, he observed that the collegiate Church, a fine ancient building, was one continued blaze of light all the afternoon from an immense number of Candles.

Brand observes, that in the north of England this day is called the "Wives' Feast Day;" and he quotes a singular old custom from Martin's book on the Western Islands, to this effect:—The mistress and servants of each family dress a sheaf of oats in women's apparel, put it in a large basket, and lay a wooden club by it, and this they call Brüd's Bed; and the mistress and servants cry three times, 'Brüd is come, Brüd is welcome!' This they do just before going to bed. In the morning they look among the ashes, and if they see the impression of Brüd's club there, they reckon it a presage of a good crop, and prosperous year; if not, they take it as an ill omen."

Bishop Hall, in a Sermon on Candlemas-day, remarks, that "it hath been an old (I say not how true) note, that hath been wont to be set on this day, that if it be clear and sun-shiny, it portends a hard weather to come; if cloudy and louring, a mild and gentle season ensuing." This agrees with one of Ray's proverbs:

"The hind had as lief see  
his wife on the bier,  
As that Candlemas-day  
should be pleasant and clear."

So also Browne, in his "Vulgar Errors," affirms, that, "there is a general tradition in most parts of Europe, that inferreth the coldness of succeeding winter from the shining of the sun on Candlemas-day, according to the proverbial distich:

'Si Sol splendescat Mariâ purificante,  
Major erit glacies post festum quam fuit ante.'



The Country Almanac for 1676, in the month of February, versifies to the same effect :

“ Foul weather is no news ;  
 hail, rain, and snow,  
 Are now expected, and  
 esteem'd no woe ;  
 Nay, 'tis an omen bad,  
 The yeoman say,  
 If Phœbus shows his face  
 the second day.”

*Country Almanac, (Feb.) 1676.*

Other Almanacks prophesy to the like purport :

“ If Candlemas-day be fair and bright,  
 Winter will have another flight ;  
 But if Candlemas-day be clouds and rain,  
 Winter is gone, and will not come again.”

The next old saw is nearer the truth than either of the preceding :

“ When Candlemas-day is come and gone,  
 The snow lies on a hot stone.”

Candlemas candle-carrying remained in England till its abolition by an order in council, in the second year of king Edward VI.

## Anecdote

FROM “ PENNINGTON'S MORAL ANNALS,” 1793.



N a northern county, a person of some influence in his neighbourhood, stepped into the cottage of a poor labourer, who had several small children, and after asking some questions relative to his situation (which was not the most desirable) presented him with a book. The poor man said he could not *read*, but little *Tommy*, his eldest boy, was “ learning, and wanted a Testament.” This will be more proper for him, said the gentleman : “ What is it ?” The *Rights of Man*. “ Nay, nay, master,” replied the cottager, “ I know more of *man* than I like, and less of *God* than I should : if you will give me a *Testament*, it will be of service both to me and my son ; and whilst he *reads to me* I will *pray for you*.” The gentleman struck with the remark, threw the pamphlet into the fire, and not only gratified the wish of the honest labourer, the next day, but ordered the boy to be educated at his expence.

## The Legend of Cuddy Bell.

BY JAMES SERVICE.

"Tall, like the poplar, was his size,  
Green, green his waistcoat was, as leeks,  
Red, red as beet-root, were his eyes,  
Pale, pale as turnips, were his cheeks!"

COLMAN.



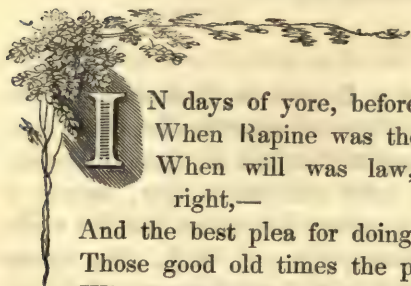
THE following Legend is illustrative of the popular opinions and apprehensions that pervaded the minds of almost all classes of society during the early and middle ages; namely, a firm belief in ghosts, hobgoblins, and the whole tribe of white spirits and black, blue spirits and grey, that at will could assume all forms, dilated or condensed, bright or obscure, as the caprice of the moment influenced their spiritual

choice. In those times it was customary, during "the piping times of peace," for squires, pages, and not unfrequently grooms and the other retainers that formed the *dramatis personæ* of a baron's retinue, to assemble around the log-fire blazing in the great hall of the castle, after the sports and exercises of the day were ended; and, to while away the tedious hours that intervened between even-fall and night's cheerless noon, they had recourse to story-telling. Local romances, and the most terrific traditionary tales peculiar to the neighbourhood, were eagerly sought after, and attentively listened to, till dread "caused each particular hair to stand erect" upon the heads of the fear-stricken auditors, who would start, even at their own elongated shadows dancing among the rusted swords and lances, stags, horns, and other trophies of the chase, that adorned the vacant spaces of the smoke-dyed walls of the spacious apartments. Meanwhile the noble flagon and his trusty attendant—yclept Black Jack—were in constant circulation. Yet such are the characteristics that mark an untutored people, that these men in real difficulties evinced an unusual degree of courage and chivalrous enterprise. If the bugle sounded a foray o'er the Border, or announced the approach of the foeman, they hastily sped to the place of rendezvous; and, regardless of danger and reckless of life, they would grapple the enemy with the same alacrity and enthusiasm as evinced by schoolboys on the pro-

jected despoliation of a hornet's nest, or the dispersion of predatory rooks from the harvest fields of the husbandman.

The pusillanimous yet valiant Cuddy has a literary companion possessing an analogous character, in the attendant on the Count in Lodoiska, who quaintly observed, when his master ridiculed him for his lack of valour, "I can fight the devil by day-light, but a ghost in the dark is quite a different thing."

### THE LEGEND OF CUDDY BELL.



IN days of yore, before the birth of order,  
 When Rapine was the warden of the Border;  
 When will was law,—craft, wisdom,—and strength,  
 right,—  
 And the best plea for doing wrong was might!  
 Those good old times the poets love to paint,  
 When whip-cord and cold water made a saint,  
 And turbulence a hero; when the maid  
 Stabbed her betrayer—if she was betrayed.  
 Or, if the gentle suitor begged her love,  
 She sent him to the wars his faith to prove;  
 When all the honeyed words the lover spoke  
 Were far less moving than the heads he broke.  
 Then if he died, or stayed away too long,  
 The minstrels told his story in a song;  
 And the fair lady strove her grief to smother  
 For one true love—by wedding to another!

Ay! these were times indeed—when if a fair one  
 Had twenty lovers, yet she could not spare one,  
 But set them in a chamber all together,  
 Or in the yard (according to the weather);  
 Armed them with spears or cudgels, as the case was,  
 Mounted or not, as more or less the space was;  
 And he who in this struggle stood the longest,  
 Whose head was thickest or whose arm was strongest,  
 And best his rivals thumped or hacked pell-mell,  
 From every crown-cracked champion bore the bell.

Oh! blessed age! oh! dear lamented times!  
 When theft and homicide were jokes, not crimes;

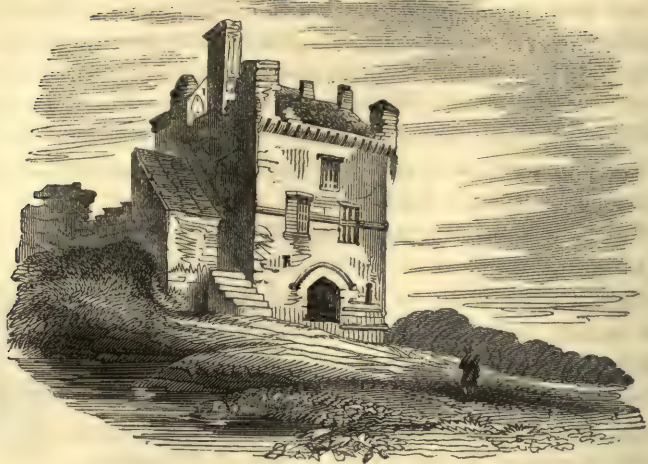


When burning peels and towns were acts of merit,  
 And deep revenge became a lad of spirit ;  
 When every eye saw fairies, ghosts, and devils,  
 Frisk in the moon-beam in their midnight revels.

When Merlay ruled in Morpeth's well-kept castle,  
 And plundered and protected many a vassal,  
 Of one of them a fearful tale is told,  
 Which, if you dare to listen, I'll unfold.  
 He was a youth of grace in form and manners,  
 Hight Cuddy Bell—or Cuddy of the Stanners,<sup>1</sup>  
 A sturdy, home-spun, true Northumbrian yeoman,  
 Who neither fear'd the devil nor a foeman ;  
 Scotchmen he drubbed, as drubbed St. George the dragon,  
 And loved *one* woman as he loved a flagon,—  
 The daughter of the Parish Clerk of Mitford ;  
 I'll sketch her portrait, though she did not sit for't.

In person just below the middle size,  
 With dark brown hair, and black and sparkling eyes ;  
 A pretty nose, ripe lips, and ruby cheeks ;  
 That neatness, which a well-turned mind bespeaks,  
 Graced her plump person—plump ?—at least her boddice  
 Required tight lacing to make Nan a goddess.  
 One night, when fierce December's drifting snow  
 Whitened the towers above—the ground below,  
 When the keen blasts alternate roared and howled,  
 And thro' the hall strange fire-bronzed shadows scowled,  
 There, midst the wardens, while the black jack danced  
 Merrily round, had Cuddy sat entranced,  
 And still had sat, nor cared to sleep a wink,  
 While tales were yet to tell, or draughts to drink.  
 But churlish duty roused at length his hosts  
 From cup and jest, and tales of blood and ghosts,  
 And sent them growling to their several posts.  
 Then forth must Cuddy, right reluctant, hie,  
 To brave the tender mercies of the sky ;

<sup>1</sup> 'The Stanners' are portions of ground on the margin of the Wansbeck, near to Morpeth. The appellation Stanners, is used provincially to denote those small stones and gravel within the channel of the river, which are occasionally left dry. The word STANNERS is derived from the Gothic STENOER, composed of STEN, a stone, and OER, gravel.



MORPETH CASTLE.

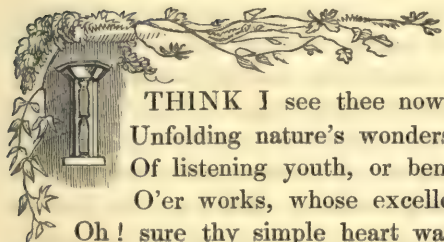
And then—oh then!—to love and Nanny true,  
 Towards Mitford's town with timeless steps he drew.  
 Of blood and ghosts, I say, their tales had been,  
 Of wild shrieks heard and hideous faces seen!  
 Of forms from new-made graves beheld to rise,  
 Grim fleshless things that glared with stony eyes!  
 Of dancing devils, gibbering and grinning  
 At wights less prone to praying than to sinning;  
 And elves and spirits that oft, at midnight's hour,  
 O'er righteous men themselves have fearful power,  
 No marvel then that Cuddy held his way,  
 Brimful of horrors, as a rustic may,  
 And heard a thousand demons in the woods,  
 And in the Wansbeck's redly rushing floods.  
 Sore was the conflict, none, methinks, may doubt,  
 'Twixt ghastly terrors and sublime brown stout.

But when our hero reach'd at length the place  
 Where the Newminster rear'd its hoary face,  
 What was his joy to find his Nanny wait,  
 In such a night, his coming at the gate!  
 He clasped Nanny gently to his breast,  
 And fiercely kissed, and boorishly carest.  
 In vain the tempest work'd its furious will,  
 The raptured lovers kissed and wander'd still,

And reach'd at length the foot of the dark hill,  
 On the south bank above the abbey mill;  
 And just as glared the castle beacon's gleam,  
 A dread voice thundered from the rushing stream,  
 And, "Come, Diabolo!" it loudly cried,  
 And Nanny whisked from Cuddy's shuddering side,  
 And straight the form, so beautiful before,  
 A demon's horns, and tail, and talons wore!—  
 Full in his face she laugh'd with fiendish spite,  
 And would have torn his eyes out if she might;  
 But on and fast sped Cuddy like the wind,  
 And left his phantom sweetheart far behind.  
 "Oh! Mary! mother!"—thus the frightened swain,  
 Once in his own rude dwelling safe again,  
 Roar'd to the Virgin,—“this was kindly parried;  
 Thank God, I've found her out before we married.”

## Sonnet

ON THE MEMORY OF THOMAS BEWICK.



THINK I see thee now, with beaming eyes,  
 Unfolding nature's wonders to the sight  
 Of listening youth, or bending with delight  
 O'er works, whose excellence could charm the wise.  
 Oh! sure thy simple heart was one to prize  
 The fame, forth blazoned by the new born light,  
 When from the darkness of art's dreary night  
 Thou badst thy morning of revival rise—  
 Yet, hadst thou seen the joy thy talents bring  
 To young and guileless minds, the love they call,—  
 The tenderness for each created thing,  
 And reverence for the mighty cause of all—  
 These would have formed a meed more dear to thee,  
 And 'tis for these, I bless thy memory.



## LUCKY WINTER'S LATEWAKE.

BY ROBERT STORY.

REVISED AND CORRECTED BY THE AUTHOR.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN THE NEWCASTLE MAGAZINE FOR 1825.

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"The shrouded clock ceases the moments to trace—  
 The mirror is muffled, and answers no face;  
 For the breath is departed—the spirit is fled,  
 And the white sheet is thrown o'er the couch of the dead." ANONYMOUS.

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THOUGH a belief in witchcraft has long been banished from the fashionable and educated circles of society, the lower orders still cling to it with astonishing tenacity. In my boyhood, and my hair is not yet grey, I was personally acquainted with two or three old women who had the reputation of being "o'er thick wi' the deil," as the country people expressed it, and who, in consequence, were held in real and considerable dread by their neighbours. Of these, was one known by the appellation of LUCKY WINTER. She lived in a village on the banks of the Beaumont—a small Northumbrian stream, winding through a district worthy of nobler associations than my present sketch can be supposed to invest it with. She was a widow, and having never had any children by her husband, she resided alone, in a cottage at one extremity of the village, which soon, from her supposed unhallowed propensities, acquired the name of "The Witch's Cabin." The grass, it was said, withered where she set her foot—if pigs or poultry molested her, there was sure to be a mortality among them—and if an unlucky urchin of a boy happened to offend her, the most disastrous consequences were to be apprehended. Her "evil e'e" was thought to possess a power which few cared to encounter or to provoke. For this reason, the greatest part of her neighbours affected a cordiality with her; her favours were accepted, and returned with interest; and it was duly remarked, that her friends were generally prosperous, while those who shrunk from her intimacy seldom failed to be visited by some exemplary calamity. To recount all the stories told of her, would require a volume. It is sufficient for my purpose to say, that after having baffled the best beagles in that part of the country under the various shapes of hare, fox, and cat, she was at last fairly brought down by the great hunter, Death, who *bags* without distinction whatever prey is catered for him by his indefatigable blood-hounds, Disease and Accident.

Great was the turmoil in the village when the report spread that Lucky Winter was dying. It was a beautiful afternoon in autumn,

and this circumstance was noticed by the young people as contradicting all their traditions; but grey-haired men shook their heads and said, that Lucky Winter might not yet be so near death as was believed, for it was impossible that one of her stamp could leave this world without some manifestations of joy being exhibited by the evil spirit to whom she had devoted herself. The little clouds on the verge of the horizon were watched, therefore, with intense interest, as if they were expected to expand supernaturally over the whole extent of either, and to burst in thunder and lightning round the death scene of the witch! The opinion that the devil comes for those who, like Lucky Winter, may be said to be *peculiarly* his own servants, with a degree of pomp suited to the occasion, seems to be an established article of faith with these good people; though if my notion of the thing may be taken, I think his sable majesty is too wise, and too well acquainted with the world, to throw away much trouble on persons he is already sure of, and which, besides, would have the effect of terrifying others from the road. He seems to have thought so himself on the present occasion; for the sun set in unclouded grandeur, and the sheet was spread over the body of Lucky Winter, and the muffler over her face, without either thunder or earthquake having announced her departure.

The custom of sitting up over nights with the corpse till the day of interment is, it is well known, strictly observed by the peasantry of the north of England, as well as by those of the sister kingdom; and even the ill fame of Lucky Winter was not allowed to deprive her of a latewake, though the duty, in the present exigence, was of so arduous a nature, that no ordinary share of courage was requisite in the adventurers. The first person that volunteered his company for the former half of the night was Geordie Gibson, a man well reported of in the village for his pious conversation and deportment, and for his regular attendance at the burgher meeting-house on Sundays. He could discourse on all points of controversial divinity, and draw the exact line of distinction between *popery* and *prelacy*, which, in his opinion, required a very delicate hand, as the difference was exceedingly minute. The Romish church was the whore of Babylon, and the episcopalian at least her half-sister. But Geordie's religion was not limited to words; it showed itself, if truth be spoken, in exertions the most dangerous and appalling. A long dreary glen between Downham-hill-end and Presson is still pointed out as the scene of a personal conflict maintained by him with the Enemy himself, whom, however, he treated so heroically as to compel him, after a whole day's contest, to vanish in a flash of fire! I have sometimes contended for a figurative interpretation of this passage in the good man's biography,



but was always silenced by positive counter-assertions ; so the reader may take it as he pleases. At that time Geordie was in the prime of manhood : now he was old, and probably felt himself less equal to such adventures, for it was not till he had put the Bible in one pocket and Boston in the other, that he declared himself ready for the perils of the vigil.

To the utter astonishment of all present, the next that offered himself was Tom Simpson. Their astonishment, it must be understood, arose not from any deficiency in courage, real or suspected, in Tom ; but from his avowed disinclination to every thing savouring of religion, which was sure to be the theme, sole or paramount, wherever Geordie Gibson presided.—Tom was all for fun and frolic. He looked on all sanctity as hypocrisy.—He seldom put himself in the way of hearing a sermon, and generally fell asleep when he did. He was of a restless disposition, which in boyhood had impelled him to sea, then, after a few months' sailing, to return home, where he continued to show its unabated dominion over him by never remaining long in one employment, or under one master. Being also a bit of a rake, he was a great favourite with the lasses, though it might have been hard to decide whether they were more inclined to love or to laugh at him. In favour of the latter position, it must be told that his stature was diminutive, and when his sharp eyes peered from the root of his certainly *not* diminutive nose, there was so much fun and mischief, or, as the Ettrick Shepherd would call it *deevilry* in the *tout ensemble* of his face and figure, not to mention his dry jokes, that female laughter was ever loud in his presence. When, therefore, he offered to make one at Lucky Winter's latewake, half-a-dozen girls who had hitherto demurred about going, as much perhaps from a dread of Geordie's long prayers as of any other visitation, now tittered assent, being doubtless of opinion that Tom Simpson would not let time hang *very* heavily on their hands.

"An unco' unhallowed set, I doot, to gang on sic a solemn business !" said Geordie Gibson.

"Your leaven will leaven the whole lump, Geordie," replied Tom Simpson, with gravity on one side of his face, and a mirthful leer on the other.

"That betokeneth mair acquaintance wi' holy writ than I thought the chield had," said Geordie, "and I hope we shall make this a night o' great yedification."

"Amen !" answered Tom, with the drawl of a parish clerk, and the party set off to Lucky Winter's.

When they arrived at the door of the dwelling, a sufficiency of twilight remained to show them a pretty numerous muster of cats



collected there, and superstition was instantly alive to the circumstance.

“ Lord guide us ! ” exclaimed one of the girls, “ whae can tell but thae are auld Lucky’s former companions come to haud her lay-quake.”

“ It’s no unlikely,” said Tom Simpson, and he was instantly surrounded by the whole group of terrified females. “ For God’s sake, haud off, ye haiverels ! Geordie, shall we advance or retreat ? ”

But he who had not flinched from the devil himself, was not to be turned from his purpose by a few grimalkins, or, to suppose the worst, witches ; and accordingly he moved firmly forward, the cats or witches, dispersing, and the train entering the cottage.

Few things are more impressive than the arrangements at a northern latewake. The table is covered with a white linen cloth ; the looking glass is muffled, to intimate that all the vanity of dress or beauty is over with the deceased ; and the clock is shrouded and stopped, to signify that *time* to him or her has become a blank. The leaves of the wooden bedstead are unfolded or drawn to their full width, and the body exposed, covered to the throat with a white sheet, the face and head wrapped in linen, and a *plate* with *salt* on it placed on the breast.—These little rites, adopted at once to show respect to the dead, and to give a solemn lesson to the living—and bearing, it will be remarked, a touch of superstition—were observed in the case of Lucky Winter, as far as the state of her hut afforded the means of doing so. But she had no clock to stop—no looking-glass to muffle. Her wooden bedstead, as well as her other furniture, was in the most wretched condition ; and the solitary candle that stood on the ragged table-cloth, threw its beams, slightly mingled with a red gleam from dying embers on the hearth, on a coverlit equally ragged, on walls covered with dust, and rafters hung with cobwebs. No better illustration could be wanted of the utter worthlessness of the devil’s service, even in a worldly point of view, than the hovel of Lucky Winter.

Geordie took his seat at the table where the candle stood, and a long form, brought from the neighbouring schoolhouse, offered its accommodation to Tom and the girls. But this the smallness of the house admitted to be placed only in one direction, and that, to the affected terror of Tom and the real horror of his attendants, was along the front of the bed, so that that they must sit with their backs to the corpse ; and, as Tom took care to whisper, “ the cauld hand of the witch might seize them before they were aware ! ” At this suggestion, their screams were only suppressed by their sense of the awful presence of the dead ; and it was not till Tom set the example,

by sitting down exactly in the centre of the opening, that they ventured to be seated, three on each side of the audacious young man. In the meantime, Geordie Gibson having spread his bible before him, smoothed his few grey hairs, and put on his spectacles, looked the very counterpart of Burns' *Cottar*.

"'And let us worship God!' he said with solemn air."

But he had scarcely got to the end of the first stanza of the 90th psalm, the solemnity of which justly recommends it on such occasions, when a kind of groan issued, as it seemed, from the couch of the deceased! The girls started simultaneously to their feet, and, abandoning Tom, flew to Geordie for protection.

"O ye of little faith!" cried the old man, "to be frightened by the cry of an owl or the wauw of a cat; for assuredly as I live it is one or other."

"It could be nae owl, Geordie, and most assuredly as I live nae cat ever uttered sound like yon," returned Tom with equal solemnity.

"Let us to prayer, then," said the good man. "Prayer is ever the best shield against the powers o' darkness, if sic be here. To your knees, young women. The prayer of the righteous availeth much."

"Now I'm thinking," said Tom, "it may be as weel to let a sleeping dog lie."

"A, Tam Simpson! have a care o' us, how daur ye talk that gate?" cried the girls in chorus.

"I mean," said Tom, "to say, I think it may be as weel to let a' kind o' worship alane. Auld Lucky was never ower fond o't when alive, nor may she ha'e altered her mind muckle sin' death. I mind weel she locked her door when the folk were a' daft about Ha', o' Cruikham, that was come to preach."

"Ye speak like a fool, Tom," replied the veteran, "and like ane o' the simple minded. The puir and auld misguided bodie has gane to her lang account, and can nae mair either like or dislike ony thing we do beside her remains. I'se no deny, though, that evil spirits may be about, and for our security against them, no against Lucky Winter, do I propose prayer. As to what ye tell of her respecting Ha' o' Cruikham, I own its the only proof she ever gave of her taste. Tommy Ha' kens nae mair o' the rael marrow o' the Gospel than auld Janet Gregor, and she canna answer a question in the Single Cat."\*

"Ye're out there, at ony rate, Geordie," said Tom, "for when Tommy Ha', at ane o' his examinations, or catecheesings, or whatever name ye like to gi'e them, axed her, 'What does every sin deserve?'

\* The shorter Catechism, used generally in the North of England, is vulgarly called the *Single Cat*, or *Single Carritch*.



which I'm sure is either in the Single or the Mother's Carritch, Janet stood quite puzzled, till a wag behind having wickedly given her a nip, "God's curse!" cried Janet, with vehemence. "Perfectly right, Janet," said the Minister, "but somewhat irreverently spoken."

"That is an old story, Tom, made up in mockery o' God's people; and very improper to be repeated at this time and in this place," said Geordie Gibson. "O Tom, Tom!" he added, "thou hast gone down to the sea in ships, and seen the wonders of the great deep, and thou art even now as wild as its wave!"

"I wad be at sea when the wave is wildest, and the storm highest and darkest," said Tom, "rather than where I now am!" And the same instant a groan deeper and more unearthly than the former, made him, too, start to his feet. Even Geordie Gibson was appalled by this second visitation; but heroic even in terror, he exclaimed, holding up the Bible in his right hand, "Be thou a spirit from hell, I charge thee, by the Author of this book, that thou disturb not our devotions to our Master and thine!" He ceased, and all was silence, save from the rustling garments of the girls striving which should get nearest to the corner behind Geordie, and for the hurried breathing of Tom Simpson, who stood as if riveted to the spot, and incapable of speech or motion.—Geordie's voice had trembled as he pronounced the adjuration; but gathering courage from the apparent obedience paid to it, and perhaps also from the subdued manner of his hitherto presuming companion—as it served to display his own principles of fortitude in a superior light—he ventured to predict that no further interruption would occur, and recommended, with even greater earnestness than before, that all should betake themselves to prayer.

All accordingly kneeled, and Geordie began one of those extemporary prayers, commonly enough heard from old and pious men amongst the Border peasantry, the ardour, the sincerity, and the richness of which might put to shame the elaborate petitions of many learned ministers of the gospel.—He had prayed for the space of five minutes when a third groan, low at first and swelling as it proceeded till it effectually drowned his own voice, made him pause and open his eyes which he had devoutly shut. The sight he saw made his hair stand on end, and fully accounted for the united shrieks of the girls. The corpse of Lucky Winter had raised itself in bed, torn the covering from its face, and now looked full upon him with dull glazed eyes! This was too much for mortal courage to bear. He rushed out of the house with greater speed than he was ever before known to exert, and was followed by all the girls hanging upon each other, and uttering scream upon scream.

The village, alarmed by the noise, was instantly in an uproar.



Geordie could not be prevailed with at that time to give any account ; but from the broken communications of the girls, it was soon collected that something extraordinary and awful had happened at the “ burial-house ; ” and conjecture amplifying information, it was reported by some, that Lucky Winter had returned to life ; and by others, that Satan had re-animated her body.

“ Hout away, hinnie-bairns,” cried auld Tibby Brown, “ seeing’s believing and feeling’s the truth ; and I’ll never believe till I see for mysel.—Wha’ll gang wi me ? ”

“ I,” and “ I,” and “ I,” answered several voices in the crowd ; and Tibby Brown led the way to the Witch’s Cabin.

She found the body as she herself had assisted to lay it out a few hours before, only the sheet was a little deranged, the salt spilt, and the face uncovered. “ I’ll lay my life,” cried she, “ that naebody but that little ne’er-do-weel Tom Simpson has been at the bottom of a’. The corpse is cauld as the clay.”

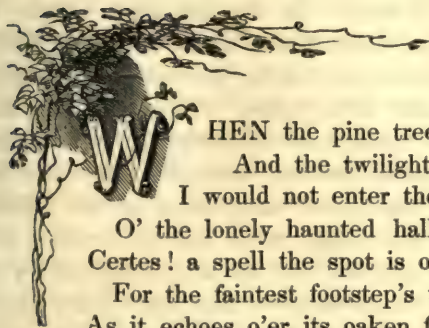
This seemed to be a key to the whole mystery. A search was made for Tom, but he professed to have been as much frightened as his associates in the watch, and argued how unlikely it was that he should have been able to impose on Geordie Gibson. Though not the semblance of a smile appeared to belie his asseverations, the prejudice was general and strong against him ; and Geordie allowed he could not recollect having seen him at the time the corpse erected itself. This induced a suspicion, which the state of the furniture sufficiently countenanced, that Tom, after having vainly endeavoured to terrify Geordie by repeated groanings, had, as a last resource, got behind or beneath the bed, and raised the body in the manner related.—However this may have been, certain it is that no further disturbance took place, and, on the third day after, the body of Lucky Winter was committed to the grave, “ earth to earth.”

It will readily be imagined that a great deal of ridicule fell on the two principle actors in this affair. But a change appeared in Tom Simpson which the force of ridicule could hardly be supposed to have effected, and which rather favoured the opinion of those who considered him to have been the *ghost*, and thought he must be struck with a sense of his indecent temerity. He became thoughtful, sober, and regular ; and even went once a month to church, which, though Geordie condemned it as *prelacy*, he acknowledged to be preferable to *popery*. Geordie himself appeared to be benefited by this event. He lost a part of his spiritual pride, and was never known to undervalue other people’s faith after the notorious failure of his own at Lucky Winter’s latewake.

## THE LEGEND OF THE TAPESTRIED CHAMBER.

## A Border Tradition.

BY JAMES HENRY DIXON, ESQ.



WHEN the pine tree wears a deeper gloom,  
 And the twilight shadows fall,  
 I would not enter the tapestried room  
 O' the lonely haunted hall.  
 Certes! a spell the spot is o'er,  
 For the faintest footstep's tread,  
 As it echoes o'er its oaken floor,  
 Seems a voice from the shrouded dead.

Gaunt grim heads from the corbels stare  
 With fixed unearthly look,  
 And a picture ye see, of a fair ladye  
 With her eyne on an ancient book;  
 Seems it some tome of Romances old—  
 And the peasants say, I trow,  
 A form like hers at the midnight cold,  
 There wandereth to and fro!

Like the limner's sketch, she, I ween, is drest,  
 And she conneth her book alway—  
 Ye the rustling may hear of her broider'd vest,  
 And her robe o' the russet grey!  
 Oh! if met, when the spectral moonbeams smile,  
 By one of that feudal race,  
 Tolls the bell of yon pile, and the dim church aisle  
 Is the doom'd one's resting place.

When the fire burns bright on the winter night,  
 And the crackling faggots blaze,  
 And the villagers pore on the legends hoar  
 That live in the minstrel lays—  
 Then, a tale of the dead, is sung and said,  
 That, gentle dames, I may not tell—  
 —For hark! tis the time o' the midnight chime!  
 —May the good Saints shield us well.

## The Old Hostelrie :

A Tradition of Seventeen Hundred and Fifteen.



ABOUT a mile to the westward of the village of Haltwhistle, and near to the hall of Blenkinsopp, stands, isolated and cheerless, an old farm house, which, probably from some traditional remembrance of monastic occupation or use, bears the contracted and not unfrequent designation of the 'Spital. But this house, mean and unobtrusive as it now appears, has an interesting history and can boast of palmier days. Some hundred and forty years ago, it was a hostelrie of some import, indeed the only one between the town of Hexham and Brampton in Cumberland. Here, where the wayfarer refreshed him on his weary passage, and the surrounding peasantry met to enjoy the company of their fellows, and discuss over their cups the tales of old, and the little news which in this remote district and comparatively distant period, travelled tardily enough—here too, met, in one of the better rooms of the house, for the discussion of their plans, the adherents of the exiled house of Stuart. From its convenient situation, it was made the rendezvous of the Jacobites of both sides of the border, and when it is remembered that the inhabitants of the North of England were almost to a man attached to the exiled race, we cannot suppose that the host and his family were wholly unacquainted with or uncompromised in their designs. Or thus believing, would it be reasonable to presume that any secrecy or vigilance would be omitted to insure the safety of the party, particularly when its presiding star the lord of Dilston had so far won upon the good-will of all by his irreproachable piety and goodness of heart, that the inhabitants would have suffered greatly, rather than prove the instrument of his betrayal.

One evening when the night was rapidly closing in, and the stable keeper was foddering his horses before he slept, he was surprised on turning round to see entering noiselessly, a horseman richly attired, leading his steed by the bridle, having but a moment before looked out and observed nothing astir. The animal appeared greatly fatigued, and covered with foam and dust: the appearance of the rider was as jaded as that of his steed. "You have ridden hard Sir," said the stable keeper by way of introducing himself to the notice and commands of the stranger, but to his great sur-



prise, no answer was returned. Meanwhile the horseman had led his steed into an unoccupied stall, and on the man turning the light of his lantern in that direction he beheld the horse, but the rider was no where to be seen. The animal, he instantly recognized to be that on which Derwentwater usually rode while visiting his friends and adherents at the hostelry. Perplexed at the disappearance of the rider, the man entered the house and communicated the circumstance to the hostess, who immediately concluded that some hard fortune had befallen him, and that he was hiding from his pursuers. The circumstance of a stranger entering the house unperceived, was not in those troublous times, a matter of any surprise, far less that of an old and honoured guest, situated as she imagined him to be. She therefore repaired to the old parlour, the room which had been usually occupied by the adherents of the royal race, with a view to conversing with her guest and attending to his wants. By the light of a dim fire she perceived some person in the old high backed oak chair, usually occupied by Derwentwater. She spoke, but the figure was speechless—she went across the room towards the fire in order to increase the flame, and as she passed the chair, the occupant looked round and discovered the well known features of Ratcliffe: his aspect pale and wan, and betraying a settled melancholy gloom, not a little heightened by the presence of a streak of blood across his cheek. On the entrance of the horsekeeper with a candle, the figure arose, and to the surprise of both persons they found that the appearance had vanished, and on returning to the stable, the stall was found empty, and on examining the litter more closely, it was found perfectly undisturbed and untrodden.

Not many days elapsed before there arrived the disastrous news of the surrender of Preston, so soon followed by the decapitation of the earl of Derwentwater, and consequent ruin of his family.

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My great-great-grand-sire and grand-dame, the worthy host and hostess of the inn have long since mingled with the dust. The old oak chair was bequeathed as a sacred relic to my grandmother, and was in like manner left to my aunt, in whose guardianship it still remains. The recital brings to fond remembrance the boyish days of youth, when my father lived in the same house; but alas how it is altered, a lapse of one hundred and thirty years may bring many things to pass! The dark passages—the worn and creaking stairs—the numberless closets, the empty rooms above, shut up, choked with dust, hung with cobwebs, and tenanted but by hordes of rats: through the half opened skylights and decayed walls the wind would whistle so drearily, that it seemed as the wailing of the spirits of the

departed over the scene of their earthly conclave. With the feelings natural to an ardent imagination, I remember shutting my eyes as I passed the parlour door in the dark nights—fearful lest it should be ajar, and that my eyes might behold the blood streaked countenance of the unfortunate nobleman. The old house now looks solitary enough: from a well frequented hostel it sunk into the dwelling of a country farmer, from this, to be parcelled off to hinds. Then came the road commissioners, who shut up the good old road in front, the which had, time out of mind, dragged its length over many a hill and into many a valley. Then came the genius of steam, sweeping away every fragment of the old way, and the old stone bridge, grass grown and hoary. The stables became cow-sheds, and falling into utter ruin, were deserted, and now serve but to shelter the stray donkey, or perchance afford their pitiful mercies to the way-worn and weather-beaten traveller. The poor old house itself is a picture of sad mutation—forlorn and crazy as the old Sycamore that stands pining by its side.

WILLIAM PATTISON.

*Bishopwearmouth, March 1845.*

### An Excellent New Song on the Rebellion.

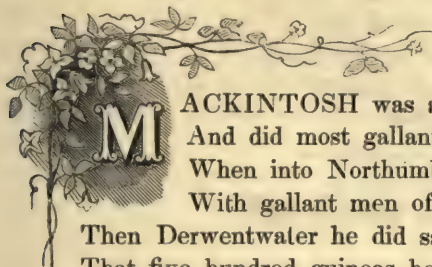


RIFFIN in his "Jacobite Minstrelsy," Glasgow, 1829, says "This is a mere street Ballad, but it is an excellent specimen of that vulgar minstrelsy, which speaks so powerfully, to the understanding of the more ignorant portion of the populace. It has also the merit of being a good descriptive account, in rhyme, of the Jacobite expedition into England, which ended so fatally for the rebels at Preston, when the pusillanimity of *Forster*, who commanded them under a commission from the Earl of Mar, caused them to surrender, while they might have effected an honourable retreat, and thereby escaped till at least, the day of vengeance had past. The ballad accuses *Forster* of treason to the cause, but without sufficient grounds; unless, indeed, the circumstance of his making his escape with the connivance of those in power, may be construed into a presumption of guilt. Old *Mc Intosh* of *Borlam*, however, also escaped, and yet he is the Hero of the song throughout. He commanded the Highlanders sent by the Earl of Mar to join the Jacobites who rose simultaneously in the south, with



the clans in the north. He was a brave officer, and possessed the full confidence of his men. The Government was highly enraged at his escape, and offered a great reward for his apprehension, which is particularly alluded to in the last verse of the song."

In "The Northumberland Garland; or, Newcastle Nightingale; a matchless collection of famous songs. Newcastle: printed by and for Hall and Elliott. 1793," is a version of this song, varying considerably from, and much shorter than the one in Griffin's work—many of the variations, however, are merely verbal; those which contain any material alteration are given in our notes. The air to the song, is the well known and favourite tune of the "White Cockade."



MACKINTOSH was a soldier brave,  
And did most gallantly behave,  
When into Northumberland he came,  
With gallant men of his own name.

Then Derwentwater he did say,  
That five hundred guineas he would lay,  
To beat the militia man to man;  
But they prov'd cowards, and off they ran.

Then the Earl of Mar did vow and swear,  
That English ground if he came near,<sup>1</sup>  
Ere the right should starve, and the wrong should stand,  
He'd blow them all to some foreign land.  
Lord Derwentwater he rode away,  
Well mounted on his dapple grey;  
But soon he wish'd him home with speed,  
Fearing they were all betray'd indeed.

"Adzounds!" cried Forster "never fear  
For Brunswick's army is not near;  
And if they dare come, our valour we'll show  
And give them a total overthrow,"  
But Derwentwater soon he found  
That they were all enclos'd around.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> var. That if e'er proud Preston he did come near.

<sup>2</sup> var. That Forster drew his left wing round;  
I wish I was with my dear wife,  
For now I do fear I shall lose my life.



"Alack!" he cried "for this cowardly strife,  
How many brave men shall lose their life!"

Old Macintosh he shook his head  
When he saw his Highland lads lie dead;  
And he wept—not for the loss of those,  
But for the success of their proud foes.  
Then Macintosh unto Wills<sup>3</sup> he came,  
Saying "I've been a soldier in my time,  
And ere' a Scot of mine shall yield,  
We'll all lie dead upon the field."

"Then go your ways" he made reply;  
"Either surrender, or you shall die,  
Go back to your own men in the town;  
What can you do when left alone?"  
Macintosh is a gallant soldier<sup>4</sup>  
With his musket over his shoulder—  
"Every true man points his rapier;  
But damn you Forster, you are a traitor!"

Lord Derwentwater to Forster said,  
"Thou hast ruin'd the cause, and all betray'd;  
For thou didst vow to stand our friend,  
But hast prov'd traitor in the end.  
Thou brought us from our own country;  
We left our homes and came with thee;  
But thou art a rogue and a traitor both,  
And hast broke thy honour and thy oath."

Lord Derwentwater to Litchfield did ride,<sup>5</sup>  
With armed men on every side;

<sup>3</sup> General Wills commander of the Government forces.

<sup>4</sup> var. Mackintosh was a valiant soldier,  
He carried his musket on his shoulder;  
"Cock your pistols, draw your rapier,  
And damn you, Forster, for you are a traitor."

<sup>5</sup> var. The lord Derwentwater to Litchfield did ride,  
In his coach, and attendance by his side;  
He swore if he dy'd by the point of a sword,  
He'd drink a health to the man he lov'd.

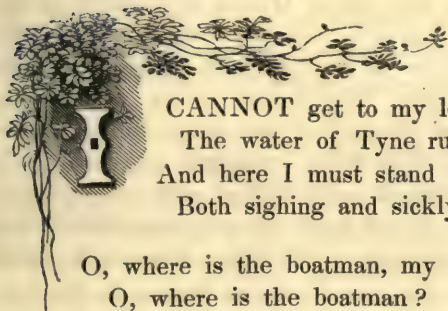
"Thou Forster has brought us from our own home,  
Leaving our estates for others to come;  
Thou treach'rous rogue, thou hast us betray'd:  
We are all ruin'd," lord Derwentwater said.

But still he swore by the point of his sword,  
 To drink a health to his rightful lord.  
 Lord Derwentwater he was condemn'd  
 And led unto his latter end ;  
 And though his lady did plead full sore,  
 They took his life, they could get no more.

Brave Derwentwater he is dead ;  
 From his fair body they took the head ;  
 But Macintosh and his friends are fled,  
 And they'll set the hat on another head.  
 And whether they are gone beyond the sea,  
 Or if they abide in this country,  
 Though our King would give ten thousand pound,  
 Old Macintosh will scorn to be found.

### The Water of Tyne.

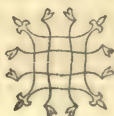
FROM SHARP'S BISHOPRICK GARLAND.



CANNOT get to my love, if I would dee,  
 The water of Tyne runs between him and me ;  
 And here I must stand with the tear in my e'e,  
 Both sighing and sickly, my sweetheart to see.

O, where is the boatman, my bonny honey ?  
 O, where is the boatman ? O, bring him to me—  
 To ferry me over the Tyne to my honey,  
 And I will remember the boatman and thee.

Oh ! bring me a boatman, and I'll give him money,  
 And you for your trouble rewarded shall be,  
 To ferry me over the Tyne to my honey,  
 Or ferry him cross that rough river to me.





OVINGHAM CHURCH.

## Excommunications at Ovingham Northumberland.



THE following documents are extracted from the register of the Church at Ovingham, in Northumberland:—

“ John Sharp, Doctor in Divinity, Archdeacon of this Archdeaconry of Northumberland, to all and singular Rectors, Vicars, Chaplains, Curates and clerks, whomsoever, in and throughout our whole Archdeaconry, wheresoever constituted, greeting. We command you, or one of you, publicly to denounce, denote, and declare with effect, Mary Simpson and James Greener, of the parish of Ovingham, within our said Archdeaconry on some Sunday or holiday, in the said parish church of Ovingham, during the time of Divine Service in the forenoon, whilst the congregation of Christian people is there publicly assembled for Divine worship, to have been, and to be excommunicate by the sentence of the greater excommunication, respectively, for their manifest contumacies and contempt, in not undergoing a salutary and suitable penance by us enjoined them severally for their souls' health, and the reformation of their manners, and more especially for the crime of fornication, by them severally committed, and in not certifying the performance of such penance, pursuant to our personal admonition to them, and such of them, within a certain competent time to them appointed, and long since past; and what you shall do in the premises you shall duly certify us, our lawful representative, or some other competent judge in that behalf, together



with these presents. Given under the seal of our Archdeaconry, this first day of March, in the year of our Lord, 1769.

BRAEMS WHEELER, Register.

"That the above excommunication was publicly read in the parish church of Ovingham, on Sunday, the second day of April, 1769, in time of Divine Service in the forenoon of the same day, is attested by us.

"The above persons were absolved, May the 7th, 1769."

"Memorandum.—That sentence of excommunication against Mary Fittis, wife of John Fittis, of Ovingham, was read in the parish church of Ovingham, on Sunday, Dec. 27. 1778, by me,

"CHRISTOPHER GREGSON, Minister."

## THE SUNDERLAND PROJECTORS.

### A New Ballad.



THE following ballad is worthy of preservation;—it was rescued from oblivion by the care and industry of that eminent local collector, the late John Sykes, bookseller, Newcastle, who found it pasted on the back of an old picture:—it was presumed to be the only copy in existence. The notes have been added from various local authorities.

**H**O has e'er been at Sunderland, that famous town,  
Must have heard of those men of high fame and renown,  
Who for Projects, and Schemes, and Designs, and so forth,  
Are greatly distinguish'd all over the North.

Derry down, Derry down.

Such a wonderful progress in learning they've made,  
Have drawn out such plans for th' advancement of trade,  
With an art so profound, we expect very soon  
That they'll teach us a way to fly up to the moon.

Derry, &c.

And to bring so important a project to bear,  
They've finish'd already some castles in air;  
And all that they want now are trifling things,  
As, a few little feathers, to eke out their wings,

Derry, &c.

Then all ye Philosophers, Mathematicians,  
 Who long have been buried in dreams and in visions,  
 Compar'd to these men, ye are nothing but Owls,  
 And all the whole Royal Society, fools.

Derry, &c.

You must know that a project has long been on foot,  
 For cleansing that harbour, and scouring it out;  
 And so long they talk'd on't, that, to hasten the thing,  
 They got an act pass'd that it ne'er should begin.

Derry, &c.

Commissioners were chosen, a rare band of men,  
 Right able to wrangle, or fight with a pen,  
 And prone to do nothing, a famous cabal,  
 Of some Knights and some 'Squires and some no 'Squires at all.

Derry, &c.

And for close consultation, and speaking their mind,  
 They hir'd a large room where they reason'd and din'd,  
 And that we might think they did nothing in vain,  
 They still met to appoint their next meeting again.

Derry, &c.

They elected a Chairman, that all might go fair,  
 That is, they put somebody into a Chair,  
 Who so wisely might talk, when the room it was full,  
 That from thence it was called the place of a scull.

Derry, &c.

Their business was first, strange proposals to hear,  
 About mending the harbour and building a pier,  
 And then they agreed to confer the best sum  
 On him, who best offer'd what was ne'er to be done.

Derry, &c.

Don *Alleno*<sup>1</sup> came first in the list, and he saith,  
 He had found out a way, by the strength of his faith;

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Allan, of Ayres Quay, *Gent.* whose proposal "for the making of fourteen feet of water into and out of the harbour at Sunderland, in the lowest neap tide, in case the Commissioners would allow him two and one half per cent. for the money to be laid out therein," is agreed to on certain conditions, 6th December, 1749.

They desire he'll disclos't, he his bosom unlocks ;  
'Twas to force a new River, thro' mountains and rocks.

Derry, &c.

The committee sat mute for a while, then declare,  
That for such a great job they'd not money to spare ;  
But if he was sure it would bring him in gains,  
They'd give him the ground he'd remove for his pains.

Derry, &c.

*Jacobo*<sup>2</sup> then next, not so pert as the other,  
But of aspect more grave, tho' in scheming a brother,  
Begs leave to exhibit a wonderful Plan,  
Of a thing that out-did the out-doings of man.

Derry, &c.

The members agree to't, and desire he'll begin,  
Then grant him a sum to complete the strange whim,  
But he laugh'd in his sleeve (now secure of the Pelf)  
To think that some there were as wise as himself.

Derry, &c.

A blind man<sup>3</sup> was next, who desir'd to bring in  
A comical kind of a whirlingig thing ;

<sup>2</sup> *Jacob Spencely*.—He is desired, (3rd Jan. 1749) at the expense of the commissioners, to prepare models of machines for his *Scheme*, and he receives a reward of two guineas in the same year. A vessel, boat and machine were made, according to his directions, for dredging the harbour, which were successfully employed for many years afterwards.—*Spencely's Landing* is immortalized in the local song of *Spottee* :—

"The auld wives of Whitburn doesn't know what to dee ;

"They dare not come along the sands wi' the lang tailed skaites in  
their hands, to Jacob Spencely's landing as they used for to dee ;

"For they com along the sands, wi' their swills in their hands ;

"But now they're forced to take a coble and come in by the sea."

<sup>3</sup> *Robert Haxby* was a clock maker, and had a variety of curious clocks, which he frequently exhibited for a trifling sum, giving notice himself, by beat of drum, of the time of the intended exhibitions. He was blind, and consequently his ingenuity was considered the more surprising. In 1750 he received a reward of ten guineas, for making the model of a machine for removing ballast out of the river. He was living in 1770, and is still recollected by some of the elders of Sunderland. He frequently presented petitions to the Commissioners ; amongst their loose papers, the following occurs :—"That your petitioner proposed to be engineer about thirty years agoe, and Mr. Winfield, he being chairman at that time, told you that you would never get such another, think on him as littel as you please. I both maid an engin for you then, and at the same time I drew a



His parts they admir'd, and declar'd, great and small,  
That, tho' blind, he saw better than the best of them all.

Derry, &c.

Don *Michael*,<sup>5</sup> who long had been forming his plan,  
A Projector himself, and a friend to the Clan,  
Found out, that if once they the river could clear,  
It would lose the Projectors some hundreds a year.

Derry, &c.

And loth that the tribe should be robb'd of their pay,  
Which would soon be the case, if the sand went away,  
He repairs to his study, and, thanks to his skill,  
Has invented an Engine, to keep it there still.

Derry, &c.

Then a health to Don *Michael*, and eke to Don *Allen*,  
You'll pledge me, I know, if I take off a gallon;  
The one can move mountains with spade and wheelbarrow,  
And t'other can scratch them away with a harrow.

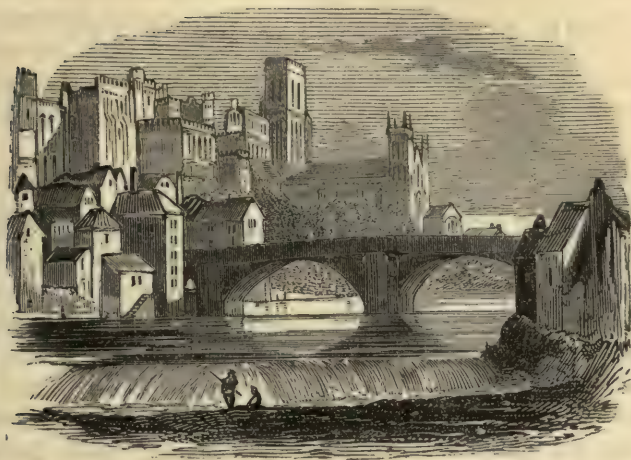
*Sir C. Sharp's Collections.*

plan for you, and nobody could say anything against it: but in my way of thinking, it would have taken up three or fore keels in an hour by the purchase of fore horses—but Rob. Walker put them of that, as he said there was the same thing making at Newcastle,\* and when they was done with it they would get it, but I never heard tell that it is maid yet. Now you have had fore or five Engineers and all to no service, and the pier that you are building now, if you carry it East, or East and be South, it will fling such a tumbling sea in if the storm come on betwixt North and East, that no ships can ride in the harbour, besides the ballest and rubish that it will through in, which will chock the harbour up. Gentlemen it is not only my judgment, but it is the oppenion of the sea faring men in general, and Gentlemen, I have the plan now lying by me if you will be pleased to examine it, and look it over, for I dont pretend to medell no more concerning it."

"I am, Gentlemen, your humb. Servt. ROBERT HAXBY."

<sup>5</sup> Michael Harrison, the innkeeper, at whose house the Commissioners held their meetings. He is certainly entitled to be named in the list of Projectors, as he is desired (21 Dec. 1751) "to provide harrows and with them make the *exp-ri-ment* by him proposed, for removing sand out of the harbour." He was not enriched by his experiments however, for in 1768, he presents to the board a petition, stating his indigence; and, as a title to reward, he adds, that he "was the identical person that first proposed the opening of the South channel in the manner it was done," which would have been done in Mr. Vincent's time, but that "he was too fond of his boring scheme." He also states, that he caught a fever by too great application in forming the second cut.

\* "Oct. 19, 1765, a new machine of a particular construction, built under the direction of Mr. Robson, an able and experienced engineer, for clearing the river Tyne, was launched off the Quay at Newcastle."—*Newcastle Papers.*



### Thomas James : Bishop of Durham.



TRADITION says that KING JAMES scolded BISHOP JAMES to death; scolded him so roundly and roughly, on the 8th of May, 1617, in his own castle at Durham, that he retired to Auckland, and died of a violent fit of stone and stranguary, brought on by perfect vexation, three days afterwards. The cause of this royal objugation was probably Bishop James's contest with the citizens of Durham, relative to their borough privileges, and to parliamentary representation, though "Mickleton, in one of his MS. volumes, lays the blame upon some stale beer which had excited the king's indignation."

This Bishop James (says the same authority) was a little inclined to hoard his money and save an estate for his family, but, bating this, as kindly and quiet a bishop as ever lived, hurting nobody, thwarting nobody, jostling nobody of the king's high road, but quietly ambling along on his own episcopal pad, with *rather shabby lack lustre* purple housings. Well! when poor Bishop James had been scolded to death, and lay cold in the Abbey, the palatine lieges soon found out that his successor Neile was not a whit better, for he seldom entertained the gentry, *no, not even at the Quarter Sessions*; Neile kept only one or two servants in his absence at the castle, and small beer was brewed on the spur of the moment on any emergency; yet was Neile a liberal patron of letters.—*Surtees, &c.*

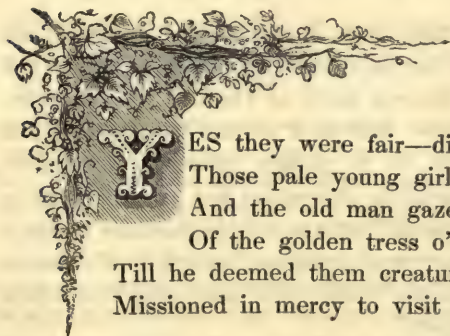
**St. Gregory the Great,**  
AND  
**THE NORTHUMBRIAN CAPTIVES.**

**A Legend.**

BY JAMES HENRY DIXON, ESQ.



T is recorded of the celebrated Gregory, that struck with the youth and beauty of some Saxon girls, offered for sale in the Roman Forum, he enquired who they were, and being told that they were *Angles*, he replied, "they would not be *Angles*, but *ANGELS*, if they were Christians!" He then asked from what part of Angle-land they came, and was informed from DEIRI a province of Northumberland, whose King was called ÆLLA or ALLA. "Alleluia!" quoth the Saint, catching at the word, "that is good! we must teach them to sing Alleluia, and free them from (*Dei irá*) the wrath of God."



Y ES they were fair—divinely fair!  
Those pale young girls in the Forum there  
And the old man gazed on the graceful flow  
Of the golden tress o'er the virgin snow,  
Till he deemed them creatures of heavenly birth,  
Missioned in mercy to visit earth.

A passing thought! for the clanking chain  
O! it breathed sad tales of the battle plain—  
Of the childless sire—the desert cot—  
The home where the loved one's voice was not.  
The laurel wreath on the victor's brow,  
Seemed the brand of CAIN to that old man now.

"From what sweet clime?" did the old man say—  
From the isle in the north seas far away,  
Where the warrior's cairn, and the Druid's stone,  
And the cromlech stand mid the moorlands lone—  
A land with its own calm beauty bright,  
Yet dim in the rays of Gospel-light.



'Trembled the tear in the old man's eye,  
 As he gazed again, and spake with a sigh—  
 "Beautiful beings! could ye but know  
 That for ALL, did the blood of Jesu flow;  
 That for *you* he died on Calvary's tree—  
 Not *Angles*, but ANGELS ye *then* would be!"

Tradition well hath the Legend told,  
 How they were bought with the good Saint's gold;  
 How—*slaves* no more—with a father's love  
 He pointed the path to realms above,  
 And taught them the lore by which was given,  
 THE FREEDOM OF "CHILDREN AND HEIRS OF HEAVEN!"<sup>1</sup>

## MANNERS AND CUSTOMS

OF

KIDLAND LORDSHIP.



THE inhabitants of this district, which is situate in the north west of Northumberland, retained many of the peculiar customs and manners of the Borderers longer, perhaps, than those of any other part of the county. Their houses were always built in a low glen, by the side of a rivulet, and were formed of whinstone, daubed with mud, mixed perhaps with a small proportion of lime. The farmers usually paid their rents yearly, on St. Andrew's day, at Newcastle, where they generally provided groceries, which, with a stock of salted beef, whiskey, and a few other necessary articles, served them until the long and dreary winter was past, and they seldom visited any other market until the succeeding summer. Like all other people devoted to a tame, languid, and insipid occupation, they were fond of strong liquors, which exhilarate the spirits, and, by a temporary madness, vary the uniform circulation of thought. Cards also was a favourite pastime, when they met in parties. On the north brink of the Coquet is a whinstone rock, on which formerly stood a whiskey-house, called *Slyme-foot*, which

<sup>1</sup> We may as well observe here, once for all, that many of the original poems in the Table Book are the property of different publishers of Music, and therefore must not be appropriated by Composers, without a previous application being made to the Editor to ascertain the fact.—ED. T. B.

was the winter rendezvous of all the neighbouring sheep farmers : here they resigned themselves to gambling and hard drinking : and lost in a whirl of dissipation to all care and recollection, the days passed by unheeded while their servants travelled to and fro to receive orders and transmit intelligence. These ruinous excesses, however, at last reached the ears of the late Dr. Thomas Sharp, rector of Rothbury, and archdeacon of Northumberland, who threatened offenders with ecclesiastical punishment if they did not desist, and weekly attend their respective places of worship. His injunctions had the desired effect ; and since that time, no such riotous assemblies have been held ; while the superior knowledge and correct conduct of the present sheep farmers have operated to produce a correspondent change in the character of their servants.

The shepherds in Kidland are peculiarly attached to their dogs ; and not without reason, for the sagacity, activity, and discrimination of these animals, are truly surprising, and would scarcely be credited by those who have not had an opportunity of observing their actions. On setting out in a morning, the dog, without receiving any instructions, takes a round to scour the skirts of his limits ; in doing which, he is careful to detect and drive any stranger that may attempt to intrude within his liberties, and to reclaim such stragglers as have wandered from his own flock. His master has nothing to do but to repair to a certain station, where the industrious animal never fails to meet him. If all be well, he returns cheerfully ; but if a dead sheep be within his tract, (which he discovers by his smell), he approaches his master in a dejected manner, and leads him to the spot where the carcase lies. This extensive district consists of a number of lofty verdant hills, of a conical form. The glens which intersect them, are of every variety of form, and exhibits, in summer, all that is picturesque as the most beautiful mountain scenery. Here the Cheviot breed of sheep are found in their full perfection. The sweet green herbage on which they depasture seems to be particularly favourable for breeding this useful and beautiful race of animals ; they are never attacked by the *rot* and seldom by any other disease : yet the many advantages which apply to those healthy sheep walks is frequently mixed with evil. In winter, the storm often bursts unexpectedly upon the hills, and the flocks which escape the drifting snow, are compelled to seek shelter on the slope of steep hills, and, if a sudden thaw succeed, great numbers are swept into the burns below, where they inevitably perish. Every precaution is employed to prevent such fatal accidents, but frequently without effect. Opposite to the east corner of *Milkhope Hill* (an ancient entrenchment), is a tremendous steep, over which a sheet of water dashes with terrific fury. This obscure and rugged spot is



a safe asylum for innumerable flocks of carrion-crows, and other voracious birds, that prey upon the lambs in the yeaning season. The sheep farmers have abandoned the absurd custom of milking their ewes, and of throwing their manure into some burn during a flood. Their dung is now applied to enrich their meadows. These beautiful sheep walks were formerly the scene of constant theft and *spuilzie*, and were occupied with little profit. When the descendants of Dick o' the Cow, Kinmont Willie, and Jock o' the Side, were labouring in the vocation of their fathers, the flocks and herds of their neighbours were always in jeopardy.

Even so late as 1631, Kidland Lordship was let for £5 a year. In 1731, it let for £400 a year; and shortly previous to 1824, it was let by the proprietor, Sir Thomas Legard, Bart. of Yorkshire, for £3000. per annum; and besides this estate, there are several small freeholds in this Lordship. The astonishing rise in the value of these sheep farms is principally to be attributed to the increased security of possession, and the various and multiplied blessings of internal peace.—*Mackenzie's Northd.*

## LUCY GRAY, OF ALLENDALE.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, THE CUMBRIAN BARD.



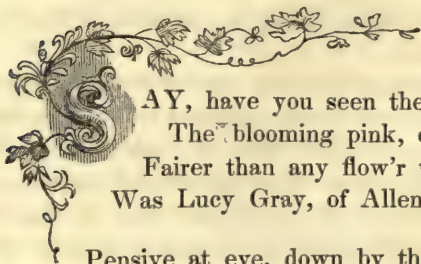
“Lucy Gray,” says Robert Anderson in an Autobiography affixed to his Poetical Works (Scott, Carlisle, 1820), “was my first attempt at poetical composition; and was suggested from hearing a Northumbrian rustic relate the story of the unfortunate lovers. She was the toast of the neighbouring villagers; and to use the simple language of my Northumbrian friend “Monie

a smart canny lad wad hae gane far efter dark, aye through fire and water, just to get a luik at her.” James Walton, a neighbouring farmer’s son, from his wonderful agility as a dancer, was the proud hero who won Lucy’s affections: but “disease, the canker worm” preyed on her damask cheek; and this blooming bud of innocence died in her seventeenth year. James seldom spoke afterwards; but haunted her grave, or her favourite seat, their place of meeting, in a dell, near a rivulet; and ere long, according to his request, he was laid by the side of his Lucy.”



The song was set to music by the late Mr. Hook, and was for years a popular favourite. Though greatly inferior to what afterwards came from the pen of Anderson, as the first composition of that talented but unfortunate son of genius, it merits a reprint in our work.

### Lucy Gray, of Allendale.



AY, have you seen the blushing rose,  
The blooming pink, or lily pale?  
Fairer than any flow'r that blows,  
Was Lucy Gray, of Allendale.

Pensive at eve, down by the burn,  
Where oft the maid they us'd to hail,  
The shepherds now are heard to mourn,  
For Lucy Gray, of Allendale.

With her to join the sportive dance,  
Far have I stray'd o'er hill and vale,  
Then pleas'd, each rustic stole a glance  
At Lucy Gray, of Allendale.

I sighing view yon hawthorn shade,  
Where first I told a lover's tale;  
For now low lies the matchless maid,  
Sweet Lucy Gray, of Allendale.

I cannot toil, and seldom sleep;  
My parents wonder what I ail:  
While others rest, I wake and weep,  
For Lucy Gray, of Allendale.

A load of grief preys on my breast,  
In cottage, or in darken'd vale;—  
Come, welcome Death! O, let me rest  
Near Lucy Gray, of Allendale!



## POPULAR HISTORY OF THE CUCKOO.

BY JAMES HARDY.

Sumer is icumen in,  
 Lhude sing cucu,  
 Groweth sed, and bloweth med,<sup>1</sup>  
 And springth the wde<sup>2</sup> nu.  
                                 Sing, cucu!

Awe<sup>3</sup> bleteth after lomb,  
 Lhouth<sup>4</sup> after calve cu,  
 Bulluc sterteth,<sup>5</sup> buck verteth,<sup>6</sup>  
                                 Marie sing cucu.

Cuccu, cuccu, well singes thu, cuccu,  
 Ne swik<sup>7</sup> thu naver nu.  
 Sing, cuccu, nu, sing, cuccu,  
 Sing, cuccu, sing, cuccu, nu.

*Oldest English Song, about 1250.**Tempus adest veris, cuculus modo rumpe soporem.**Ascribed to BEDE.*

POPULAR compend of the natural history of the Cuckoo, might be drawn up from the various vulgar opinions afloat regarding that darling bird, and the strains of the rural muse, in which these conclusions are embodied. William Howitt in his genial "Book of the Seasons," adduces a rustic rhyme of the shire of Norfolk, which commemorates, in faithful characters, the several epochs, by which its summer pilgrimage, in our clime, is distinguished.

"In April, the cuckoo shows his bill;  
 In May, he sings both night and day;  
 In June, he altereth his tune;  
 In July, he prepares to fly;  
 Come August, go he must."

With not less admirable reference to the calendar of nature, in disclosing germs and odoriferous blossoms, Logan saluting the "blithe new-comer," tells us,

<sup>1</sup> Meadow. <sup>2</sup> Weed. <sup>3</sup> Eve. <sup>4</sup> Loweth. <sup>5</sup> Leaps about, gambles, startles *Scotica*  
<sup>6</sup> Goeth to harbour in the vert or fern. Sir. J. Hawkins. <sup>7</sup> Cease.

“What time the daisy decks the green,  
 Thy certain voice we hear;  
 Hast thou a star to guide thy path  
 And mark the rolling year?  
 What time the pea puts on the bloom,  
 Thou fliest the vocal vale;  
 An annual guest in other lands,  
 Another spring to hail.”

In Northumberland, the peasant too cherishes his song of the seasons, appropriate to each new dispersion of the wintry shadows—he too adduces some incident in the mysterious tale, not generally observed or known.

“The cuckoo comes of mid March,  
 And cucks of mid Aperill,  
 And gauns away of Midsummer month,  
 When the corn begins to fill.”

The cuckoo frequently makes its appearance, considerably prior to the date, when the leafing woods and the sunny valleys re-echo its “two-fold shout.”

Every thing about this bird is matter of wonder, and fable has not belied its functions, in detailing the marvellous relation. There were days, when the gorgeous Birds of Paradise, were believed to have existed, destitute of either legs or feet; spending their “ambrosial lives,” perpetually on unwearied wing, beneath the cloudless skies, and, amid the perfumed groves of the Tropics. And the time is not by-past, when the cuckoo, was feigned to derive its summer’s sustenance, from the eggs of helpless warblers whose trim nests it riffled.

“The cuckoo’s a bonny bird,  
 He whistles as he flies,  
 He brings us good tidings,  
 He tells us no lies.\*  
 He sucks little birds’ eggs,  
 To make his voice clear;  
 And never sings, cuckoo,  
 Till summer draws near.”†

\* To its truthfulness, as the “cuckold’s quirister,” it may be that Shakespeare alludes, when he sings of

“The plain-song cuckoo grey,  
 Whose note full many a man doth mark,  
 And dares not answer, nay.”

*Midsummer-Night’s Dream.*

“Who would give a bird the lie,” says Bottom, “though he cry *cuckoo* never so.”

† This is well known as a popular Northumbrian rhyme, but it is not peculiar. See another version of it in the *Gentleman’s Magazine* for Feb. 1796, p. 117.



From this delicious—speech invigorating aliment, it is, that it acquires that lucid intonation, and unfettered utterance, that enables it to keep the spring-tide groves so long resonant to its “wandering voice.” When the date of the feathered tribes’ solicitude is completed, and instead of fragile eggs and callow younglings, in slim, unprotected abodes, full-fledged broods flutter amid the boughs, and scuttle down into the brake beyond the reach of the prying intruder; its once mellow notes grow hoarser and huskier, until, at length, its melodious functions are entirely suspended; “seven cucks,” as an olden writer delights quaintly to express it, being united to “one cu.”\*

To its far-extending *harrying* excursions then, it would be said, we owe the never steady, ever shifting intensity of its voice; now near, now remote, now clear and now stifled, now silent and now hurried in breathless succession, now

“Babbling only to the vale  
Of sunshine and of flowers,”

and now, indistinctly stirring the ancient silence of the upland waste. And in Berwickshire, and perhaps that shire is not exclusive in attributing human language and thought to a bird, that can talk so garrulously of its own name, it is the persuasion, that to this cause is to be ascribed, its harsher second note, uttered amid the leafy thickets, at uncertain intervals. This is only heard, when the vagabond bird has pounced ingloriously upon some luckless nest—it is the discordant signal for spoil—and being interpreted implies “muck it out.” Unfortunately for the story’s credit, this note as observation can testify, is repeated by one of the birds, when in pursuit of its mate.†

In these presumed egg-hunting excursions, the cuckoo is earnestly pursued and harrassed by troops of small birds, all up in the defensive, and twittering in dismay—though if the matter would bear inquiry, it would be seen that they had misapprehended her homely, grey vesture and equivocal shape, for those of a hawk, “et hinc illæ lachrymæ.” One only of that rancorous train, has she selected as her bosom friend: it is her inseparable associate, and as appertains to every upstart dependent of a tyrant, it becomes her sanguinary tool. In some places, this shadow of authority, usually an unpretending

\* The Germans have a belief, that the cuckoo cannot cry until he has eaten a bird’s egg, and that when he has eaten his full of cherries three times, he ceases to sing.—*J. Grimm’s Deutsche Mythologie*, vol. i. 640. *Annals of Natural History*. May, 1844. p. 405.

† The cuckoo may not be proved a direct destroyer of eggs for the purpose of food; yet the number of eggs, annually rendered unproductive by itself or its young excluding them from the nest, is somewhat astonishing. Slaney, in his “*Smaller British Birds*,” gives 3,560,000 eggs of the insect eating birds, as the amount.

meadow-pipet or "moss-cheeper," (*Anthus pratensis*)—is entitled "the Cuckoo's titling," and why the connection exists, no one can divine; unless it be that the cuckoo has secret intentions of engaging a foster nurse, to attend to the duties of incubation, for which in her own person, she has no hearty relish or deeply urgent desire. It is the opinion of the Durham peasant, that this small bird is the "cuckoo's Sandie." The cuckoo is of the "hawk kind,"\* and imitatively as well as *ex natura*, inclines to regale her palate with the delicacies of wild game, and so forth; but then although she can slaughter small birds in scores, by sheer poking at them, how with a bill so utterly inefficient, can she contrive to rend the savoury treat asunder? To accomplish this she assumes to herself this poor, insignificant bird, nurtures him in her evil ways, instructs him how to use his slender scissor-like chops, intended solely for the dismemberment of grubs, beetles and "hairy worms," as knife and fork, until, proficient as a valet who has profited by various service, he can mince the meat in all variety of modes that suit her taste, and cram it down her throat in such moieties as to her appetite may seem agreeable. Hence the protection vouchsafed and the inexplicable union.†

From the belief that in this, her predatory vocation, with "Sandie" as caterer, she talks more than she works, has arisen a popular reproach, little to her fair fame, or regarded as of literary worth, to the credit of its originators.

"Cuckoo, scabb'd gowk,  
Mickle said, little wrought."

The ancients had a proverb, that "one swallow does not make summer." The natives of Lorbottle, a small inland town in Northumberland, held ideas very different from those of the ancients, respecting the causes of this season. In the "wittengamote" of that community, in its collective capacity popularly known as the "coves of Lorbottle," it was agreed that the cuckoo, and no other abtruser, all pervading influence, brought on that pleasant time; and that if she could be secured "within a pinfold" there, the storms of winter might muster and threaten, and snell Boreas bluster and howl, but

\* This is no recent fabrication, as we find it recorded in that tissue of fable and absurdity, the elder Pliny has left us, under the name of Natural History. Pliny affirms that the cuckoo is not only of the hawk kind, but that, during a portion of the year, it is converted, by the alteration of its voice, shape and plumage, into a real bird of prey.—*Plinii. Nat. Hist. lib. x.*

† A correspondent in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1796, says, "the peasantry of Devon and Cornwall, believe the cuckoo feeds on the eggs of other birds; and that the little bird, as they call it, accompanying him (the *Yunx Torquilla*, or Summer bird), searches for them for that purpose, and feeds him." p. 117.



the bland zephyrs' wing would ever fan the fresh, young foliage in the groves of Lorbottle! One particular plantation was noted, whither she was accustomed most frequently to repair, and utter her notes earliest and most mellow. It was evidently a favourite haunt—where she loved to linger. This in the resolutions of the simple villagers, it was determined to environ with a wall, to render her blest stay perpetual, and give her unquiet footsteps rest. The wall was reared, in haste and with solicitude, but alas! the vanity of anticipation, just as the wall was completed and a home prepared, the capricious and ungrateful bird glided quietly over the top,

“And flapped her well fledged wings, and sped away.”

Thus perished all hopes of Lorbottle's being blessed with a never-ending summer. It is still, however, a fondly cherished opinion, among the elders of the place, unswervingly knit to the simple creed of their sires, that if the wall had only been raised a *little* higher, the darling project would have been achieved. Lorbottle, “Hesperian fables true,” would have become, a paradise on earth.\*

The cuckoo is singular among British birds, so admirable in their domestic relations, for consigning its eggs and young to the care and nurture of another, which is silly enough not to detect the guile. Whence does this, one would suppose, unnatural alienation of the parent from its offspring, spring? The opinion of the muirland shepherds is, that the blame, at least, attaches not to the female party, but is entirely owing to the tyranny and brutish cruelty of the male. He—a very Saturn among birds—if allowed his will—would speedily exterminate the cuckoo race. Such is his inveterate rancour to eggs or offspring, that if the female attempt to perform the customary avial sittings, he would forthwith come, armed with the authority and might of a liege lord, expel her from the nest, break the eggs, and gobble up in his wrath, their entire valuable contents. Therefore to preserve the breed, she must have recourse to all those insidious expedients, by which she contrives to have the egg conveyed out of his reach, and palmed upon some foolish dupe, that in the enthusiasm of hatching cannot distinguish an egg from a pebble stone. She

Doom'd

Never the sympathetic joy to know  
That warms the mother cowering o'er her young,  
Some stranger robs; and to that stranger's love  
Her egg commits, unnatural; the nurse,  
Deluded, the voracious nestling feeds

\* A similar project was once entertained by that sage race—the wise men of Gotham—they too attempted to hedge in the Cuckoo.—Gent's Mag. June 1796, p. 636.



With toil unceasing; and, amaz'd, beholds  
 Its form gigantic and discordant hue.\*

The honest shepherds, whose habitual line of observations, renders them familiar with these strange proceedings, cherish in their native uprightness, no goodwill to these overgrown changelings. Various retaliative experiments, have, on this account, been adopted by them, unwitting in their simplicity, that the severity of the punishment, alights upon the hapless foster-parents, already sufficiently burdened, in supplying provender to its capacious maw. When the huge toad-like parasite is nearly feathered, and ready to escape, they proceed to crop its wings, and tie one of its nether limbs to a peg, thus rendering assurance doubly sure; so that although the migratory impulse should vibrate every nerve, it would in vain endeavour to obey, either by leg or pinion. Several birds have been known, to be detained in this open confinement, up till the commencement of harvest; the foster-parents, all the while, hovering around their nursling, and while in apprehension of injury it uttered its hawk-like scream, chirping, and fluttering and shifting, in extreme perturbation, as if the staff of their old age were in jeopardy.—Great gowks!

At the name of *Gowk*, who does not, with the freshness of events that indelibly impress the memory, recall the “glorious” first and second of April; when in holiday attire defects were sedulously enquired into, of which the wearer had not a twinkling of suspicion; when the swain’s cart dropped its back-board, but not through hasty driving; when out-field labourers were hurried home to carry stacks of corn that midsummer saw unremoved; when the conqueror of Cressy, would have heard of more hose at random, than he did on the fourteen days of tilt and tourney and the fifteen days of grace additional, during which he celebrated the chivalrous institution of the *Garter*;† when errands of urgency were speeded to absent parties, who repaid the bearer with astounding laughter; and when oil of hazel, essence of sloethorn, pigeon’s milk, stirrup ointment and other exquisite pleasantries were in hourly requisition, to keep the frolic hot, and to ensure the fond *gowk’s* being dispatched, in fruitless search, “another” weary “mile.”

One at that period of the “unconfirmed year,” might indeed hunt‡ “from morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve,” a springtide day, in the recesses of the woods, leafless and unadorned, as when the autumnal winds had completed their devastation, for the longed-for accents of spring’s harbinger. One or two stray indications of the

\* Gisborne.

† See Froissart.

‡ On the borders this revel is called “Hunt the Gowk.”

relaxation of winter's iron rigour might, indeed, reward his curious explorations—a scentless violet, cerulean as the sky and of comfort as cold—a gilded celandine—a *precious* primrose—but save in the yellowing catkins of the willow, that lure abroad from its mossy retreat the mountain bee with sonorous hum, the unfurnished bowers of the woodland are solitary and cheerless, and present few attractions to a sojourner that has

“—————no sorrow in its song

No winter in its year.”

But the days will come—are already maturing to their speedy developement, when the forest's undersward, shall grow verdant and assume beauty—and whiten and blush with blending blossoms—when the trees shall bend beneath a fragrant oppression of foliage and bloom; and life, melody and enjoyment shall again visit its deserted haunts. Then, diffusing “a sober certainty of waking bliss,” over the familiar landscape where “every prospect pleases,” will awake the cuckoo's gentle note.

The note that best the tale can tell,

Unto the past so true:

And while it paints the absent well,

Unfolds the future too.

Telling that healing prospects smile,

For every earthly gloom;

That Hope will climb the funeral pile,

And point beyond the tomb.

Such an epoch as the calling time of this favourite bird, could not fail to have its “trivial fond records” and concomitant superstitious figments. It is a common belief, that if the circumstances, in which its note is first heard for the season, be attended to, they afford unerring signs, whereby the secrets of a man's destiny, for the ensuing year, may be disclosed. In whatever direction he may be looking, when its tones arrest him, there will he be on the anniversary of that day next year. If he be gazing on the ground—he is warned of an untimely fate. If he has money in his pocket, it is an omen, that he shall not lack; if penniless, that the cruise of oil shall not be replenished, and that losses and disappointments shall be his lot.\* Such, however, is the benevolent constitution of the human mind, such its hope for better things—the token of its invaluable worth—the pledge of its immortality—that it rarely fails to discover, even in

\* “If you have money in your pockets,” say the Germans, “when the Cuckoo first cries, all will go well during the year; and if you were fasting, you will be hungry the whole year.”—*Grimm's Deutsche Mythologie*.

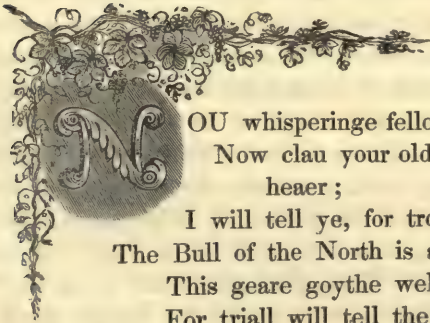
the most despondent circumstances, prestiges of a bright futurity. No wonder then, that the Cuckoo's call, as the herald of good news, finds an echo in every bosom, and that, with eager anticipations, young and old are prepared to welcome its renewal.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring !  
 Even yet thou art to me  
 No bird : but an invisible thing,  
 A voice, a mystery.  
 The same whom in my school-boy days  
 I listened to ; that cry  
 Which made me look a thousand ways,  
 In bush, and tree, and sky.  
 To seek thee did I often rove  
 Through woods and on the green ;  
 And thou wert still a hope, a love ;  
 Still longed for, never seen.  
 And I can listen to thee yet,  
 Can lie upon the plain,  
 And listen till I do beget  
 The golden time again. *Wordsworth.*

### News from Northumberland.

#### A SONG OF THE REBELLION OF 1569.

FROM JAMIESON'S POPULAR BALLADS.



OU whisperinge fellowes, that walke every wheare,  
 Now clau your old elbowes, and skrathe up your  
 heaer ;  
 I will tell ye, for troth, what newes I heare :  
 The Bull of the North is a frayd of the Bear.  
 This geare goythe well, and better it shall,  
 For triall will tell the treason of Ball.

The moone and the star are fallen so at stryfe,  
 I never knewe warre so strange in my lyfe ;  
 And all is longe of a Babylon beaste,  
 That hath a thowsand heddes at the leaste.  
 This geare, &c.



What made the Murrian's Hed so stoute,  
 To seeke the Sheafe of Arroes out ?  
 A morryon of that hed ! the Northe may saie ;  
 That hed from the boddye must needes a waie.

This geare, &c.

The Lambe, that knewe this newes before,  
 Did bid the Lyon begin to rore ;  
 The Lyon, that could not then refraine,  
 Did byd the Beare go shake his chayne.

This geare, &c.

Whose shakinge suche a shryll did yelde,  
 That every beaste did flye the feelde ;  
 Which served and shadowed under the moone.  
 And thought full littell to shrinke so soone.

This geare, &c.

And to Sainte Androwe be they gone,  
 With very harde shyfte to make theare moane ;  
 And som of theare ladies lefte behinde,  
 With very small wages under the wynde.

This geare, &c.

But I marvel yet of Ser John Shorne,  
 Whether he and the blessed masse be borne :  
 It weare a mery thinge to be knowen  
 Wheare he doth make his alter-stone.

This geare, &c.

The Cropyerde Fox, that this begon,  
 And made his brablinge to be don,  
 Is curst of many a mother's sonne ;  
 And I pray ye, what hath his coriage wonne ?

This geare, &c.

Yet, when the newes shall come to Roome,  
 I knowe they will not sticke to presume,  
 To wright to many Christian kings ;  
 They have, as they woulde, almaner of things.

This geare, &c.

Why walk ye not by three and three,  
 In Polles, as ye weare wonte to be,

And saye, as you were wonte to do,  
“ I hold you a crowne it is not trewe ?”  
This geare, &c.

Of manie great helpes you bragge and bost,  
Besydes Sir John, that carieth the hooste,  
Lyke unbelievers, as you bee,  
You bragge of nothinge that you see.  
This geare, &c.

You bragge not of the Almightye's name ;  
You bragge not of your prince's fame ;  
You bragge of never a faithfull knight,  
That for his country goeth to fight.  
This geare, &c.

You bragge to see your countrey spoylde ;  
You bragge to see poore men begilde ;  
You bragge to see your brother's blood ;—  
I pray tell me if these be good.  
This geare, &c.

And as ye are of perverst minde,  
You swere, and stare, and wilbe blinde ;  
Wher in ye shewe, that faithlesse ye  
Have no good power to here and see.  
This geare, &c.

Where be the northern idioles fled,  
That were by your devices led ?  
They had bin better they had kept their bed ;  
You cannot repeale that you have spred.  
This geare. &c.

I thinke by this you do beleve,  
The devill him selfe laughes in his sleeve,  
That yet so many of Balaham's markes  
Are still his true and faithful clarkes.  
This geare, &c.

And, to be short, I see and knowe  
Howe manie a one them selves bestowe

I accuse no one ; I tell ye trewe ;  
 But ye wilbe knowne, I must tell you.  
 This geare, &c.

And thinke, in tyme, that error is  
 The cause of all that is amisse.  
 God of his mercie mend thease dayes,  
 And her preserve that seekes the waies.  
 This geare, &c.



MARKET PLACE, MORPETH.

## Robson of Cambo.



WILLIAM ROBSON, a severe poetical satirist, and author of several political pamphlets and miscellaneous essays, and the publisher of "The Poetical Works of the celebrated and ingenious Thomas Whittell," printed at Newcastle in 1815, was for some time schoolmaster at Cambo ; but removed to Morpeth about 1807, where he died in 1821. Robson had long expected to receive the original manuscript of Whittell's poems from Mr. Robert Codling, a native of Whelpington, who had settled as a planter at Rock Spring, Rio Bueno, Jamaica ; but was surprised to find that the person to whose care it was entrusted had confided it



to hands who had transcribed it, and were printing it. He, however, with great promptness and vigour, recovered the manuscript, copied it, and in a few weeks published it, but allowed many of its coarse indecencies to be softened or omitted, though a far too plentiful sprinkling of impurity was suffered to remain in it.

Endowed with keen satirical powers, it must be admitted that Robson sometimes indulged in the exercise of them as much to his own disadvantage as to the discomfort or injury of those against whom they were directed. With the exception, however, of the blame attached to him for having occasionally given scope to this dangerous propensity, it does not appear that he ever failed to give entire satisfaction during a long life spent in discharging the highly responsible duties of his calling. When he was about to leave Cambo, he prepared a book, in which he inserted, alphabetically arranged, the names of all those belonging to the village and neighbourhood, who had attended his school, amounting to the number of 776, and running through a course of nearly 23 years, each name in the book having a particular mark appended to it, meant to be indicative of the disposition or capacity of the individual. He also adopted a most ingenious method to show the number of matrimonial alliances amongst his quondam pupils which had at that time taken place, and the signification of all these he has poetically explained in the sequel. The characters made use of for these purposes are an index or hand, an asterisk, parallel lines, the letter B., a note of exclamation, and certain arbitrary signs having no distinctive appellation. The following is a specimen of the explanation referred to :—

'Mongst all the subjects of my taws,  
There's but one index plac'd,  
And my first pupil, Master Laws,  
Is with that honour grac'd.

The names distinguish'd by a star,  
Were the most docible by far ;  
And those with equi-distant strokes,  
Were second-handed sort of folks ;  
But where you find the letter B.,  
A hum-drum booby you will see ;  
And where an exclamation's set,  
The rascals went away in debt.

As it would carry us much beyond the limits at present at our disposal, to describe the method by means of which the several unions above mentioned are pointed out, we shall merely give the lines in connexion with it.—

The marks and pages plac'd above  
 Nine loving husbands show ;  
 Beneath the marks, the pages prove  
 Nine tender wives below,

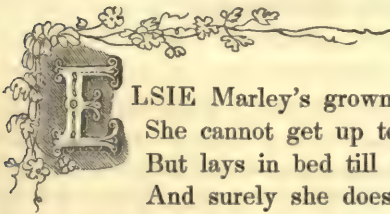
In addition to what has already been stated, there are tables in the book shewing the annual fluctuations of the school (the lowest number having been 52 in 1787, and the highest 130 in 1803); containing also the names of all those who had proceeded through book-keeping, specifying the different kinds of learning acquired by each; the total sum of money received for teaching each family of children above five in number; the average weekly sum received for teaching the highest branches of education, and the number of years each family had been at school.

It will thus be seen that this little book, compiled by the "village schoolmaster," apparently for his own amusement, is a most valuable statistical document, having its plainness delightfully relieved by the sparks of genius with which it is interspersed; and among the many conclusions to be drawn from the information it presents, the most obvious is this that Cambo and its neighbourhood, at this day, must be very far indeed from being one of "the dark places of the earth."

*Hodgson's Northd., &c.*

## Elsie Marley.\*

FROM SHARP'S BISHOPRICK GARLAND.



ELSIE Marley's grown so fine  
 She cannot get up to sarve the swine,  
 But lays in bed till eight or nine,  
 And surely she does take her time.

\* Elsie Marley has given her name to a tune which is spirited and lively, and is frequently called for as a dance at the country fairs. Her maiden name was Harrison, and she was the first wife of Ralph Marley, who kept a public house at Picktree, bearing the sign of the Swan, with the appropriate motto:

"The Swan doth love the water clear,  
 And so does man good ale and beer."

She was a handsome, buxom, bustling landlady, and brought good custom to the house by her civility and attention. On the march of the Dutch troops to Scotland, in the

And do you ken Elsie Marley, honey ?  
 The wife that sells the barley, honey ;  
 She lost her pocket and all her money  
 A back o' the bush i' the garden, honey. <sup>1</sup>

Elsie Marley is so neat,  
 'Tis hard for one to walk the street,  
 But every lad and lass you meet,  
 Cries, do you ken Elsie Marley, honey ?

Elsie Marley wore a straw hat,  
 But now she's gotten a velvet cap,  
 The Lambton lads<sup>2</sup> mun pay for that—  
 Do you ken Elsie Marley, honey ?

Elsie keeps good gin and ale  
 In her house below the dale,  
 Where every tradesman up and down,  
 Does call and spend his half-a-crown.

The farmers as they come that way,  
 Drink with Elsie every day,  
 And call the fiddler for to play,  
 The tune of "Elsie Marley," honey.

The pitmen and the keelmen trim,  
 They drink bumbo made of gin,  
 And when to dance they do begin  
 The tune is "Elsie Marley," honey.

forty-five, the soldiers amused themselves by shooting at the Swan, and it remained a long time afterwards in a tattered condition, from having served as a target to the mercenaries. Elsie had a son, Harrison Marley, whose son Ralph was living a few years since, with a numerous progeny. Elsie suffered from a long and severe illness, and was at length found drowned in a pond near Bygo, where it is supposed she had fallen in by accident, and could not extricate herself through weakness.

<sup>1</sup> This is a poetical license. Elsie was an active manager, and the household affairs were entrusted to her sole controul. She went to Newcastle quarterly to pay the brewer's bill, &c. ; and on one of these occasions (it was the fair day) she had 20 guineas in her pocket, sewed up in a corner. On the Sand-hill she was hustled, and clapping her hand to her side, she exclaimed aloud, "O honney, honney, I've lost my pocket and all my money."

*R. Marley.*

<sup>2</sup> This verse is not in Ritson's copy, but it is current in the neighbourhood. By the Lambton lads, were meant the five brothers of the house of Lambton, all bachelors to a certain period, and all admirers of Elsie Marley.



Those gentlemen that go so fine,  
 They'll treat her with a bottle of wine,  
 And freely will sit down and dine  
 Along with Elsie Marley, honey.

So to conclude these lines I've penn'd,  
 Hoping there's none I do offend,  
 And thus my merry joke doth end  
 Concerning Elsie Marley, honey.

### **Sunken Treasure in Broomley Lough,**

NEAR SEWINGSHIELDS.



THE place where the castle of Sewingshields formerly stood, has, like several localities in both England and Scotland, been pointed out as the scene below which may still be found the "cave of the enchanted warriors."\* Sir Walter Scott has also invested the spot with some degree of interest, by selecting it as a portion of the scenery he travels over in his poem of Har-

old the Dauntless. But independent of these circumstances, there is a story connected with it which I do not think was ever before made public. It was told me long ago by a friend who is now in America, and who, while he resided in this country, devoted much attention to the traditionary lore of the Borders, a district more interwoven with our associations of romance and chivalry than any other in the kingdom.

At an early period a certain personage, whose name has not come to our knowledge, possessed the castle of Sewingshields, and being an avaricious man, he gathered together a large amount of money. Owing to some cause he was compelled to leave the fortress, and not being permitted to carry with him any portion of his wealth, he resolved, in order that his successor might not be enriched thereby, to sink it in Broomley Lough, a large lake in that neighbourhood. Providing a massive box, he bestowed therein his treasure; and having placed it in a boat, which he caused to be rowed to a distance from the shore,

\* See vol. ii. p. 37.

he threw it overboard, subjecting it to a spell, that it never should be removed save by the co-operation of "Two twin *yauds*, two twin oxen, two twin lads, and a chain forged by a *smith of kind*."\* Soon afterwards, the keeper of the castle quitted the country; and it was observed by people who resided in the vicinity, that when the wind in stormy weather agitated the surrounding waters of the lake, they were ever still and unruffled above the place where the box containing the treasure lay.

At a subsequent period, some person attaching credit to the legend, for like other incidents of a like nature it passed into tradition, made an attempt to win the hoard of hidden gold. He provided the *yauds*, the oxen and lads, and got a chain of sufficient length made, as he supposed, by a *smith of kind*, to surround the spot where report said the box was deposited. Taking the advantage of a breezy day to accomplish his project, he commenced by leaving one end of the chain on dry land, and by carrying out the remainder in a boat, he let it out by degrees till he swept round the place, and returned bringing with him the other end to the shore. Then speedily attaching the *yauds* and oxen to the chain, the two young drivers urged the animals forward, in the same way as hay makers, by the assistance of horses and wain-ropes, drag together a number of coils of hay. The box was accordingly moved from its position, and borne onward to within a third part of its original distance from the side of the lough, when unfortunately one of the links in the chain broke, and with it the potency of the whole plan of recovering the lost treasure, which to this day remains in safe preservation under the waters. The failure was ascribed to various causes, but that which chiefly preponderated was, that once on a time while the grandfather of the smith who made the chain, and who lived in the vicinity, chanced to be at Willimoteswick paying his rent, an affair which in those times took up two or three days, a sturdy beggar lodged in the house; and this occurring about three quarters of an year previous to the birth of an only son—the father of the maker of the chain, it was supposed the frailty of the grandmother had prevented him from inheriting the *virtue* which otherwise had descended to a *smith of kind*.—*R. White's MSS.*

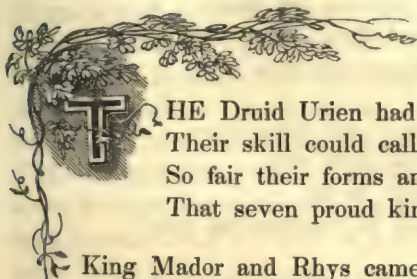
\* By *yauds* are meant horses, and a *smith of kind* is one who claims his descent in unbroken succession from six ancestors of the same trade as himself—he being of the seventh generation.

## THE CASTLE OF THE SEVEN SHIELDS.

## A Ballad.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE following ballad founded on a legend connected with the castle of Sewingshields or Seven-shields, (see volume ii. page 37,) is extracted from Sir Walter Scott's poem of Harold the Dauntless.



HE Druid Urien had daughters seven,  
 Their skill could call the moon from heaven;  
 So fair their forms and so high their fame,  
 That seven proud kings for their suitors came.

King Mador and Rhys came from Powis and Wales,  
 Unshorn was their hair, and unpruned were their nails;  
 From Strath-Clwyde came Ewain, and Ewain was lame,  
 And the red-bearded Donald from Galloway came.

Lot, King of Lodon, was hunchback'd from youth;  
 Dunmail of Cumbria had never a tooth;  
 But Adolph of Bambrough, Northumberland's heir,  
 Was gay and was gallant, was young and was fair.

There was strife 'mongst the sisters, for each one would have  
 For husband King Adolf, the gallant and brave;  
 And envy bred hate, and hate urged them to blows,  
 When the firm earth was cleft, and the Arch-fiend arose!

He swore to the maidens their wish to fulfil—  
 They swore to the foe they would work by his will.  
 A spindle and distaff to each hath he given,  
 "Now hearken my spell," said the Outcast of heaven.

"Ye shall ply these spindles at midnight hour,  
 And for every spindle shall rise a tower,  
 Where the right shall be feeble, the wrong shall have power,  
 And there shall ye dwell with your paramour."

Beneath the pale moonlight they sate on the wold,  
 And the rhymes which they chanted must never be told



And as the black wool from the distaff they sped,  
With blood from their bosom they moisten'd the thread.

As light danced the spindles beneath the cold gleam,  
The castle arose like the birth of a dream—  
The seven towers ascended like mist from the ground  
Seven portals defend them, seven ditches surround.

Within that dread castle seven monarchs were wed,  
But six of the seven ere the morning lay dead ;  
With their eyes all on fire, and their daggers all red,  
Seven damsels surround the Northumbrian's bed.

"Six kingly bridegrooms to death we have done,  
Six gallant kingdoms king Adolf hath won,  
Six lovely brides all his pleasure to do,  
Or the bed of the seventh shall be husbandless too."

Well chanced it that Adolf the night when he wed  
Had confess'd and had sain'd him ere boune to his bed ;  
He sprung from the couch, and his broad-sword he drew,  
And there the seven daughters of Urien he slew.


The gate of the castle he bolted and seal'd,  
And hung o'er each arch-stone a crown and a shield ;  
To the cells of St. Dunstan then wended his way,  
And died in his cloister an anchorite gray.

Seven monarchs' wealth in that castle lies stow'd,  
The foul fiends brood o'er them like raven and toad.  
Whoever shall guesten these chambers within,  
From curfew till matins, that treasure shall win.

But manhood grows faint as the world waxes old !  
There lives not in Britain a champion so bold,  
So dauntless of heart, and so prudent of brain,  
As to dare the adventure that treasure to gain.

The waste ridge of Cheviot shall wave with the rye,  
Before the rude Scots shall Northumberland fly,  
And the flint cliffs of Bambro' shall melt in the sun,  
Before that adventure be perill'd and won.

## Callaley Castle.

allaley Castle, the seat of the Claverings, is a noted place in tradition's misty chronicles. Like many other ancient structures, it was not built without the manifestation of supernatural concern, for its stability and duration. It was originally designed to erect it on a hill, not far from that on which the present castle stands ; but the interposition of an unseen agency moved the builders to adopt a new site. It is said, that during several successive evenings, after the commencement of the building, the work done during the day, was, in an unaccountable manner, overturned and levelled with the ground. A watch was at length set, to discover the reason of this mysterious interruption. The watchers remained till midnight, without witnessing any symptoms of injury or hostility to the work. The walls continued firmly knit together, and no band of marauders drew near to frustrate the day's busy toils. Suddenly, however, a strange commotion and stir was perceived to have commenced among the closely compacted materials. Each particular stone, one by one, rose gradually up on its end, toppled over, and fell noiselessly to the earth. No visible agency was discernible ; but the process of dismemberment went on progressively, yet still as the footsteps of night, till the whole rows of masonry, were once more reduced to a ruinous heap. A voice was then heard, issuing from amidst the ruins, and saying,

“Callaley Castle stands on a height,  
Up in the day and down in the night ;  
Set it up on the Shepherd's Shaw,  
There it will stand and never fa'.”

The site thus prophetically interdicted, was forthwith abandoned, and the work being recommenced on the spot the voice had pointed out ; in due season, Callaley, in the proud grandeur of her stern battlements, bade defiance to the foe and to time ; strong in the adamantine workmanship of an iron age, and fortified with the valiant arm of warlike defenders.

An old tower, alone remains of the ancient edifice, all the other parts of the present building are modern.

J. H.



LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE ;  
OR, THE  
TINMOUTH BATHERS.

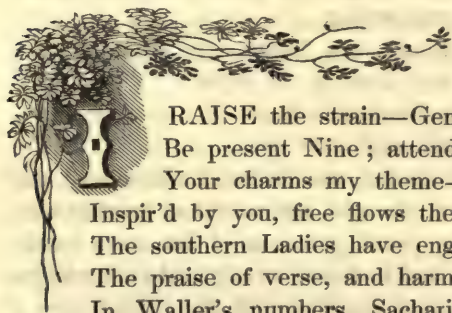
A  
Poem,

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE LADIES OF NEWCASTLE, &c.

BY G. K.



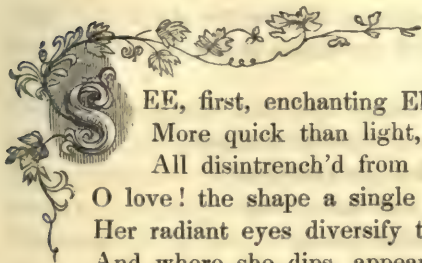
THE following poem, first "*Printed by Isaac Lane, and Company, at the Head of the Side [Newcastle] where Printing Work [was] Neatly perform'd,*" previous to 1734, is worthy of further publicity from its historical value, its local application, its talent, and we may add, its scarcity, although it was reprinted in 1828 by John Sykes. In his copy, a cotemporary hand had supplied the names in full, which in the typograph had been left all but blank. Some of the families alluded to are yet in being, but several are at this day either long since removed from the district, become obscure, or are wholly extinct. Of the author, (G. K.) history is silent, and nothing more than his initials are known.



RAISE the strain—Genius of Verse draw near!  
Be present Nine ; attend ye northern FAIR !  
Your charms my theme—forgive my bold design,  
Inspir'd by you, free flows the gentle line.  
The southern Ladies have engross'd too long,  
The praise of verse, and harmony of song.  
In Waller's numbers, Sacharissa lives ;  
Mira, from Granville, endless fame receives :  
Pope's happy vein exalts Belinda's hair,  
To spread the skies with light, and shine a star ;  
And could my skill arrive at equal lays,  
Your beauty equal, should have equal praise.  
Hail, happy Tinmouth ! where the Graces sport—  
Where play the Loves, and Venus keeps her court ;  
While from her parent Sea's abundant store,  
Swells in the rolling flood against the shore.



As flows the am'rous tide, the fair attend,  
 Down to the beach the blooming train descend ;  
 The billows gently their fair bosoms lave,  
 The panting breast repels the circling wave :  
 So bright their charms, no eye can judge between  
 The British Lady, and the Paphian Queen.



EE, first, enchanting El . . . n<sup>1</sup> appears ;  
 More quick than light, more soft than zephyr's airs :  
 All disintrench'd from petticoats and stays ;—  
 O love ! the shape a single gown betrays !  
 Her radiant eyes diversify the scene,  
 And where she dips, appears a brighter green.

Like her attir'd, and led within her hand,  
 Her lovely partner trips along the sand ;—  
 'Tis J . . . . n,—<sup>2</sup> see, in her cheeks are spread  
 The lilly's whiteness, and the rose's red !  
 A blaze of charms she plunges in the main,  
 But strives to hide her beauteous form in vain.

See, next advance, with every smiling grace,  
 Joy in her eyes, good humour in her face,  
 The charming C . . r,<sup>3</sup> all innocently gay ;  
 A thousand loves thro' all her features play :  
 To the green flood she moves with easy pace,  
 And, gently sighing, meets the cool embrace.

Nigh her a female with a graceful air,  
 Tall as Minerva, and, as Venus, fair ;  
 Her lovely eyes emit a glad'ning ray,  
 Mild as the morning and as bright as day :  
 O . . e,<sup>4</sup> in softest sounds, declares her name ;  
 O . . e well suits her soft harmonious frame.

How shall I next describe the younger C . . r ?<sup>5</sup>  
 As Cynthia soft, bright as the morning star.  
 Amidst a world of charms the fair appears,  
 In height of beauty and the bloom of years :

<sup>1</sup> Ellison.    <sup>2</sup> Jurdison.    <sup>3</sup> Carr.    <sup>4</sup> Ogle.    <sup>5</sup> Carr.

Genteel and graceful are her shape and mien,  
Not to be told, and but with danger seen.

With native charms and unaffected ease,  
The blooming H.....y's<sup>1</sup> are form'd to please—  
Two gentle nymphs, in beauteous dishabille,  
Seek the cool stream, and leave the sultry ville :  
Smooth flow the waves, indulgent smiles the sky,  
Soft fans the breeze, and all the scene is joy.

Next M.....n,<sup>2</sup> all blooming, fair, and young,  
The pleasing theme of every youthful tongue ;  
No lovelier nymph e'er trod the sandy bay,  
No lovelier limbs pervade the wat'ry way :  
Tinmouth ! thy ville did ne'er behold  
A fair one cast within a finer mold.

Charming as her, but with a nobler mien,  
See stately An...ws<sup>3</sup> step the sloping green !  
Who sees her move, and can unmov'd remain ?  
Confess'd at once our wonder and our pain :  
To bathe her snowy limbs with speed she flies,  
Nor heeds the triumphs of her conquering eyes.

The elder H....l's<sup>4</sup> charms, O muse, survey,  
Nor dully grave, nor indiscreetly gay ;  
Graceful her person, and polite her mind,  
From all the foibles of her sex refin'd ;  
One of the lovely few who reason well,  
And both in beauty and good sense excel.

Her lovely sister mixes in the scene,  
The justest shape and the genteelest mien ;  
Her eyes have force the coldest breast to warm,  
To tame a fury, and a savage charm :  
Gay, flutt'ring round her (as she gently moves)  
Fly the soft graces and the smiling loves.

Nor shall, amidst the bright, the gay, the young,  
Deserving Ap....y<sup>5</sup> remain unsung ;  
As Marcia fair, her soul, like her, she decks  
With manly sense, and tow'rs above her sex :

<sup>1</sup> Hollidays.    <sup>2</sup> Middleton.    <sup>3</sup> Andrews.    <sup>4</sup> Henzel's.    <sup>5</sup> Appleby.

When beauty palls and fades upon the sight,  
A mind, like hers, will ever give delight.

Nor here, in silence, can the muse pass by  
The splendor, darting fierce, from G . . . . . h's<sup>1</sup> eye.  
If such her youth, just dawning to a bloom,  
What glories shall her riper years assume?  
Thus Venus kindling up the morning's grey,  
Portends the beaming radiance of the day.

She, next a nymph, in whom all beauties meet,  
Tho' tall, yet graceful; tho' most awful, sweet:  
Such dignity of charms distinguish'd stands,  
And, with superior force, all hearts commands.  
Thus walks the fair, unrivall'd, o'er the plain—  
Scarce seems she mortal, N . . le<sup>2</sup> is her name.

See Cr . w<sup>3</sup> steps forward to the sight, and forms  
A train of Cupid's kindling in her charms;  
Charms great by nature, and by art improv'd,  
Fram'd for delight, and destin'd to be lov'd:  
Well speaks her name those jetty rings of hair,  
Spread o'er her temples, for mankind a snare.

In H . . . . m,<sup>4</sup> beauty every charm displays,  
That makes mankind adore, or poets praise;  
What virgins wish, and ardent youths admire—  
An angel's sweetness, and a seraph's fire,  
With social union meet, and, thro' her frame,  
Temper the human with celestial flame.

H . . g . . n<sup>5</sup> appears; ye swains be wise and fly,  
Nor dare the lustre of her dazling eye:  
Her form so perfect, and her face so fair,  
On her we gaze, and guess what angels are:  
Her mind pure innocence, and virtuous all,  
Modest as Milton's Eve before the fall.

Not with more glory Phœbus darts his ray,  
In purple blushes o'er the eastern sea,  
Than A . d . . . n<sup>6</sup> next opens on the sight,  
A beauteous rival of the morning light:

<sup>1</sup> Goldsbrough. <sup>2</sup> Noble. <sup>3</sup> Crow. <sup>4</sup> Headlam. <sup>5</sup> Hodgshon. <sup>6</sup> Anderson.



Her face expressive of a sprightly joy,  
And love lies bathing in her melting eye.

The beauteous W...ds<sup>1</sup> demands the sweetest lay,  
Who equal charms in varied forms display :  
No brighter nymphs the fair assembly boast—  
We gaze suspended which to praise the most.  
So lost in beauty wond'ring Paris stood,  
E'er he prefer'd the Goddess of the Flood.

In E.....n<sup>2</sup> all gay attractions meet,  
The sprightly, soft, agreeable and sweet ;  
See, o'er her face a thousand Cupids fly,  
Bask on her cheeks, and revel in her eye :  
The waves and vest but ill her form conceal,  
A form so bright requires a darker veil.

But see, succeeding charms attract the sight,  
In P...h.n's<sup>3</sup> face, and ravish with delight :  
What nature's art, and love's soft hand can form,  
To bless the senses and the soul to warm,  
With easy majesty around her live,  
And give all joys a human form can give.

New beauties strike the view !—but cease my strain,  
The theme when endless, to pursue is vain :  
Enough already, if ye fair approve ;  
Too much, if this attempt your censure move.  
'Tis mine to hope your goodness will forgive,  
'Tis yours to smile, and bid the labour live.

No more shall Scarborough vaunt her shining Belles,  
Here native beauty all her pomp excels :  
No more shall Bath without a rival reign,  
Our scene's as blooming, and as fair our train.  
To Tinmouth, while the Northern Fair resort,  
St. James's boasts not of a brighter court.

<sup>1</sup> Wards. <sup>2</sup> Emerson. <sup>3</sup> Punchon's.

## A Chase on the Banks of the Tyne.



RANK Pickering, an unhappy fugitive, had been committed to Hexham House of Correction for some offence against the Poor Laws. Several weeks of his imprisonment had elapsed, but a few were yet unexpired. John Macpherson the keeper, sometimes indulged his prisoners by employing them to carry in coals from the door,—a task no doubt esteemed a favour by the poor prisoners, whatever were its intent. On the 23rd of July, 1840, Pickering had performed such a service; and the work being finished, he instantly ran off to Tyne-Green. Tom Jeffer was at his usual post, the corner of the Green; who having been often in prison himself, and only liberated from Pickering's quarters at the preceding sessions, was inclined rather to aid than arrest the fugitive. Tom's advice was to take the water, which, from the late rains, was rather muddy and swollen. Frank seemed to hesitate, but not to stop. He first made towards the Spital lodge; but Macpherson and his dog were out, and he was obliged to turn. The fugitive then crossed the Green—passed the mill-dam by the sluice at its higher extremity—took the main water a little below the spot where a fragment of the old bridge has since 1771, marked the rise and fall of the water, as it becomes visible or disappears. There was now only one course, and no time to lose: he therefore tried to ford the river where a penning had been made across its bed—and though much exhausted by running, for a time kept his feet. But a breach in the penning presented a chasm which no man could either leap or ford. Many eyes were upon him when he made the desperate attempt; and soon he was seen heels uppermost in the water. He was only visible for an instant, a little lower down the stream—and three poplar trees on the opposite side point out the spot where Frank Pickering met his fate. His mother kept a small inn at Bardon-mill; and two or three men came in from the west, and made search for him next day. An ill-founded opinion was entertained by some, that he had got out on the other side; and little seems to have been attempted the day following. But on Sunday morning, Richard Muse, a tanner—a man who had often given aid, on trying occasions, succeeded, with some assistance, in recovering the body, near the Hermitge, a little below the place where he was drowned. It was removed to Tyne mills.



CULLERCOATS.

## ON THE BURIAL GROUND AT CULLERCOATS.

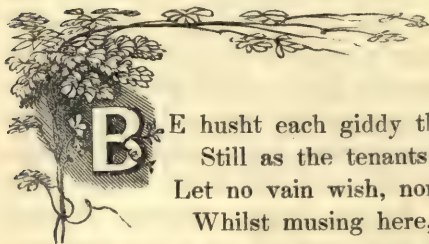
FROM "THE NEWCASTLE LITERARY REGISTER."

"1772.



T Cullercoats a small Fishing Town, about two Miles North from Shields, formerly lived several Quakers ; near it is a Piece of Ground enclosed, which was used as a Grave Yard : A View of it gave Occasion to the following Elegy. If thou thinks it worthy a Place in the Register, thy inserting it will oblige.

A QUAKER.



B E husht each giddy thought, each passion rude,  
Still as the tenants of the turf I tread ;  
Let no vain wish, nor anxious fear intrude,  
Whilst musing here, I converse with the dead.

Come, contemplation, sweetest maid, O come  
And teach my soul to love thy pensive sway :  
Guided by thee, in midnight's sable gloom,  
Fearless I'll rove, nor wish the glare of day.



Led by the steady taper, I'll explore  
 The clay-cold mansions on this lonely spot :  
 Where blended lie what once were rich and poor,  
 Alike return'd to dust, alike forgot.

How solemn is the scene ! beneath this sod  
 Perhaps some villiage *Pen* or *Story* lies,  
 Who only mindful what they ow'd their God,  
 The world's alluring pleasures could despise.

Perhaps some good old *Whitehead* rests below,  
 Some *Crook* releas'd from persecution's chain ;  
 When violence and folly aim the blow,  
 In vain is innocence and virtue vain !

Hail ! great respected names ! with fearful eye  
 The muse recounts the injuries ye bore :  
 Ye nobly dar'd oppression's rage defy  
 Tho' arm'd in terror by a lawless power.

And oft, when nature scarce the load sustain'd,  
 And not a gleam of hope from human aid ;  
 Then have ye witness'd the supporting hand  
 Of him, whose precepts you thro' life obey'd.

In bonds, and stripes, and death's alarming hour,  
 Ye found him still your teacher and your guide ;  
 Kept firm in faith by his almighty power,  
 When strong temptations press'd on every side.

Ye now from bonds, and stripes, and death remov'd,  
 Are in your heav'nly father's presence blest,  
 And reap the high reward of worth approv'd,  
 In the calm mansions of eternal rest.

May we, your children, born in happier time,  
 When persecution is expell'd the lands,  
 When now no longer 'tis esteem'd a crime  
 To do what conscience and your God demands :

May we, like you, be ever faithful found,  
 Like you, devoted to the will of heaven,  
 And shew, when ease and affluence surround,  
 We're not unworthy of the blessings given."

## A Tyneside Anecdote.

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UPON the occasion of the visit paid by the allied sovereigns of Russia and Prussia to London, after the overthrow of the man to whom they had so long cringed, a distinguished individual, in the suite of the Emperor Alexander, proceeded to the north of England, for the purpose of having ocular proof of the subterranean wonders of the far-famed collieries of the Tyne. Being provided with letters to the head viewer of the Wallsend colliery, a gentleman of the name of Buddle, who had instructions to take the necessary measures to ensure the prince's object being safely and satisfactorily accomplished, the illustrious stranger was conducted to the residence of the viewer, situated in the immediate vicinity of the principal pit. Before descending to the coal seams in the bowels of the earth, it is necessary to throw off every article of usual dress, and to put on, instead, the attire worn by the pitmen or miners, consisting of thick flannel trousers and jacket. This metamorphosis the Russian prince underwent, and casting aside his glittering uniform and orders, he appeared in the uncouth and soiled garments of a common collier. In this garb he was escorted to the mouth of the pit, down which he was to be lowered, followed by a considerable number of the sooty denizens of the place.

It will be known to almost all our readers, that pits are round holes, of about ten feet in diameter, sunk into the earth to the depth in some cases of three hundred fathoms, nearly one third of a mile, and divided by a wooden partition the whole way down, so as to form two shafts. The mode of descending a shaft is either by entering a large basket used for hauling up the coals, or by putting one leg through a large iron hook at the end of the rope, and clinging by the hands to the chain to which it is appended. The latter mode, contrary to what might be imagined, is the best and safest, and for this reason, that the basket is liable to catch the sides of the pit, and be thus turned upside down. Each person is provided with a short stick to keep himself from grazing the black and dripping walls as he proceeds downwards, and the rapidity of the descent is such as to render this precaution highly expedient. To a person who views this dark hole, and the rough apparatus for a dive down it, for the first time, nothing can be perhaps more frightful; and when, to the contemplation of the actual horrors, is added the recollection of all the disasters of which pits have been so frequently the scene, the whole is doubtless

sufficient to appal a very stout heart. So much so indeed is this the case, that hundreds of the inhabitants of the coal districts, with that daily exhibition before them which renders the mind careless and indifferent to danger, have never summoned up the requisite quantity of courage to encounter the perils of a coal mine, or if piqued by shame or curiosity to advance to the margin of the gloomy cavern, and cast an eye down its grim jaws, they have recoiled with a shudder from prosecuting their design of entering.

The pit to which the Russian magnate was led at Wallsend, was one of the deepest and narrowest on the Tyne. It was at that period in the full enjoyment of its fame as sending up the finest coals in the world, and offered certainly good cause of astonishment, that out of such a small black hole an individual was reaping an income of £50,000 a-year. On this account the Wallsend colliery was generally visited by the curious, although the mode of working the mine was not at all different from the one adopted in all the other collieries. What idea the prince had formed in his own mind of a coal-pit, it is impossible to say, but it is to be presumed that he had either thought little about the matter, or been very wrongly informed upon the subject. When Mr. Buddle, the viewer, conducted him up the ladder leading to the platform of the pit mouth, and introduced him to the scene of operations, he stopped suddenly short, and asked with alarm whether that was really the place to which he had been recommended to come. Upon being assured that such was actually the case, he went forward to the very edge of the pit, at sight of which, however, he stepped precipitately back, and holding up his hands, exclaimed in French, "Ah! my God, it is the mouth of hell!—none but a madman would venture into it!" Upon uttering these words, he hastily retreated, and, slipping off his flannels as quickly as he could, again assumed his splendid uniform of a Russian general, and soon left the Wallsend colliery far behind him.

The person who thus displayed so infirm a purpose, or a mind so easily cowed at sight of an unexpected hazard, was one upon whose impulses for good or bad it pleases providence at this present moment to rest the destinies of a large proportion of the whole human race. It was Nicholas the First, Autocrat of all the Russias.—*From Chambers's Journal*, No. 399.



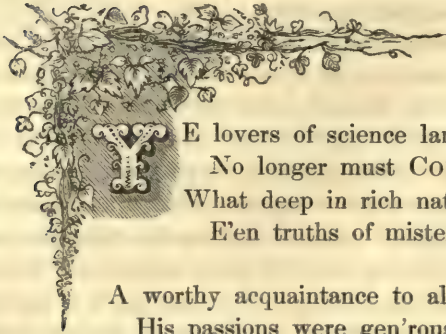


## Stanzas

## ON THE DEATH OF MR. GEO. COUGHRON.

AN INCOMPARABLE MATHEMATICIAN, LATE OF NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.\*

Published in the Town and Country Magazine for June, 1774.



E lovers of science lament,  
 No longer must COUGHRON impart;  
 What deep in rich nature lies pent,  
 E'en truths of misterious art.

A worthy acquaintance to all,  
 His passions were gen'rous and free;  
 Renowned, and great in his fall,  
 Nor saw more than years twenty-three.

On banks of meandering TWEED,  
 The youth first would nature define;  
 But [urg'd by Minerva] agreed  
 To rifle her stores on the TYNE.

Each artist his aid would implore;  
 Affirming him prince of the train;  
 Who could with such majesty soar?  
 As witness his<sup>1</sup> CURVE on the plane.

His PHILLIS was heard in the groves,  
 Crying "*he* that could please is no more";  
 Thro' fields of Elysium he roves,  
 The King of all Kings to adore.

His judgment, his genius how great!  
 His reasoning faculty strong;  
 A lawyer, an artist compleat,  
 And worthy, thrice worthy, my song.

\* See Vol. I. p. 65.

<sup>1</sup> His answer to the prize question in the Gentleman's Diary for 1772, which, could only be effected by himself.

His praise, future ages will ring,  
 Yea myriads of Coughron will tell ;  
 In strains undulating they'll sing,  
 How wreathed with laurels he fell.

J. RICHARDSON, Yarm.

## The Worme\* of Lambton.

FROM SIR C. SHARP'S COLLECTIONS.



THE young heir of Lambton led a dissolute and evil course of life, equally regardless of the obligations of his high estate, and the sacred duties of religion. According to his profane custom, he was fishing on a Sunday, and threw his line into the river to catch fish, at a time when all good men should have been engaged in the solemn observance of the day.

After having toiled in vain for some time, he vented his disappointment at his ill success, in curses "loud and deep," to the great

\* This story, "full of plot and incident, certainly ranks amongst the most popular traditions of this country."

"Orme, or Worme, is, in the antient Norse, the generic name for Serpents ;" and Mr. Brockett, in his amusing and elaborate "Glossary of North Country words," describes a *worm* to be—"A serpent of great magnitude, and of terrific description—a hideous monster in the shape of a worm or dragon. The Italian poets† call the infernal serpent of old, 'Il gran Verme,' and Milton's Adam is made to reproach Eve with having lent an ear 'to that false worm.' Shakspeare, too, speaks of slander's tongue as outvenoming 'all the worms of Nile.' Popular tradition has handed down to us, through successive generations, with very little variation, the most romantic details of the ravages committed by these all-devouring worms, and of the valour and chivalry displayed by their destroyers. Without attempting to account for the origin of such tales, or pretending in any manner to vouch for the matters of fact contained in them, it cannot be disguised, that many of

† Dante—Inferno—cant. 6. 22.

"Quando ci scorre Cerbero il gran vermo  
 Le bocche aperse, e mostrocci le sanne;  
 Cant. 34. 106—"del vermo reo  
 Ariosto Orlando Furioso—Cant. 46. 78.  
 ————— "gran vermo infernal."

"O Eve, in evil hour did'st thou give ear  
 To that false worm."——Milton.

And Cowper adopts the same figure in various passages.—See *Progress of Error, and the Task*.

—————"No foe to man  
 Lurks in the Serpent now; the mother sees,  
 And smiles to see, her infant's playful hand  
 Stretch'd forth to dally with the crested worm."

scandal of all who heard him, on their way to Holy Mass, and to the manifest peril of his own soul.

the inhabitants of the County of Durham in particular still implicitly believe in these ancient superstitions. The *Worm of Lambton* is a family legend, the authenticity of which they will not allow to be questioned. Various adventures and supernatural incidents have been transmitted from father to son, illustrating the devastation occasioned, and the miseries inflicted, by the monster—and marking the self-devotion of the Knight of the Lambton family, through whose intrepidity the worm was eventually destroyed. But the lapse of centuries has so completely enveloped in obscurity the particular details, that it is impossible to give a narration which could in any degree be considered as complete.”

The present history has been gleaned with much patient and laborious investigation, from the *viva voce* narrations of sundry of the elders of both sexes on the banks of the Wear, in the immediate neighbourhood of the scene of action; and it has been given faithfully both as to matter and manner.

“The Lambton Worm,” says Mr. Surtees, “belongs to that class of household tales, the genuine appendages of ancient families, long occupying the same ground and station; and perhaps no other certain deduction can be drawn from such legends, excepting that the families to which they relate are of ancient popular reputation, against whose gentle condition ‘the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.’” “To this class belong the worm of Sockburn, the brawn of Pollard’s Dene, the boar of Kentmere, and the brawn of Brancepath, whom Roger de Ferry slew treacherously in a pit fall at Cleves Cross.” And also that “hydeous monster in the forme of a worme,” slain by one of the Somervilles (*Memorie of the Somervilles, vol. 1. p. 38.*)

“The wode laird of Laristone  
Slew the worme of Worme’s glen,  
And wan all Linton parochine.”

Which *worm* “(but in effect a serpent, or some such other creature)” is described as being in “lenth three Scots yards, and somewhat bigger than an ordinary man’s leg, with a head more proportionable to its lenth then greatness, its forme and coulour (like) to our common muir edders.”

It would certainly be a very difficult matter at this time of day, to offer any plausible or satisfactory account of the origin of the Legend of the Worm of Lambton, with its wonderful powers of reuniting.

The story has been preserved and repeated almost without variation for centuries; and whilst so many facts of higher importance and national interest have been suffered to fall into doubt and obscurity, this legend with all its thrilling terrors has survived the wreck of ages. No doubt it envelopes some allusion which is for ever concealed in the obscurity of family legend; yet if a conjecture might be hazarded, it may have arisen from the circumstance of an invasion from a foreign foe, some successful Chieftain, with well-disciplined bands arrayed in the bright colours of their leader, destroying and laying waste with fire and sword, and levying contributions on the ancient gentry. The advance in line of a well-marshalled legion over unequal ground would convey to the fears of the peasantry the appearance of a rolling serpent; and the power of re-uniting is readily accounted for by the ordinary evolutions of military tactics. The invaders would naturally encamp on a hill for better security.

That the Knight should have destroyed this legion by his single arm, however, is hardly to be received without qualification. He was, no doubt, the “head and chief” in the on-slaught, (the severed part might imply the cutting off a division from the main body), and by the happy union of valour and discretion, a decisive victory was obtained, and the invaders overthrown.



At length he felt something extraordinary "tugging" at his line, and in the hope of catching a large fish, he drew it up with the utmost skill and care: yet it required all his strength to bring the expected fish to land.

But what was his surprise and mortification, when, instead of a fish, he found that he had only caught a worm, of most unseemly and disgusting appearance, and he hastily tore it from his hook and threw it into a well hard by.\*

He again threw in his line, and continued to fish: when a stranger, of venerable appearance, passing by, asked him "what sport?" To which he replied, "I think I've caught the Devil," and directed the enquirer to look into the well.

The stranger saw the worm, and remarked that he had never seen "the like of it" before—that it was like an eel, but that it had nine holes on each side of its mouth, and "tokened no good."

The worm remained neglected in the well, but soon grew so large that it became necessary to seek another abode. It usually lay in the day-time "coiled" round a rock in the middle of the river, and at night frequented a neighbouring hill, "twining" itself around the base, and it continued to increase in length until it could "lap" itself three times round the hill.†

It now became the terror of the neighbourhood, devouring lambs, "sucking" the cows' milk, and committing every species of injury on the cattle of the affrighted peasantry.

The immediate neighbourhood was soon laid waste, and the worm, finding no further support on the north side of the river, crossed the stream towards Lambton Hall, where the old Lord was then living in grief and sorrow: the young heir of Lambton having repented him of his former sins, and "gone to the wars in a far distant land."‡

The terrified household assembled in council, and it was proposed by the Steward, a man "far advanced in years, and of great experi-

\* Known at this day by the name of the Worm Well—it had formerly a cover and an iron ladle. "Half a century ago, it was in repute as a *wishing well*, and was one of the scenes dedicated to the usual festivities and superstitions of Midsummer Eve. A crooked pin (the usual tribute of the 'wishers') may sometimes be still discovered, sparkling amongst the clear gravel at the bottom of its basin."

† The Worm Hill, near Fatfield, is a considerable oval-shaped hill, 345 yards in circumference, and 52 feet in height, on the north bank of the river, and about a mile and a half from *old* Lambton Hall. The Worm Well lies betwixt the hill and the Wear; from the hill to the well is about 26 yards, and from the well to the river about forty-eight.

‡ Or according to some copies, "to wage war against the Infidels."

—— "In glorious Christian field,  
Streaming the ensign of the Christian Cross  
Against black Pagans, Turks, and Saracens."—*Rich. II.*



LAMBTON CASTLE. 1836.

ence," that the large trough which stood in the court-yard should be filled with milk. The monster approached, and eagerly drinking the milk, returned, without inflicting further injury, to repose around its favourite hill.

The worm returned the next morning, crossing the stream at the same hour, and directing its way to the hall. The quantity of milk to be provided was soon found to be the produce of "nine kye;" and if any portion short of this quantity was neglected or forgotten, the worm shewed the most violent signs of rage, by "lashing" its tail round the trees in the Park, and tearing them up by the roots.

Many a gallant Knight, of undoubted fame and prowess, had sought to slay this monster, which was "the terror of the whole country side;" and it is related, that in these mortal combats, although the worm had been frequently cut asunder, yet the severed parts had immediately reunited, and the valiant assailant never escaped without the loss of life or limb,\* so that, after many fruitless and fatal attempts to destroy the worm, it remained, at length, in tranquil possession of its favourite hill—all men fearing to encounter so deadly an enemy.

At length, after seven long years, the gallant heir of Lambton

\* "Many a man he had shent,

"And many a horse he had rent."

*Romance of Syr Dygore.*



returned from the wars of Christendom, and found the broad lands of his ancestors laid waste and desolate. He heard the wailings of the people; for their hearts were filled with terror and alarm. He hastened to the hall of his ancestors, and received the embraces of his aged father, worn out with sorrow and grief, both for the absence of his son, whom he had considered dead, and for the dreadful waste inflicted on his fair domain by the devastations of the worm.

"He took no rest" until he crossed the river to examine the worm, as it lay "coiled" around the base of the hill; and being a Knight\* of tried valour and sound discretion, and hearing the fate of all those who had fallen in the deadly strife, he consulted a Sibyl† on the best means to be pursued to slay the monster.

He was told that he himself had been the cause of all the misery which had been "brought upon the country," which increased his grief, and strengthened his resolution; that he must have his best suit of mail studded with spear blades,‡ and taking his stand on the

\* A curious entry in an old MS. pedigree, lately in the possession of the family of Middleton, of Offerton:—"John Lambeton that slewe y' worme, was Knight of Rhodes & Lord of Lambeton & Wod Apilton, after the dethe of fower brothers, *sans essh-w malle*."

† So in the Romance of St. George and the Dragon,—

Then "they their wise men did entreat,  
To shew their cunning out of hand,  
What way they might this fiend destroy,  
That did their country sore annoy."

‡ Something similar is mentioned of the armour of King Richard, in the Romance of Rychard Cuer de Lyon:—

"He was covered wondersley wele,  
All with *splentes* of good stele."

At Lambton Castle, there are preserved two stone figures, the dates of which are not known, but evidently of considerable antiquity, and of tolerable workmanship. A Knight, armed cap-a-pee, his vizor raised, and the back part of his coat of mail closely inlaid with spear blades: with his left hand he holds the head of the worm, and with his right he appears to be drawing his sword out of its throat. The worm is not represented as a reptile, but has ears, legs, and wings, resembling in many respects, the dragon in "Sir Dygore," which Romance was written in the early part of the fourteenth century:—

—— "was a Dragon great and grymme,  
Full of fyre, and also of veynyme:  
With a wide throte and tuskes grete,  
Uppon that Knight fast gan he bete;  
And as a Lionn then was his fete,\*  
His tayle was long and ful unmete;

\* So in the celebrated Legend of "Guy of Warwick," the Northumberland Dragon had

—— "Paws as a Lion."

• • • • •  
"Great wings he hath to flight,

There is no man that bear him might."

This Legend is considered by Sir William Dugdale as not wholly apocryphal, though the monks have sounded his praises too hyperbolically; and in particular he gives the duel fought with the Danish Champion, as a real historical truth, and fixes the date in 926.—*Percy's Ballads*.—*Dugdale's Warwick*.



rock in the middle of the river, commend himself to Providence and to the might of his sword, first making a solemn vow, if successful, to slay the first living thing he met, or if he failed to do so, *the Lords of Lambton for nine generations would never die in their beds.*

He made the solemn vow in the chapel of his forefathers,\* and had his coat studded with the blades of the sharpest spears. He took his stand on the rock in the middle of the river, and unsheathing his trusty sword, which had never failed him in time of need, he commended himself to the will of Providence.

At the accustomed hour, the worm uncoiled its lengthened folds, and leaving the hill, took its usual course towards Lambton Hall, and approached the rock where it sometimes reposed. The Knight, nothing dismayed thereat, struck the monster on the head with all his "might and main," but without producing any other visible effect, than by irritating and "vexing" the worm, which, closing on the Knight, clasped its frightful "coils" around him, and endeavoured to strangle him in its poisonous embrace.†

Between his hede and his tayle  
Was xxii fote withouten fayle;  
His body was like a wine tonne,  
He shone full bright ageynst the sunne;  
His eyes were bright as any glasse,  
His scales were hard as any brasse."

The other figure is that of a female, who wears an ancient coronet, much mutilated. It is singular that the upper part of her dress is carefully preserved, yet the lower part of her robe appears to be either unfinished, or perhaps agitated by the wind; and a part of her right foot is visible, without shoe or sandal. Tradition has not connected her name with the story, except, indeed, that she may be intended to represent the Sibyl.

\* The Chapel of Bridgeford, within the Manor, of which "the Lambtons (Surtees, p. 170, vol. 2) were patrons from a very early period: sometimes from its situation called the Chapel of Brueford (Bridgeford). The shell of this little oratory lately stood near the New-bridge on the left of the road, immediately within the entrance of Lambton Park."

When Hutchins: n wrote his second volume of the History of Durham (1785), Lambton Chapel was still in existence, near the New-Bridge. "At a farm-house leading to Lambton, are the remains of a Chapel, the stone work of the eastern window yet perfect: and in the front of the house, in a circle, is the figure of a man to the waist in relief, with elevated hands,—the inscription defaced."

"The Lambtons were amongst the first families in the north who embraced the reformed religion, and this Chapel of the bridge was probably disused after the dissolution of chantries. The endowment is totally lost; popular tradition, however, connects both the endowment of the Chapel, and the figure sculptured on the wall, with the romance of the *Worm of Lambton.*"

† "The worm shot down the middle stream  
Like a flash of living light,  
And the waters kindled around his path  
In rainbow colours bright.

But the Knight was provided against this expected extremity, for the more closely he was pressed by the worm, the more deadly were the wounds inflicted by his coat of spear blades, until the river ran with a crimson "gore of blood."

The strength of the worm diminished as its efforts increased to destroy the Knight, who, seizing a favourable opportunity, made such good use of his sword that he cut the monster in two:—the severed part was immediately carried away by the force of the current, and the worm being thus unable to reunite itself, was, after a long and desperate conflict, finally destroyed by the gallantry and courage of the Knight of Lambton.

The afflicted household were devoutly engaged in prayer during the combat; but on the fortunate issue, the Knight, according to promise, blew a blast on his bugle, to assure his father of his safety, and that he might let loose his favourite hound, which was destined to be the sacrifice. The aged parent, forgetting every thing but his parental feelings, rushed forward to embrace his son.

When the Knight beheld his father, he was overwhelmed with grief; he could not raise his arm against his parent, yet, hoping that his vow might be accomplished, and the curse averted, by destroying the next living thing he met, he blew another blast on his bugle: his favourite hound broke loose, and bounded to receive his caresses; when the gallant Knight, with "grief and reluctance," once more drew his sword, still reeking with the gore of the monster, and plunged it unto the heart of his faithful companion.\* But in vain:—

But when he saw the armed Knight  
 He gathered all his pride,  
 And coil'd in many a radiant spire,  
 Rode buoyant o'er the tide.  
 When he darted at length his Dragon strength,  
 An earthquake shook the rock;  
 And the fire flakes bright fell around the Knight,  
 As unmov'd he met the shock.  
 Tho' his heart was stout, it quiver'd no doubt,  
 His very life blood ran cold,  
 As around, around, the wild worm wound,  
 In many a grappling fold."

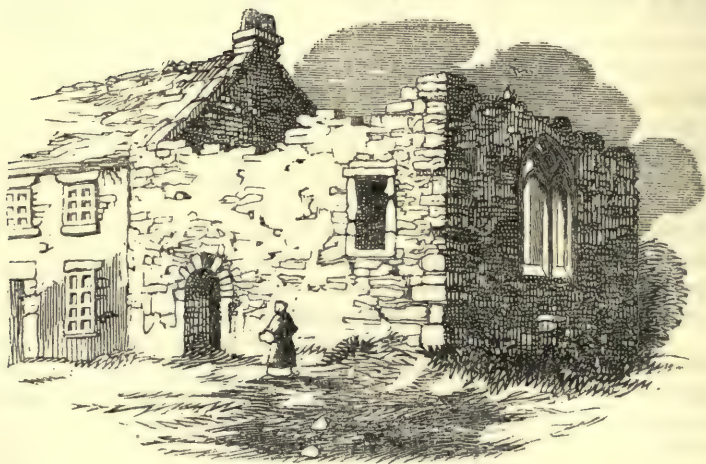
*Fragment of an Old Ballad.*

\* "And to the hilt his vengeful sword  
 He plung'd in Gelert's side.  
 His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,  
 No pity cou'd impart;  
 Yet still his Gelert's dying yell  
 Pass'd heavy o'er his heart."

*Beth Gelert.*

the prediction was fulfilled, and the Sibyl's curse pressed heavily on the house of Lambton *for nine generations.*"\*

\* "The precise date of the story is of course uncertain." It is stated by some, that the heir of Lambton had gone to the Holy Wars; and there are circumstances preserved in the narrative difficult to reconcile, which are evidently interpolations of modern times. Popular tradition, though in general true in the main, is seldom correct in details, and the precise time when the event happened which gave birth to the Legend, must be dated much earlier than the period assigned. Be this as it may, nine ascending generations from Henry Lambton, of Lambton, Esq. M.P. (elder brother to the late General Lambton) would exactly reach Sir John Lambton, Knight of Rhodes—and the popular tradition holds, that none of the Lords of Lambton during the period of the "curse" ever died in their beds. Sir Wm. Lambton, who was Colonel of a regiment of foot in the service of Charles I., was slain at the bloody battle of Marston Moor, and his son William (his eldest son by his second wife) inheriting the patriotism and gallantry of his father, "received his death's wound at Wakefield," at the head of a troop of dragoons, in 1643. The fulfilment of the curse was inherent in the ninth of descent, as above stated, and great anxiety prevailed during his life-time, amongst the hereditary depositaries of the traditions of the county, to know if the curse would "hold good to the end." He died in his chariot, crossing the New-Bridge—thus giving the last connecting link to the chain of circumstantial tradition connected with the history of the Worme of Lambton.



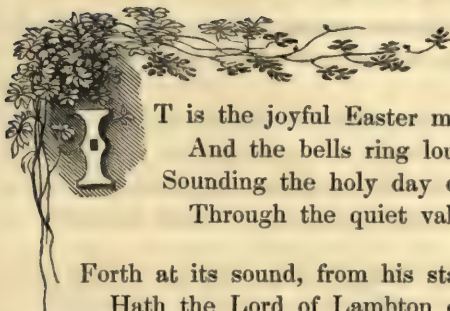
The Chapel of LAMBTON: sketched A.D. 1800.



## THE LEGEND OF THE LAMBTON WORM.

FROM "TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE."

REVISED BY THE AUTHOR.

*The Sinning.*

T is the joyful Easter morn,  
 And the bells ring loud and clear,  
 Sounding the holy day of rest  
 Through the quiet vale of Wear.

Forth at its sound, from his stately hall,  
 Hath the Lord of Lambton come,  
 With knight and squire, in rich attire,  
 Page, seneschal, and groom.

The white-hair'd peasant and his dame  
 Have left their woodland cot:  
 Children of toil and poverty,  
 Their cares and toil forgot.

And buxom youth and bashful maid,  
 In holiday array,  
 Thro' verdant glade and greenwood shade,  
 To Brigford bend their way.

And soon within its sacred dome  
 Their wandering steps are stayed;  
 The bell is rung, the mass is sung,  
 And the solemn prayer is prayed.

But why did Lambton's youthful heir  
 Not mingle with the throng?  
 And why did he not bend his knee,  
 Nor join in the holy song?

Oh, Lambton's heir is a wicked man!  
 Alike in word and deed;  
 He makes a jest of psalm and priest,  
 Of the Ave and the Creed.

He loves the fight; he loves the chase;  
He loves each kind of sin;  
But the holy church, from year to year,  
He is not found within.

And Lambton's heir, at the matin prayer,  
Or 'the vesper, is not seen;  
And on this day of rest and peace  
He hath donned his coat of green;

And, with his creel slung on his back,  
His light rod in his hand,  
Down by the side of the shady Wear  
He took his lonely stand.

There was no sound but the rushing stream;  
The little birds were still,  
As if they knew that Lambton's heir  
Was doing a deed of ill.

Many a salmon and speckled trout  
Through the quiet waters glide;  
But they all sought the deepest pools,  
Their golden scales to hide.

The soft west wind just rippled the brook,  
And the clouds flew gently by,  
And gleamed the sun—'twas a lovely day  
To the eager fisher's eye.

He threw his line, of the costly twine,  
Across the gentle stream;  
Upon its top the dun-flies drop  
Lightly as childhood's dream.

Again, again—but all in vain,  
In the shallow or the deep;  
No trout rose to his cunning bait;  
He heard no salmon leap.

And now he wandered east the stream,  
And now he wandered west;  
He sought each bank or hanging bush  
Which fishes love the best.

But vain was all his skilful art ;  
Vain was each deep disguise ;  
Vain was alike the varied bait,  
And vain the mimic flies.

When, tired and vexed, the castle bell  
Rung out the hour of dine,  
“ Now,” said the Lambton’s youthful heir,  
“ A weary lot is mine.

“ For six long hours, this April morn,  
My line in vain I’ve cast ;  
But one more throw, come weal come wo,  
For this shall be the last.”

He took from his bag a maggot worm,  
That bait of high renown ;  
His line wheeled quickly through the air,  
Then sunk in the water down.

When he drew it out, his ready hand  
With no quivering motion shook,  
For neither salmon, trout, nor ged,  
Had fastened on his hook.

But a little thing, a strange formed thing,  
Like a piece of muddy weed ;  
But like no fish that swims the stream,  
Nor aught that crawls the mead.

’Twas scarce an inch and a half in length,  
Its colour the darkest green ;  
And on its rough and scaly back  
Two little fins were seen.

It had a long and pointed snout,  
Like the mouth of the slimy eel,  
And its white and loosely hanging jaws,  
Twelve pin-like teeth reveal.

It had sharp claws upon its feet,  
Short ears upon its head,  
A jointed tail, and quick bright eyes,  
That gleamed of a fiery red.



“Art thou the prize,” said the weary wight,  
“For which I have spent my time ;  
For which I have toil’d till the hour of noon,  
Since rang the matin chime.”

From the side of the dell, a crystal well  
Sends its waters bubbling by ;  
“Rest there, thou ugly tiny elf,  
Either to live or die.”

He threw it in, and when next he came,  
He saw, to his surprise,  
It was a foot and a half in length ;  
It had grown so much in size.  
And its wings were long, far-stretched and strong,  
And redder were its eyes.

### **The Curse.**

But Lambton’s heir is an altered man :  
At the church on bended knee,  
Three times a day he was wont to pray ;  
And now he’s beyond the sea.

He has done penance for his sins,  
He has drank of a sainted well ;  
He has joined the band from the Holy Land  
To chase the Infidel.

Where host met host, and strife raged most,  
His sword flashed high and bright ;  
Where force met force, he winged his course,  
The foremost in the fight.

Where he saw on high th’ Oriflamme fly,  
His onward path he bore ;  
And the Paynim knight, and the Saracen,  
Lay weltering in their gore.

Or in the joust, or tournament,  
Of all that valiant band,  
When, with lance in rest, he forward prest,  
Who could the shock withstand ?

Pure was his fame, unstained his shield ;  
A merciful man was he ;  
The friend of the weak, he raised not his hand  
'Gainst a fallen enemy.

Thus on the plains of Palestine  
He gained a mighty name,  
And, full of honour and renown,  
To the home of his childhood came.

But when he came to his father's lands,  
No cattle were grazing there ;  
The grass in the mead was unmown and rough,  
And the fields untilled and bare.

And when he came to his father's hall,  
He wondered what might ail ;  
His sire but coolly welcomed him,  
And his sisters' cheeks were pale.

"I come from the fight" said the Red-Cross Knight ;  
"I in savage lands did roam :  
But where'er it be, they welcome me,  
Save in my own loved home.

"Now why, now why, this frozen cheer ?  
What is it that may ail ?  
Why tremble thus, my father dear ?—  
My sister, why so pale ?"

"Oh, sad and woful has been our lot,  
Whilst thou wast far away ;  
For a mighty dragon hath hither come  
And taken up its stay ;  
At night or morn it sleepeth not,  
But watcheth for its prey.

"'Tis ten cloth yards in length ; its hue  
Is of the darkest green ;  
And, on its rough and scaly back,  
Two strong black wings are seen.

"It hath a long and pointed snout,  
Like the mighty crocodile ;

And, from its grinning jaws, stand out  
Its teeth in horrid file.

“It hath on each round and webbed foot  
Four sharp and hooked claws ;  
And its jointed tail, with heavy trail,  
Over the ground it draws.

“It hath two rough and hairy ears  
Upon its bony head ;  
Its eyes shine like the winter sun,  
Fearful, and darkly red.

“Its roar is loud as the cannon’s sound,  
But shorter, and more shrill ;  
It rolls, with many a heavy bound,  
Onward from hill to hill.

“And each morn, at the matin chime,  
It seeks the lovely Wear ;  
And, at the noontide bell,  
It gorges its fill, then seeks the hill  
Where springs the crystal well.

“No knight has e’er returned who dared  
The monster to assail.  
Though he struck of an ear or limb,  
Or lopt its jointed tail,  
Its severed limbs again unite,  
Strong as the iron mail.

“My horses, and sheep, and all my kine,  
The ravenous beast hath killed ;  
With oxen and deer, from far and near,  
Its hungry maw is filled.  
’Tis hence the mead is unmown and long,  
And the corn fields are untilled.

“My son, to hail thee here in health  
My very heart is glad ;  
But thou hast heard our tale—and say,  
Canst thou wonder that we’re sad ?”



### The Assoiling.

And sorrowful was Lambton's heir :

“My sinful act,” said he,

“This curse hath on the country brought ;

Be it mine to set it free.”

Deep in the dell, in a ruined hut,

Far from the homes of men,

There dwelt a witch the peasants called

Old Elspat of the Glen.

'Twas a dark night, and the stormy wind

Howled with a hollow moan,

As through tangled copsewood, bush, and briar,

He sought the aged crone.

She sat on a low and three-legged stool,

Beside a dying fire ;

As he lifted the latch she stirred the brands,

And the smoky flame blazed higher.

She was a woman weak and old,

Her form was bent and thin ;

And, on her lean and shrivelled hand,

She rested her pointed chin.

He entered with fear, that dauntless man,

And spake of all his need :

He gave her gold ; he asked her aid,

How best he might succeed.

“Clothe thee,” said she, “in armour bright,

In mail of glittering sheen,

All studded o'er, behind and before,

With razors, sharp and keen :

“And take in thy hand the trusty brand

Which thou bore beyond the sea ;—

And make to the Virgin a solemn vow,

If she grant thee victory,

What meets thee first, when the strife is o'er,

Her offering shall be.”

He went to the fight, in armour bright  
Equipped, from head to heel ;  
His gorget closed, and his vizor shut,  
He seemed a form of steel.

But with razor blades, all sharp and keen,  
The mail was studded o'er ;  
And his long tried and trusty brand  
In his greaved hand he bore.

He made to the Virgin a solemn vow,  
If she granted victory,  
What met him first on his homeward path  
Her sacrifice should be.

He told his sire, when he heard the horn,  
To slip his favourite hound ;  
“ ’Twill quickly seek its master’s side  
At the accustomed sound.”

Forward he trod, with measured step,  
To meet his foe, alone,  
While the first beams of the morning sun  
On his massy armour shone.

The monster slept on an island crag,  
Lulled by the rushing Wear,  
Which eddy’d turbid at the base  
Though elsewhere smooth and clear.

It lay in repose ; its wings were flat,  
Its ears fell on its head,  
Its legs stretched out, and drooped its snout,  
But its eyes were fiery red.

Little feared he, that armed knight,  
As he left the rocky shore ;  
And in his hand, prepared for fight,  
His unsheathed sword he bore.

As he plunged in, the water’s splash  
The monster startling hears ;  
It spreads its wings, and the valley rings,  
Like the clash of a thousand spears.

It bristled up its scaly back,  
Curled high its jointed tail,  
And ready stood, with grinning teeth,  
The hero to assail;

Then sprung at the knight with all its might,  
And its foamy teeth it gnashed;  
With its jointed tail, like a thrasher's flail,  
The flinty rock it lashed.

But quick of eye, and swift of foot,  
He guarded the attack;  
And dealt his brand with skilful hand  
Upon the dragon's back.

Again, again, at the knight it flew;  
The fight was long and sore:  
He bravely stood, nor dropped his sword  
Till he could strike no more.

It rose on high, and darkened the sky,  
Then, with a hideous yell,  
A moment winnowed th' air with its wings,  
And down like a mountain fell.

He stood prepared for the falling blow,  
But mournful was his fate:  
Awhile he reeled, then, staggering, fell  
Beneath the monster's weight.

And round about its prostrate foe  
Its fearful length it rolled,  
And clasped him close, till his armour cracked  
Within its scaly fold.

But pierced by the blades, from body and breast,  
Fast did the red blood pour;  
Cut by the blades, piece fell by piece,  
And quivered in the gore.

Piece fell by piece, foot fell by foot:  
No more is the river clear,  
But stained with blood, as the severed limbs  
Rolled down the rushing Wear.



Piece fell by piece, and inch by inch,  
From the body and the tail ;  
But the head still hung by the gory teeth  
Tight fastened in the mail.

It panted long, and fast it breathed,  
With many a bitter groan ;  
Its eyes grew dim, it loosed its hold,  
And fell like a lifeless stone.

Then loud he blew on his bugle-horn,  
The blast of victory ;  
From rock to rock the sound was borne,  
By Echo, glad and free ;  
For, burdened long by the dragon's roar,  
She joy'd in her liberty.

But not his hound, with gladdened bound,  
Comes leaping at the call ;  
With feelings dire, he sees his sire  
Rush from his ancient hall.

Oh ! what can equal a father's love,  
When harm to his son he fears ;  
'Tis stronger than a sister's sigh,  
More deep than a mother's tears.

When Lambton's anxious listening lord,  
Heard the bugle notes so wild,  
He thought no more of his plighted word,  
But ran to clasp his child.

"Strange is my lot," said the luckless wight ;  
"How sorrow and joy combine !  
When high in fame to my home I came,  
My kindred did weep and pine.

"This morn my triumph sees, and sees  
Dishonour light on me :  
For I had vowed to the Holy Maid,  
If she gave me victory,  
What first I met, when the fight was o'er,  
Her offering should be.

“ I thought to have slain my gallant hound,  
 Beneath my unwilling knife :  
 But I cannot raise my hand on him  
 Who gave my being life ! ”

And heavy and sorrowful was his heart,  
 And he hath gone again  
 To seek advice of the wise woman,  
 Old Elspat of the Glen.

“ Since thy solemn vow is unfulfilled,  
 Though greater be thy fame,  
 Thou must a lofty chapel build  
 To the Virgin Mary’s name.

“ On nine generations of thy race  
 A heavy curse shall fall :  
 They may die in the fight, or in the chase,  
 But not in their native hall.”

He buildded there a chapel fair,  
 And rich endowment made,  
 Where morn and eve, by cowed monk,  
 In sable garb arrayed,  
 The bell was rung, the mass was sung,  
 And the solemn prayer was said.

### L’Enboy.

Such is the tale which, in ages past,  
 On the dreary winter’s eve,  
 In baron’s hall, the harper blind,  
 In wildest strain, would weave ;  
 Till the peasants, trembling, nearer crept,  
 And each strange event believe.

Such is the tale which often yet.  
 Around the Christmas fire,  
 Is told to the merry wassail group,  
 By some old dame or sire.

But though they tell that the crystal well  
 Still flows by the lovely Wear,

And that the hill is verdant still,  
His listeners shew no fear.

And though he tell that of Lambton's race  
Nine of them died at sea  
Or in the battle, or in the chase,  
They shake their heads doubtingly

And though he say there may still be seen  
The mail worn by the knight,  
Tho' the blades are blunt, that once were keen,  
And rusted that once were bright ;  
They do but shake their heads the more,  
And laugh at him outright.

For Knowledge to their view has spread  
Her rich and varied store :  
They learn and read, and take no heed  
Of legendary lore.

And pure Religion hath o'er them shed  
A holier heavenly ray ;  
And dragons and witches, and mail-clad knights,  
Are vanished away ;  
As the creatures of darkness flee and hide,  
From the light of the dawning day.

But Lambton's castle still stands by the Wear,  
A tall and stately pile ;  
And Lambton's name is a name of might,  
'Mong the mightiest of our isle.  
Long may the sun of Prosperity  
Upon the Lambtons smile !

J. WATSON.







HARBOTTLE CASTLE.

## The Drake Stone.



NEAR the frowning and rugged crags of Harbottle, in Northumberland, which impart a high degree of sublimity to the adjoining scenery, is the famous "Drake Stone," near the Loughs, which rivals the Bowder Stone in Westmoreland. It is customary with the young men in the neighbourhood to climb up this huge rock, from the top of which there is a fine prospect of the vale below, but it requires considerable dexterity and address to descend. The rustics here relate a story respecting the "Drake Stone" with great glee. On one fine summer evening, a few years ago, a stranger arrived at the village. He entered a public house, and having taken some refreshment, immediately departed. His intention was to ascend the Drake Stone, which he did with little difficulty, and after remaining for some time on the summit of the rock, enjoying the beautiful and extensive prospect, the deepening gloom warned him that it was time to depart, and he therefore set about descending the dangerous rock, but in vain. He looked at the yawning depth below and shuddered at the prospect of attempting to descend; further, the night was closing in, not a human being was in sight, and the poor traveller in an agony of fear was obliged to content himself with remaining on the cold rock with the starry heaven for a canopy. Wrapping himself up in his garments as well as he could, he laid him down to obtain, if possible, some repose. To sleep, however, was not in his power, the knowledge of his situation made him to lay awake, anxiously awaiting the break of day. Early on the following morn-

ing, the inhabitants on rising, were surprised to hear a human voice, "loud as the huntsman's shout," bawling lustily for assistance. Seeing his danger, they immediately proceeded to the stone, and by proper means and some exertion, he was safely extricated from his very perilous situation, where he had passed so sleepless a night.

Harbottle is not only distinguished by one of the most perfect Saxon camps in the county, but it is also remarkable as being the birth place of Gen. Handyside, whose regiment is noticed by Uncle Toby in *Tristram Shandy*.

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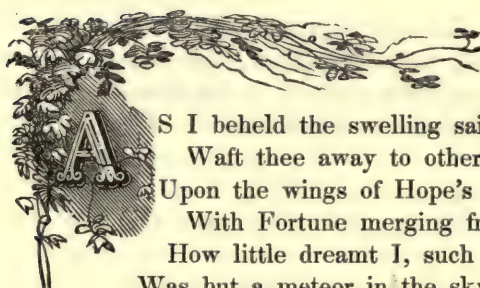
**Lines**

ON

**THE DEATH OF MR. JOHN CAMPBELL.\***

(FROM THE SELECTOR FOR NOVEMBER 8, 1828.)

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S I beheld the swelling sail  
 Waft thee away to other scenes,  
 Upon the wings of Hope's bright gale,  
 With Fortune merging from her teens,  
 How little dreamt I, such an hour  
 Was but a meteor in the sky,  
 By whose light's dim departing power  
 We'd see thy hopes and fortunes die.

Alas! to die, as smiles seemed ranged  
 Around your new-formed, happy home,  
 And have thy life, thy genius changed,  
 For death and darkness in the tomb—

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\* Mr. John Campbell was the son of Mr. Henry Campbell, many years of Dean-street, Newcastle, subsequently of London. He was a young man of a generous disposition, and a strong mind, with a decided turn for literary pursuits. He will long be remembered by a circle of friends, members of several private Debating Societies in that town, where the writer has often seen him display a degree of research, an acuteness of reasoning, and a power of oratory, that would have done honour to an older and more experienced head.—In 1821, he went to London, where he afterwards commenced business, and married. After a fortnight's illness, he died on the 25th of October, 1828, aged 28, leaving a wife and two children.

To leave the friends thy faith had found—  
 The wife thy truth, thy love had won—  
 The infant ties your hearts that bound  
 In dreams of brightening bliss begun!

But life's a scene of blasted hopes  
 That gives to love and joy the lie—  
 No entrance to it ever opes,  
 But's darkened with—"you're born to die!"  
 The brightest and the best we see  
 The earliest victims of decay—  
 The brave, the good, the fair, the free,  
 Must all submit when Death *will* sway.

Farewell!—'tis not because thou'rt gone  
 I greet thy memory with a tear;  
 I often sigh I was not one  
 Who breathed their sighs above thy bier—  
 Who offered to thy generous mind,  
 The tribute of a faithful heart,  
 And showed to those thou leavest behind,  
 How firm in friendship's bounds thou wert.

WILLIAM BOAG.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.

### Brandling.

OF THE FELLING, COUNTY OF DURHAM, AND OF GOSFORTH, COUNTY OF  
 NORTHUMBERLAND.

"Like as the brand doth flame and burn,  
 So we from death to life should turn."

An old rhyme, or motto of the Brandling family, whose crest is an Oak tree in flames—perhaps a border beacon—the name first occurring on the border, as burgesses of Berwick.

*Sharp's Bishoprick Garland.*







## The Legend of the White Lady of Blenkinsopp.



**B**EATED on the summit of a grassy knoll in the immediate vicinity of the western frontier of the county of Northumberland, the hoary fragments of the old fortress of Blenkinsopp, grim, gaunt, rent, and tenantless, still exhibiting a semblance of the majesty and strength which characterized its existence for more than five hundred years. When we look back into the remote ages of antiquity, and contemplate the works of the mighty of old, we cannot help wondering how much more perishable man is than his works, for we have rejoicing in their length of days the massive weather-beaten walls, just as they were raised by the hands of Thomas de Blenkinsopp, whose body has long since mingled with the dust.

More than thirty years ago,\* there lived in two of the more habitable apartments, the hind of the estate, who occupied one as a sleeping place for part of his family. One night shortly after retiring to rest the parents were alarmed on hearing loud and reiterated screams, and hastily rushing into the adjoining apartment, found one of their children, a boy of about eight years of age, sitting trembling on his pillow, bathed in perspiration and writhing in extreme terror.

“The White Lady, the White lady!”—screamed the child, holding his hands before his eyes, as if to shut out an apparition of some frightful object; “What lady,” cried the astonished parents, looking around the room, which to all appearance was entirely untenanted, “there is no lady here.” “She is gone,” replied the boy “and she looked so angry at me because I would not go with her. She was a fine lady—and she sat down on my bedside—and wrung her hands

\* Until about 1820, there were some poor families who occupied a few of the rooms which the hand of time had spared, but these are now ruinous and deserted.

and cried sore—then she kissed me and asked me to go with her—and she would make me a rich man, as she had buried a large box of gold, many hundred year since, down in the vault—and she would give it me, as she could not rest so long as it was there. When I told her I durst not go—she said she would carry me—and was lifting me up when I cried out and frightened her away.” A tale so singular, and, to all appearance, narrated with fidelity, filled the old people with fear and astonishment. That the place was haunted by a white lady, was currently reported, although since their entrance into this dreary abode they had been entirely undisturbed. Persuading themselves that the child had been dreaming, they succeeded in quieting and getting him to sleep. The three following nights they were disturbed in the same manner—the child repeating the same story with little variation, when, after a little consideration, they removed him and were no longer troubled with the spectre, yet such was the terror with which it inspired him, that he dared not enter into any part of the old castle alone, even in daylight. When he became a man, although a sensible person, he invariably persisted in the truth of his statement, and said that at forty years of age he could recal the scene so vividly as to make him shudder—as if still he felt her cold lips press his cheeks, and her wan arms in death-like embrace. He is still alive, and has become a settler in Canada. The belief that treasure lies buried there was not a little strengthened some years ago, by the arrival of a strange lady at the neighbouring village. She, it would appear, dreamt that a large chest of gold lay buried in the vault of this castle—and, although she had never seen it before, she instantly recognised it as the same she had seen in her dream. She staid several weeks awaiting the return of the owner of the property to ask leave to search. She had, meanwhile, made the hostess of the inn her confidant, with strict injunctions not to mention it to any one: but she, good soul, unable it seems to keep a secret, told it to every person in the village, accompanying it with the same caution she had received herself, “dinna ye be speaking o’nt.” Whether from the circumstances of it having become public, or from other reasons unknown, the stranger left without accomplishing her purpose.

### The Legend.

**B**RYAN DE BLENKINSOPP \* was gallant and brave: in a private feud—a border raid—or on the battle field—he was ever first and foremost. The mighty and the brave ranked him as

\* Or “Bryan Blenship” as his name is provincially contracted.



one of their number—the harps of the minstrels sung his praises in numerous lays, whilst divers bright eyes looked fondly and favourably on the form of the dark and handsome warrior. But with all his good qualities, and they were many, Bryan de Blenkinsopp had a failing which ultimately wrecked his fortune. This failing was an inordinate love of wealth, a vice he cherished in secret and as earnestly though vainly sought to discard, and it grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength, and gnawed into his very soul. It was at the marriage of a brother warrior with a lady of high rank and fortune, that amongst other health drinkings was given that of Bryan de Blenkinsopp and his “ladye love.” “Never,” said Bryan—“never shall that be, until I meet with a lady possessed of a chest of gold heavier than ten of my strongest men can carry into my castle.” This extraordinary announcement was received by the company in silence, and many looks of surprise were exchanged which did not escape his jealous observation. Ashamed of having betrayed his secret thoughts, he quitted the place, and his country. After an absence of many years, he returned, bringing with him a wife and a box of gold which took twelve of his strongest men to carry into the castle. There were there great feasting and rejoicing for many days, amongst friends and followers, and the fame of his wealth was spread far and wide. But after a length of time it began to be whispered that the life of the rich baron was anything but a happy one: for he and his lady quarreled continually—she, with the assistance of her followers who accompanied her, having secreted the chest of gold in some part of the castle, and refused to give it up to her husband. Whom—or whence she came, was unknown,—her followers spoke in a foreign tongue, so from them, nothing could be gleaned. Some even hinted she was none of humanity, but an imp of darkness sent with her wealth to ensnare his soul. At length, however, the young lord suddenly left the castle and went, no one knew whither. His lady was inconsolable for her loss and filled the whole castle with her lamentation. The vassals were dispatched to all parts in order to discover whither he had fled, but without success. After searching in vain and waiting for more than a year, she and her attendants went forth in search.

The fate of Bryan de Blenkinsopp and his wife is enveloped in mystery, and there is no kind hand to draw aside the impenetrable veil, and shew us if ever they met, through what climes he wandered, or on what field he fell! Certain it is they returned not to Blenkinsopp. Tradition tells us that his lady, filled with remorse at her conduct towards him, cannot rest in her grave, but must needs wander back to the old castle and mourn over the chest of wealth, the cursed cause



of all their woe, so uselessly buried beneath the crumbling ruins. Here she must continue to wander until some one possessed of sufficient courage shall follow her to the vault, and by removing the treasure, lay her spirit to rest.



A few years ago, the vaults of the keep of the castle was ordered by the occupier of the neighbouring farm to be cleared out for the purpose of wintering cattle. On removing the rubbish, a small door-way was discovered on a level with the bottom of the keep. On clearing out the entrance, the workmen were surprised by the appearance of a large swarm of meat flies, and the place itself smelt damp and noisome. The news soon spread abroad that the entrance to the "Lady's Vault" had been discovered, and people flocked in great numbers to see it. Of the whole number assembled, however, but one man was found willing to enter. He described the passage as narrow and not sufficiently high to admit of a man walking upright. He walked in a straightforward direction for a few yards, then descended a flight of steps, after which he again proceeded in a straightforward course until he came to a doorway: the door itself had fallen to pieces, the bolt was rusting in its fastening, and the hinges clung to the post with palsied grasp. At this juncture the passage took a sudden turn, and a lengthened flight of precipitous steps presented themselves. Opening his lantern, and turning the light, he peered down the stairs into the thick darkness, but encountering thick noxious vapours his candle was extinguished, and he was obliged to grope his way back to his companions. He made another attempt but never descended the second flight of stairs, and so little curiosity had their employer about the matter, that he ordered it to be closed up, and the contents of the vault remain undiscovered to this day. When I saw the place some time after this adventure, the hole had been partially opened by some boys, who were amusing themselves with tossing stones therein, and listening to the hollow echoes as they rolled in the depths of the mysterious cavern.

The vale of Blenkinsopp—bleak and wild, but alive with the hum of men, the noise of machinery, and the cheerful cry of the industrious artizan, has succeeded the clash of arms, and the warlike deeds of the old borderers. No lengthened train of steel-clad warriors are now to be seen winding down the steep hills to the old fortress—the voice of warder, or clang of portcullis breaks not on the stillness of night, and peace and security are now found, where battle and siege, feud and fight, watch and ward, once reigned paramount. The old castle itself looks sullenly from its knoll, upon the mighty changes which



Ruins of BLENKINSOPP CASTLE.

time and the enterprising hand of man have wrought: its crumbling walls have long been untenanted by the descendants of its founder, but the chivalrous and honourable spirit of the old warriors of the iron age may still be recognized in another form, in one whose greatest pride is the happiness of his dependants.

W. PATTISON.

Bishopwearmouth, July, 1845.

### Cross Roads.



T was usual to erect crosses at the conjunction of four cross roads, as a place self-consecrated, according to the piety of the age; and it was not, probably, with a notion of indignity, but in a spirit of charity, that those excluded from holy rites were buried at the crossing roads, next in sanctity to consecrated ground.

*M. A. Denham's MS.*



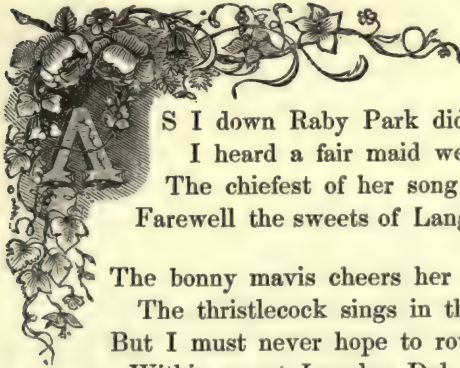
## Langley Dale.

BY ROBERT SURTEES, ESQ.



ANGLEY dale is a beautiful vale, (and ancient chace) belonging to Raby Castle, in the county of Durham. An old tower close by the brook is said to have been the residence of a mistress of the last earl of Westmoreland; a nobleman who, from more than one authority, appears to have been of a very amorous disposition.—

*Taylor's Memoir of Robert Surtees.*



S I down Raby Park did pass,  
I heard a fair maid weep and wail;  
The chiefest of her song it was,  
Farewell the sweets of Langley Dale.

The bonny mavis cheers her love,  
The thristlecock sings in the glen;  
But I must never hope to rove  
Within sweet Langley Dale again!

The wild rose blushes in the brae,  
The primrose shows its blossom pale;  
But I must bid adieu for aye,  
To all the joys of Langley Dale!

The days of mirth and peace are fled!  
[Youth's golden locks to silver turn,]  
Each northern floweret droops its head,  
By Marwood Chase and Langley Burn.

False Southrons crop each lovely flower,  
And throw their blossoms on the gale;  
Our foes have spoilt the sweetest bower—  
Alas! for bonny Langley Dale.



## Deeds of Humanity.



It has been well observed by the pious bishop Fortin, that “instances are not wanting of constancy, fidelity, gratitude, compassion, integrity, which escape the notice of the public, and are only observed of God, and good angels; being seldom transacted in high life or under splendid roofs and palaces.” In the higher ranks, or with great men; public honour, posts of importance, public rewards, posthumous fame and the like are understandable enough as incentives to the earning of the worlds smiles; but, according to another writer, “in the private and humbler walks of life no such motives prevail, and the man who bravely risks his own existence to rescue a fellow-creature from imminent peril, can seldom have any other reward in view than the conscious approbation of his own honest heart” for his meritorious act, “achieved in obscurity, almost instantly sinks into unrewarded and unmerited oblivion.” Of this and of a similar class are the following :—

At five o'clock on the afternoon of Friday the 2nd of June, 1815, a cloud of dust and smoke was seen to issue from the mouth of one of the three shafts of Newbottle colliery\* on the Wear, 108 fathoms in depth, at a time when there were seventy-two persons and several horses in the mine. In a few minutes one of the trappers, not above six years of age, cried out to be drawn up; he was quickly followed by fourteen men and boys, most of whom were shockingly scorched, four only having escaped the effect of the inflammable gas. The state of the air in a mine after an explosion makes descent a matter of the most serious danger, and, though the colliers are ever ready to risk their lives to save their companions, in this particular instance it was considered nearly certain death to make the attempt; and for some time no person could be found hardy enough to descend into the mine, to save any persons who might still possess vitality. At length, after a lapse of two hours THOMAS ROBSON of Houghton-le-Spring arrived, and volunteered his services. Few persons know how to appreciate such conduct; in all human probability, before he had

\* The property of Messrs. Nesham and Co. At that time the proprietors were working the Hutton seam; the deepest and best of five beds of coal within the royalty, the thickness being six feet two inches, and like most seams, subjected to carburetted hydrogen, nearly destitute of water.

gone twenty yards, the carbonic acid gas would have stupified him, and he would have fallen down never to rise. The air of the mine was in a dreadful state; yet he persevered, and in a short time came to a place where lay several horses miserably scorched. Proceeding, he found four men and a boy; these he examined, but they were all dead. The air was now bad to excess. Shortly he found eleven men all alive, but in a state of insensibility; he took one up, and carried him to the shaft. He returned immediately to the recesses of the mine, and carried out two more. He waited some little time to recover himself, and again ventured, when, unfortunately, his aid came too late; from the remaining eight life had fled. On this he visited other parts of the mine; and on examining the bodies of the other unfortunate sufferers, the vital spark seemed extinct. It will form a matter of astonishment and admiration when it is known, that this intrepid fellow was thus employed six hours, almost every minute of which his truly valuable life was in the most imminent danger. Several pitmen afterwards descended into the mine, and found the corpses of fifty-seven men stretched on the floor; some appeared to be burned to death, but the greater number to have been suffocated by the after-damp. A few still retained signs of life but expired on being brought to bank. It appeared the fire had passed down the ways, destroying all that encountered its fury, until it was impeded or broken, as it is termed, by a large waggon, which it dashed to pieces, and mangled the driver and horse in a most shocking manner. The blast, however, had been partial; for many of the men had quitted the boards where they had been at work, apparently unhurt, but met their fate on the waggon way, being suffocated before they could reach the shaft. Of nineteen horses in the mine, six only were killed; those in the stables having survived, for the air-courses were soon restored.

The Royal Humane Society in approbation of Robson's conduct, were pleased to present him with their silver medal on the twentieth of November following.\*



HERE happened in the town of Alnwick, some sixty years ago, a very severe frost, which set in on a Saturday evening, and next day, in the afternoon, several boys got upon the river while the ice was but weakly frozen, immediately opposite the castle. Under one of them, a cobbler's son, fourteen years of age, the ice gave way, and he hung by his arms nearly in the middle of the river.—The alarm given by the other boys soon brought a number of persons to the place, but no one durst venture near the

\*. *Gent's. Mag.*

unfortunate boy, and an hour elapsed before proper ropes could be procured and stretched across the river. The boy was then extremely benumbed with the severe cold, and when the rope was brought in contact with him and he had laid hold of it, he was raised almost above the ice, but his hold suddenly giving way, he dropped down and had very nearly sunk beneath the hole. This so terrified him, that he could never again be prevailed upon to attempt the rope. Amongst the persons assembled were the boy's father and brother. The father would have precipitated himself upon the ice, but he was forcibly withheld; and the brother, a young man who could swim well, stripped off part of his clothes, and the ice being broken from the sides by poles, he went into the water to attempt reaching his brother, but so intensely severe was the cold, that he was utterly incapable of making any impression on the ice, and with some difficulty he was drawn out, and laid almost insensible upon the bank.

The boy from the first had cried out most distressingly for assistance, but he had now become so enfeebled that his voice was rapidly failing, and it was evident that in a short time he must sink beneath the ice. At this period the son of a neighbouring miller, celebrated for the possession of extraordinary agility and athletic powers, which, hitherto, had only been employed in low combats and alehouse brawls, happened to come in view of the people at the river side, and curiosity in an instant brought him amongst them. Breathless and silent, he viewed the scene around him—the boy in feeble wailings presaging his approaching end—the father held fast, and uttering the most heart rending expressions of distress—the brother, half naked and half perished, stretched upon the bank. In an instant, and without uttering a word, he kicked the shoes from off his feet, threw off his hat, coat, and waistcoat, and in a moment dashed into the hole where the ice had been broken, and reaching the edge, he raised both his arms over the ice, and with rapid ambidexter blows beat it down and swam in through the aperture almost with unobstructed facility. From his first coming up and stripping, the crowd had viewed him with silent wonder, and on his passing through the ice, not a whisper escaped from any one, the attention of all being held in dumb suspense. But when he was seen to reach the boy, and seizing one arm, to raise him half out of the water, a spontaneous and universal shout of triumph burst from the gazing crowd, and continued without intermission as he returned through the broken ice, guiding the boy with one hand and himself with the other. Both were quickly on the bank, and while shaking the wet from himself, observing the people to gather out of curiosity around the boy instead of carrying him away, he uttered an indignant exclamation, and tumbling down half a dozen



of them that were in his way, snatched up the boy, placed him across his shoulder, ran off to his own father's house, at a short distance, and had him instantly stripped and put into his own bed. The name of this spirited young man merits preserving; it was GEORGE COCKBURN, and many of the inhabitants of Alnwick will still recollect him and the transaction.



NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, above Bridge.



ABOUT thirty five years since, a boy, seven years of age, whilst playing with his comrades at the end of Bower's lane, a little above Tyne bridge, fell back over into the river. He rose to the surface, and, unable to afford himself any assistance sunk, apparently to rise no more, when Mr. James Pollock, dyer in the Close, hard by, who had instantly pushed off in a boat, dashed into the water, seized him by the collar and brought him to shore. Mr. Pollock completed his work of humanity by immediately using means to restore suspended animation, and these means were happily successful. The parents of this young man were in humble circumstances, and time rolled on without Mr. Pollock ever seeing them, or seeing or hearing from the youth whose life he had thus certainly rescued from a premature grave.

About fifteen years after the occurrence thus related, this gentleman was one day visited by a stranger named Freeman, who, after introducing himself, informed Mr. Pollock that the youth he had

saved from death fifteen years before was now a man, in the employment of Mr. Thompson, a highly respectable merchant and banker at Appleby in Westmorland, and concluded by presenting him with a medal exhibiting on one side, a representation of the river Tyne, and the rescue from its waters, and bearing on the other, this inscription: "Presented by W. Pearson to Mr. James Pollock, by whose courage and humanity he was saved from drowning in the river Tyne." On the rim, "Eripuisti me morti, 1810." It was accompanied by the following letter:—

"Appleby, Westmorland.

June, 1825.

SIR,—With this you will receive a medal by the hands of Mr. Freeman, which I beg you will accept, as a small token of gratitude from one who, through the blessing of Providence, owes his life to your humanity. It is many years since the occurrence took place, but I assure you the remembrance of your goodness is still as fresh as ever in my mind, and will never be effaced from it, as long as the power of recollection is prolonged. I have always had an anxious wish to present you with some small memorial expressive of your noble conduct on that occasion, but unfortunately my father dying soon after, and being very young myself, I was prevented from taking an earlier opportunity of evincing my thankfulness. But I am sensible you will have felt your sweetest reward in the approbation of your own heart. To snatch a fellow-creature from destruction, to restore him to his parents, his brothers and his sisters, who but for your courage and humanity had long since mourned over his untimely grave, is a reflection calculated to cheer you under all circumstances; it will secure you the homage of every feeling bosom, and draw down the rich benediction of *Him* whose approbation far outweighs the best earthly blessings or the proudest earthly distinction. The triumphs of humanity are above all others most grateful, both to heaven and earth; but, sir, I cannot find words to express the fullness of my heart on this (to me) important event. I can only request you to accept this simple offering in remembrance of it; and whenever you look upon it, let it be with the assurance of knowing that "the blessings of him that was ready to perish" will ever be invoked on you and yours. I am, dear sir, with unchangeable regard,

Your most affectionate well-wisher

WILLIAM PEARSON.

"To Mr. James Pollock,  
Windmill Hills, Gateshead."

"This letter" justly remarks the record \* whence we have obtained so interesting a detail, "does honour to the heart of the writer, and though the medal which accompanies it be of little intrinsic worth, as a memorial, it is of inestimable value. We confess there is nothing for which we could envy the owner the possession more, as the very sight of it must excite the most gratifying emotions of which the human breast is susceptible."



S William Pawson, jun., Esq., of Shawdon, was returning from a pleasure excursion at sea (on the 20th of August 1841), owing to the boatman (Cook) running too much before the wind, and there being a heavy swell from the eastward, a sea struck and upset the coble when about three miles from the haven. Mr Pawson was swept out of the boat, but succeeded in regaining the wreck, to which he and the boatman clung as their last refuge. In this perilous situation, submerged by heavy seas, they remained about a quarter of an hour. At this juncture a boat containing Mr. George Walker of Newcastle upon Tyne, his son Mr. George Walker jun., and two others, who were employed in gull shooting, hove in sight. It happened that Mr. Walker jun., was standing on the boat's head, looking out with gun in hand, when he descried the struggle of the wrecked persons, and instantly informed his father, and though nearly a mile to the leeward, by the most strenuous exertions they succeeded in reaching the coble, and found the two parties clinging by the mast and sail which alone had kept them afloat. It is worthy of remark that while Mr. Walker, sen. was preparing to haul them in, he took hold of the poor old boatman first, but this he generously resisted, saying "Save the gentleman first." When Mr. Pawson was rescued, it was found that he had saved a favourite dog, by clasping it beneath his arm during the whole time he was in danger. A few weeks after, Mr. Walker received a richly chased claret jug, with an inscription, and accompanied by the following letter :—

"Tynemouth, Sept. 1st 1841.

MY DEAR SIR,—Allow me to beg your acceptance of the accompanying piece of plate—a very slight token, I assure you, of the gratitude I entertain towards you—the preserver of my life. My whole

\* Newcastle Magazine.



family respond the same sentiments and with me join in wishing you and yours every happiness this world can afford. I remain, dear sir, with feelings of the deepest esteem, yours ever gratefully

WM. JNO. PAWSON.

"To Mr. George Walker,  
8, Ridley Villas, Newcastle."

The inscription on the jug is as follows —


"Presented to Mr. Geo: Walker of Newcastle upon Tyne by Wm. John Pawson, Junr. of Shawdon, in grateful remembrance of the generous humane exertions by which he was saved from the wreck of a boat off Tynemouth, on the 20, Aug. 1841."

**B**UT perhaps the most remarkable of any of the instances we have recorded is that of MR. PETER GIBSON, Shoemaker of Dean street, Newcastle, who saved from drowning no less than three persons, and on two different occasions—one in 1813 and two in the succeeding year. During a very dark night,\* two Prussian sailors in a state of intoxication, were quarrelling on board a vessel lying at the Quayside, Newcastle, and one of them fell overboard into the water. Mr. Gibson, who was standing by, instantly threw off his coat, hat, and other cumbrous garments, and prepared to plunge in but was forcibly withheld by others on the Quay. With great exertion he extricated himself from their grasp, and without knowing anything of the state of the tide, the depth of the stream, and under the serious disadvantage of darkness the most intense, leaped into the river, and without taking breath, instantly dived in search of the sailor, who in an agony of utter helplessness and fear of death, threw his arms around Mr. Gibson's neck. So serious a hindrance had well nigh proved fatal, but by a tremendous effort he rose with his incumbrance—but immediately beneath the vessel. Under difficulties of the most appalling kind, and after a prolonged but vain struggle of a quarter of an hour for a better position, Mr. Gibson succeeded in clutching a rope hung out at the stern and the two were drawn up by those on deck, who, with the spectators on the Quay, were anxiously awaiting the issue of so desperate an undertaking. So deeply did the man and the rest of the crew appreciate this noble and disinterested conduct, that, to a man, did the sailors subscribe half a guinea each, and the captain, a

\* Sunday, October 3, 1813.

guinea, for the presentation of a watch—a mark of approbation which Mr. Gibson thought fit to decline.

One evening\* while a crowd of persons, on the Quay of Newcastle were awaiting the arrival of a steam boat from Shields, a young woman was accidentally pushed over into the river. A man instantly leaped to her assistance, and succeeded in getting hold of her, but either being unable to swim or to support the young woman, great apprehensions were entertained for the safety of both. At this juncture Mr. Gibson, for the second time on a similar occasion, nobly plunged in, and succeeded in supporting the man while he brought the young woman to land, who was quite senseless, but soon recovered. More than six years after, the Royal Humane Society, having had the matter represented to their notice by the duke of Northumberland, forwarded to Mr. Gibson, its “unanimous vote of thanks !” Something better was done by his fellow townsmen on Easter Monday in the year 1840, when a dinner was given to him, and made the occasion of presenting an engraved memorial of the above two circumstances, handsomely framed and glazed, together with a beautiful silver snuff box bearing the following inscription:—“Presented to Mr. Peter Gibson, together with a memorial, by a few friends, admirers of his heroic and humane conduct, in saving three persons from drowning, at imminent risk of his own life: 20, April, 1840.”

N the 25th of July, 1783, the infant son of a wealthy citizen of Bordeaux, having fallen into the river, no inducement could prevail on any of the spectators to attempt its preservation, until CAPTAIN WILLIAM HEDLEY† of Newcastle upon Tyne, plunged into the water and reached the child. The cries of admiration of his conduct were succeeded by lamentations for his supposed loss, on seeing both he and the infant disappear. With considerable difficulty however, he succeeded in restoring the child to its agonized parents. To their grateful acknowledgements he replied “It is I who am most happy in giving consolation to a worthy family, and you owe me nothing since the event has procured me a pleasure I shall never forget. There are few men who would not do what I have done.” He then burst from them, amid the acclamations of the multitude, and cautiously eluded all the enquiries which were made with a design to give due tribute to so disinterested a being. “All that

\* Sunday August 7, 1814.

† A brother of Alderman Robert Shafto Hedley of Newcastle upon Tyne.

could be learnt," sayeth an elogium published in France, was that his name was HEDLEY. Let this name then be consecrated on the records of humanity. May these trifles, dictated by sentiment, fall into the hands of this respectable Englishman, and may he not forget this tribute of justice and gratitude paid him through me. My countrymen will not contradict me ! Behold ye of all nations and countries, such an eulogium as the heart ought to seek to be made known to the world. Without doubt we ought rather to preserve the name of Hedley, than that of a warrior followed with blood, or of a politician, whose negociations are but a string of his perfidies. Unhappy mortals ! will ye never be dazzled but by a sort of brightness which yourselves lend to infamy, it decreeing it the honour of that immortality which ought only to be the recompense of those who do well. Bury therefore in eternal oblivion the oppressor and all who are dishonourable to their species. Virtue alone deserves our remembrance."

The splendour of the virtues of this excellent man, added uncommon interest to the manner of his death which forms one of the latest and most melancholy events in the history of the old church of All Hallows, Newcastle. The demolition of the tower of that venerable edifice was the cause of an event which will ever be remembered with regret by every friend of humanity : this was the death of our hero, who, in company with several other gentlemen, was inspecting the ruins of the building, on the evening of September 2nd, 1786. The firm manner in which several parts of the tower were cemented, rendered it necessary to have recourse to the operation of blasting with gun-powder, and one of those explosions not producing any immediate effect, the workmen were preparing for another, while the company drew near the place ; but some of the stones appearing to give way, they were forewarned of their danger. In the hurry, however, Mr. Hedley unfortunately ran in the way, and while entering the great west door, some stones falling from the upper part of the wall, upon his head, caused so severe a fracture and concussion of the brain, that he expired soon after being carried home.

The sentiments of the national gratitude of the French people were well expressed in a small poem which appeared in the Newcastle Monthly Visitor, for November 1816. The accompanying lines are to be understood as the feelings of the father, on the reception of the intelligence of the death of his benefactor :—

" But now, Alas ! what dismal news I hear,  
Hedley will never more to me appear,  
Never again will bless my longing eyes  
Till I pursue him through yon azure skies,



To those blest realms, where Mercy has prepared,  
 Eternal joys, such merit to reward.  
 Then why lament, the bliss of angels why,  
 The lot of every mortal is to die.  
 His full ripe virtues pleased his Maker's eyes,  
 He snatched him from false glories to the skies."

### The Durham Yeoman.



HIS song is copied from a common *modern* song book of no authority, where, of course, it appears like all the rest "good bad and indifferent" without author's name, note or comment. I give it as I find it, even to the *italics*. It has evidently some *covert* allusion, but what that is I know not, nor can I say whether it be old or modern.—J. H. DIXON.



YEOMAN there was who in Durham did dwell,  
 And he thought in his heart he was doing too well;  
 So he set off to Scotland in very great haste,  
 His health to wear out, and his treasure to waste.

Derry down, down derry down.

The Scots used him ill, as you well may suppose,  
 But he gave them their due in abundance of blows;  
 Then came homeward—got lost—folks thought he was dead,  
 So his brother Jack Scapegrace got up in his stead.

Derry down, &c.

But there came an old piper, whose name it was *fair*,  
 And he found the good yeoman was caught I declare;  
 And he told it a *younker*, who I understand  
 Was a scribe, and wrote straight to the great of the land.

Derry down, &c.

Then some gave a penny, and some gave a pound,  
 For this yeoman was lov'd by the whole country round;  
 And all did agree they would ransom his lot,  
 Though vast was the fee of this beggarly Scot,

Derry down, &c.

Now his mother comes forth with her treasures apace,  
 And his wife she looks out with a smile on her face;  
 So there'll soon be an end of this yeoman's sorrow,  
 And the woes of to night be forgotten to morrow.  
 Derry down, &c.

### THE NOMINY.



T was formerly the custom, in the more remote parts of the county of Durham, to address complimentary verses to a newly married couple, before they left the church. This was called "saying the Nominyn," and was generally performed by the son of the clerk, or sexton, who expected silver in return for the *poetry*. The practice was not confined to the Bishoprick, but was prevalent in Lancashire, Yorkshire, Westmoreland, Cumberland, and probably too in Northumberland. There are many versions of these rude rhymes—the following is a copy of an ancient Nominyn which was much used in the West and North Ridings of Yorkshire, particularly in those parts of the latter, which were subject to the episcopal jurisdiction of the see of Durham—whether it be the same, as the one formerly said in the county of Durham, cannot now be ascertained, but the probability is that it was so.

God prosper these your nuptials with much peace,  
 And mutual love betwixt you still increase.  
 If happy minds and pious hearts unite,  
 Your present love will future times delight.  
 Christ pour upon you things that needful be,  
 And crown your nuptials with felicity.  
 I wish you as much health, wealth, silver, gold,  
 As apples in an orchard may be told.  
 I wish, that you may never disagree,  
 Till wolves and lambs do join in unity.

*Pray remember the Nominyn sayer!*

The above lines were taken down some years ago, by our correspondent Mr. J. H. Dixon, from the recitation of an old sexton, and we are not aware that they have ever been in print. As a relic of a custom *almost*, if not entirely laid aside, they are worthy of preservation.

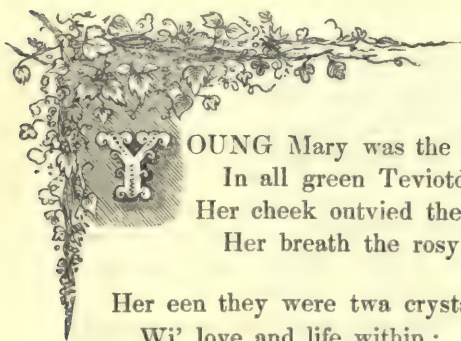
The word Nominyn is evidently derived from *Nomen*, Lat., the bride having received a new name.

## Our Ladye's Girdle.

A BORDER BALLAD. BY JAMES TELFER.

REVISED AND CORRECTED BY THE AUTHOR.

**T**HIS ballad was written by Mr. Telfer in 1824, and it appeared in the Newcastle Magazine for January, 1825. The interest of its plot may be considered somewhat defective; but being a youthful effort and produced, at least, several years before the author had an opportunity of examining Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, the candid reader will on this point allow him some share of indulgence. The idea of a girdle of chastity is not new: it may be found, we believe, in some of the Italian poets, and from this source, probably, Spenser drew the girdle of Florimel, but Mr. Telfer had scarcely any knowledge whatever of Italian authors when *Our Lady's Girdle* was published, and certainly did not read the *Faerie Queene* till 1834. From himself, therefore, emanated the leading features of the ballad, and his attempt to maintain the striking simplicity of that species of poetry will account both for the irregularity of measure, and any abruptness of transition which may be observable throughout the production. R. W.



**Y**OUNG Mary was the loveliest lass  
In all green Teviotdale;  
Her cheek ontvied the budding rose,  
Her breath the rosy gale.

Her een they were twa crystal bowers  
Wi' love and life within;  
Her bosom seemed a paradise  
Each sinner's soul to win,  
And the bedesman said so fair a flower  
Could bear no taint of sin.

And wooers cam' frae ilka airt  
To win that ladye's hand;



Some wooed her for her beauty rare,  
Her gowd but and her land.

Some told their love with ring and glove,  
And some with hinny tale,  
And some of valour's deeds could vaunt,  
But all might not avail.

Some tilted on the castle lea,  
Some feasted in the ha',  
Some tried unseen to press their love,  
But the owreword ay was, na.

And the rose on her cheek wad blench the while,  
For she cared na' the tale to hear;  
And oft she wad steal to the lonesome bower,  
Where Jed's waters rin clear,  
And pour her vow to the Ladye of might,  
To stainless virgins dear.

Her snawy feet she wad lave i' the stream,  
While the troutlets around wad play,  
As her lovely een were fixed on heaven,  
On the blue that ne'er can decay,  
And often she langed to follow her thoughts  
To the bowers of eternal day.

Oh! never I ween, did a lovelier form  
The world with its fragrance fill;  
But life is love, and love is life,  
Sweet woman will be woman still.

Her father was a gallant knight,  
Her mother a lady of high degree;  
Of sons they had five gallant youths,  
Of daughters they had only she.

And she was mild as the forest flower  
Whose bloom is fair to view;  
Her cheek was fanned by the mountain winds,  
Her hair was wet wi' the dew,  
And, saving the hymn to our Ladye,  
Nae lore the maiden knew.

But the tale I tell, so it befel,  
She loved to stray unseen,  
Where the merle from his liquid throat  
Can melodize the dean.

And it fell on the hour when the ruddy sun  
Began to sink i' the sea,  
When gloaming flang his mantle dun  
Outowre the fauld and lea;

The maiden stray'd till dark'ning night  
O'erspread the welkin wide;  
Her een did follow the chambering sun  
To his bed i' the ocean tide,  
And she never wist till a maid of heaven  
Was standing by her side.

All as she lookit the stranger upon  
She deemed her a sister dear—  
When the mind is free from slavish guilt  
It is free from silly fear.

To sing of the maiden of heaven hie,  
Suits not my simple lay;  
But she smiled on the lovely maid of earth,  
And thus she said her say:

“Earthly flower of angels' love,  
Beauteous maiden, list to me,  
The stainless Virgin from above  
Sends this precious gift to thee,  
Bids thee wear this girdle free,  
Which her spotless hands have wove;  
Gentle maiden, prize and prove:  
Blessed, maiden, shalt thou be.

Hapless love shall ne'er betray,  
Maiden, mark the dear decree,  
Love and worth shalt thou repay  
With thy sweet virginitye.  
Bright shall ever be thy blee,  
Ever cloudless be thy day:  
Maiden, I have said my say;  
Beauteous maiden, this to thee.”

Young Mary looked up in wild amaze,  
But naething she said ava,  
And the maiden of heaven the girdle has ta'en,  
Put it round her middle sma',  
Above that zone whose brightness shone  
As pure as Cheviot's snaw.

The girdle was o' the sun-beam thread,  
Spun i' celestial land,  
It couldna be seen by mortal een,  
Nor felt by mortal hand.

O lithe and listen ladies young,  
To my tuneless tale come lend an ear,  
But first I'll ask you question one—  
Ladies, this girdle wad ye wear?

O weel I ken that smirking blush  
That gives your roses brighter blaw;  
The tongue that sweetly falters, aye,  
May hesitate and whisper, na.

The mind may say the promised day  
Of happy love may slowly come;  
Virginitie may breed to wae,  
If keepit till the day of doom.

The will may be the sweets to prie,  
The wily tongue gainsay the will;  
O life is love, and love is life,  
Sweet woman will be woman still.

The warder in his tower of gloom  
Had toll'd the dreary hour of nine,  
And none has seen young Mary's face  
Since rung the little hour of dine,  
The e'enin' banquet's in the ha',  
And none to fill her father's wine.

Her mother's mind was all unrest,  
And every heart impatience wild;  
Where is your ladye, bower maidens—  
Why tarrieth my darling child?



Gae seek her i' the wild wood grove,  
And i' the bower aside the linn—  
All as she spoke the door did ope,  
And smilin' cam' the maiden in.

Why tarry ye sae late, my Mary,  
The night grows eerysome to see;  
The dew is damp, and the wind is cauld,  
My child, it is not good for thee.

The fox is howling on the hill,  
The howlet is screamin drear;  
It is the hour when the forayers ride—  
Some harm may hap my dear.

I fear nae harm, the maiden said,  
And smiled benignantlȳ;  
I have not injured any one—  
Sure none will injure me.

O! lovely is the Angel of Grace  
Redeeming souls from sin;  
But lovelier far to the sons of men  
I trow was that maiden.

The seasons cam' and the seasons went,  
O silent time could fleetly flee;  
The clouds raise up and the rain down fell,  
And rivers ran to the roaring sea.

The seasons cam' and the seasons went,  
The grass could grow and fade;  
The birdies sang and the wild wood rang,  
And lovelier still was the maid.

And her fame went far and her fame went wide,  
And it spread owre all Scotland;  
While lord and knight and baron bold  
Did seek that ladye's hand.

And there was tilting on the green  
And dancing in the ha',  
And all to gain the maiden's love,  
But the owerword still was, na.

The Douglass cam' frae Liddisdale,  
Wi' the young laird o' Buccleuch;  
And there were Kerrs and Cockburns baith,  
All knights of honour true.

Johnstone and Maxwell also cam  
Their wooing skill to prove,  
And young Cranstoun, of Crailing, too,  
But he never told his love.

• Among the rest frae southron land  
There cam a knight of fame;  
He also sought the ladye's ear  
To tell his tale of flame.

But his was the love o' the gude green lands,  
But and the gowd sae free—  
And his was the love o' the gaudy glare  
Which but delights the e'e.

And his was the love o' the faultless form—  
The rose and the lillie dye—  
And he has sought the maiden's side  
His artful tale to try.

He try'd at morn, he try'd at e'en,  
The maiden's heart to move;  
But when he told his artful tale,  
Her answer was na love.

But sae it fell on a bonny summer night  
As the light begoud to lower,  
The maid did walk in her green mantle  
Alane by the lanely bower.

The star o' love frae 'boon the hill  
Did glitter on the stream,  
And musing was young Mary's mind,  
Celestial was her theme—  
And never wist she till the southron knight  
Did break the waking dream.

Now give me love, thou proud maiden,  
Gi'e love for love again;

Uncourteous was the southron knight,  
The ladye all disdain.

O! darksome was the lonely bower,  
And tender was her frame—  
And he has tried to force the maid  
To do the deed o' shame.

She couldna bow the arm o' strength,—  
O, gin her heart was sair!  
But little wist he o' the girdle o' heaven  
That keepit her virtue fair.

There's nane that wears our Ladye's belt  
May yield to guilty love;  
And he that tries ungentle skaith  
Himsel' the skaith shall prove.

There was a say, I have heard it said,  
Though I scarce believed it true,  
That the southron knight from that day forth  
No love of ladye knew.

There was a say, I have heard it said,  
Though I gave no ear the while,  
That from that day no am'rous maid  
Upon his love wad smile.

The seasons cam', the seasons went  
In sunshine or in shade;  
The Spring could see the flow'rets flush  
And autumn see them fade:  
But Time might come, or Time might go,  
And lovelier still was the maid.

'Tis fair to see the king of day  
Frae the burnished ocean springing—  
'Twas fairer to see the maid walk forth,  
And the little birds a singing.

The matins were meet and the vespers sweet  
In Jedworth's holy fane;  
But far more sweet i' the ear o' heaven  
The maiden's simple strain.



And evermore in hall or bower  
 Were gallants not a few—  
 And vows they vowed, some false I wis,  
 And some I ween were true ;  
 And aye the angels wad listen and look  
 As through the lift they flew.

O some cam' east, and some cam' west,  
 And some cam' mony mile to see—  
 O she was joy to every heart,  
 O she was light to every e'e.

There was young Buccleuch frae Branksome ha',  
 And Douglass frae Liddesdale,  
 The young Cranstoun frae Crailing tower,  
 But he never told his tale.

O his was the love of kind esteem—  
 Of kind esteem from friendship sprung ;  
 O his was the love o' the constant heart,  
 Which sits far deeper than the tongue.

Though narrow was fair Crailing's land,  
 And little wealth could he display,  
 But a trusty heart and a ready hand—  
 Ready alike for friend and fae.

O he was the lord o' the keenest sword,  
 And he was the lord o' the lealest love ;  
 And he was the lord o' the feeling heart  
 That helpless misery aye could move ;  
 But rue the hour would pride and power  
 The might of Cranstoun's arm to prove.

Why does Lord Cranstoun thoughtfully stray  
 In Crailing's flushing vale ?  
 O he is in love with a fair maiden,  
 And he winna tell his tale.

O some wad ride at Valour's ring,  
 Some danced in Beauty's ha'—  
 And some to Beauty told their tale,  
 But the owerword still was, na.

But it sae fell out in a sweet evening,  
She sought the bower alane,  
And young Cranstoun has followed her  
In love's delicious pain ;  
And he faultered forth revealings soft,  
And the maiden blushed again.

My wealth is sma, quo' the young Cranstoun,  
It canna please the e'e ;  
But the heart of love, and the hand of weir  
I gi'e them baith to thee.  
And the maiden smiled with a kindly smile,—  
Thy love is all to me.

He pledged to her his earliest love,  
Sae tender and sae true ;  
And she gave him her maiden kiss  
To seal the solemn vow.

Three little weeks they cam' and went :  
O merry was the morning tide,  
When a proud array to Jedworth gray,  
Through autumn dews could ride,  
And a lady bright was led by her knight,  
To the holy altar's side.

NOTE.—Although the scene of the above Ballad is laid on the Scottish side of the Border, we have been induced to insert it. The tradition is not peculiar to Scotland, and the mention of Cheviot and the introduction of several English Border names, but above all the poetical excellence of the composition are we hope a sufficient apology.—*Ed. T. B.*



## Edward Lawson.

FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE. 1806.



EDWARD LAWSON, of Sunderland, a native of Northumberland, was for many years settled in the parish of Bishopwearmouth, where he rented successively several small farms, particularly at Hendon Grange, near Ryhope, and in the vicinity of Hilton Ferry. During his residence at the latter place, when he had nearly attained his 80th year, his occupation becoming unprofitable, he gave up his farm, and engaged himself in the service of a gentleman in the same neighbourhood, by whom he was employed in the fields or stable, or in such other work as he was capable of attending to, being always considered trusty and well disposed. As he had long prided himself on his dexterity in mowing, when he was almost ninety, he anxiously solicited his employer for the loan of a guinea, to wager against the skill of a much younger competitor. For the last fifteen years of his life, he resided in Sunderland, in the house of a grand-daughter, by whom, with the assistance of other descendants, he was decently and respectably maintained; still, however, keeping up his connexion occasionally with the family of his late master, who had removed into the environs of the town. Being one day, when he was upwards of a hundred years old, requested by his mistress to purchase her some fowls, with an expectation that he would bring them from the market, which was held very near his own residence in Sunderland, he set out on foot for a village seven miles distant, where he had some acquaintance, and having procured some fowls of a superior quality, returned home from his marketing without delay. He was a strong muscular man, about five feet six inches high; he was simple and of an easy temper, never distressing himself about any thing beyond the occurrence of the moment, a circumstance which probably contributed much to the prolongation of his life. Having never been afflicted with any species of infirmity or ill health, he retained his bodily vigour to a very late period, and his other faculties, with the exception of his sight which failed him in his last year, to his death at the advanced age of 106, in the summer of 1805. He left a son upwards of 70, whom he always called *his lad*, a man of stouter make than his father, who bore at the moment of the death of his venerable sire every appearance of reaching a very advanced age.



A BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE  
OF  
**Mark Akenside, M. D.,**

WITH  
SOME OBSERVATIONS ON HIS CHARACTER AND WRITINGS,

BY ROBERT WHITE.

---

"Come AKENSIDE, come with thine Attic urn,  
Fill'd from Illyssus by the Naiad's hand;  
Thy harp was tuned to Freedom."

POETICAL EPISTLE.

---



OF the classical writers who were born, or have lived in Newcastle upon Tyne, or its vicinity, none occupy a more prominent place than the author of "The Pleasures of Imagination." Believing, therefore, that a brief account of this votary of the Muses may not altogether be uninteresting to the public, especially to those who reside in the district where his perceptive faculties received their first impressions, I take up the subject with a hope to derive some gratification in glancing over the chief incidents of his life, and in drawing from his character and writings such remarks as may arise from a careful examination of the same.

The family of Akenside were for several generations yeomen, or *lairds* of a portion of land, at Eachwick, near Stamfordham, Northumberland. Mark, the poet's father, having learned the trade of a butcher, removed in early life to Newcastle, where he married,\* and established himself successfully in business. His wife's name was Mary Lumsden, and both being presbyterians, were remarkably strict in the observance of religious duties. Their place of public worship was the edifice at Hanover Square, now occupied as the Unitarian chapel. They lived in a house† on the north side, and near the top of the Butcher Bank, using the ground floor as a shop for the sale of butcher meat. In one of the upper rooms, on the 9th November

\* "1710 August 10. Mark Akenside and Mary Lumsden. Mar."—*Register of St. Nicholas, Newcastle.*

† It is not numbered, but according to the latest mode of notation ought to be 27. The shop and house have been modernized within the last few years, and the former is at this time, 1845, in possession of Mr. Edward Young, Grocer.



HOUSE in which AKENSIDE was born.

1721, Mark Akenside was born. He was baptized about three weeks afterwards by the Rev. Benjamin Bennet, minister of the Hanover Square congregation. The early part of his life affords few incidents worthy of record, yet I may state that in his father's shop, when he reached his seventh year, the fall of a cleaver upon his foot occasioned a halt in his gait which accompanied him through life. He received an early course of instruction at the Royal Free Grammar School, under the superintendence of the excellent Greek linguist, Richard Dawes,\* author of "*Miscellanea Critica*." Some difference, however, would appear to have arisen between the master and his pupil, to which I shall afterwards allude, and the result was that the young poet quitted the school. Subsequently he made considerable progress in classical learning with Mr. Wilson, a dissenting clergyman, who to augment his slender means of support, kept an academy for a limited number of respectable pupils. During the vacations it is probable that Akenside frequently visited his relations at Eachwick, for his uncle, who resided there, most generously defrayed all the expences of his education. He gave early indication of his poetical talents by contributing,

\* A memoir of R. Dawes is given in the Historical Division of this work, Vol. II. page 145.

at the age of sixteen, some poems to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which, though not included in the general collection of his works, are yet creditable to him as a writer; and shew that his reading had, even at that early period, been very extensive. About the same time, while wandering on the banks of his native stream, which then presented a more attractive prospect to a poet than at present, he acquired and cherished that love for natural scenery, which ultimately formed so distinguishing a feature in his genius. This feeling was still further developed from the circumstance that in his seventeenth year, he resided for a few months with a relative at Morpeth; and as his favourite walks were directed down the margin of the Wansbeck as far as Bothal, he had around him scenery unsurpassed for loveliness by any in the north of England. Neither, it is stated, did he spend his hours here unworthily, for with that energy so characteristic of the poetical temperament, he arranged the ground work of the production by which his name was afterwards to be distinguished. Some of his biographers, indeed, say that considerable portions of it were written at this place, and that early time of life.

The choice of a profession now occupied the thoughts of Akenside, and in his eighteenth year, he went to the college of Edinburgh, to qualify himself for becoming a dissenting minister. This step was perhaps hastily taken, for he remained only one year with that aim before him; and then abandoning it in all likelihood without the weighty consideration it deserved, he entered on the study of medicine. At this period the dissenters in England maintained a fund, which they appropriated to the education of young men in limited circumstances, who were desirous of entering the ministry; and the poet, having availed himself of money from this source, repaid it most honourably on relinquishing the design for which it had been received. His progress as a medical student, during the two subsequent years he remained at Edinburgh was very great, and possessing, in addition to his talent for poetical composition, an extensive knowledge of philosophy, he acquired the intimacy and respect of a valuable circle of friends. Several of his printed poems were also written at this date: he was elected a member of the Medical Society; and during the public debates which occurred in the college, he acquitted himself so eloquently, that Robertson, the future historian, then a young man, was frequently induced to attend the meetings for the sole purpose of hearing him speak. Indeed, it is said, that about this time, he felt so confident of his ability as a public speaker, that he seriously cherished the idea of obtaining a seat in parliament.

It may be observed that from a very early age, scientific intercourse less or more had been maintained between the northern part



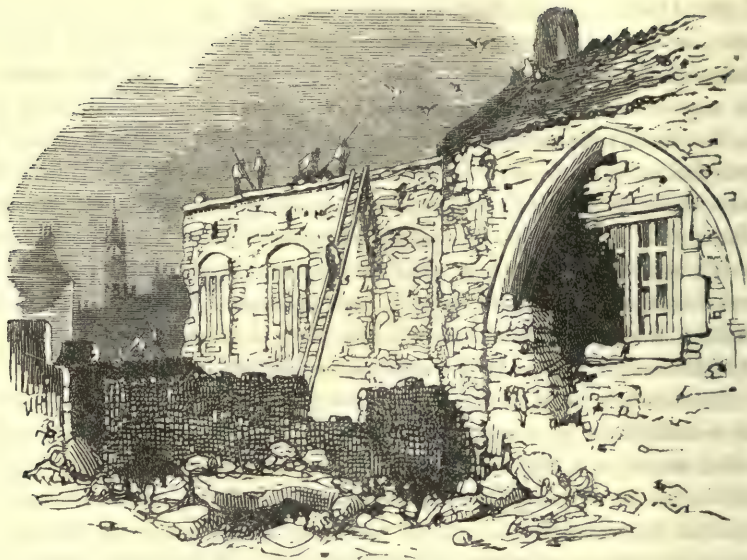
of the kingdom, and the chief places of learning on the Continent. To all destined for the higher professions, whether in physic, the law, or theology, an education was not considered sufficient, unless completed either at a French, a Dutch, or German University. In accordance, therefore, with the prevailing sentiments of the day, Akenside removed in 1741 to Leyden that he might thereby enjoy an opportunity of perfecting his medical studies. During his stay there, he continued to employ his pen in poetical composition, and finally adjusted the work which has proved the most durable monument of his fame. In professional science, he also made such progress, that in May, 1744, he took his degree of Doctor in Physic, and, according to custom, published an inaugural dissertation, highly honourable to his talents both as a physician and philosopher. But his most important acquisition at this place was the friendship he formed with Jeremiah Dyson, esq. a young gentleman of family and fortune, who studied civil law at the same University, and to whose liberality, Akenside was indebted for much of the comfort he enjoyed through the future portion of his life. These two friends, on accomplishing the object of their residence in Holland, which occurred in the summer of 1744, returned to London. The manuscript of "The Pleasures of Imagination" was sent to Dodsley, the bookseller, who, on Pope's recommendation, gave for the copy right the sum of one hundred and twenty pounds. Though published anonymously, it immediately rose into general favour, and with men of taste has ever since maintained its original position. Shortly afterwards he published an epistle to Curio, meaning thereby Pultney, earl of Bath, in which he unmercifully exhibited that individual as having, for an empty title, betrayed the confidence which his patriotic countrymen had placed in his hands.

Our poet first commenced his career as a physician at Northampton; but a Dr. Stonehouse having previously been established there, who commanded an extensive practice, no stranger could reasonably expect any share of success. While residing here, we may conclude, that as he had much leisure, he would employ it chiefly on composition; and it has been observed that several of his best odes were written at this place. In the course of eighteen months, sickened with deferred hope, he returned to London, and his friend Mr. Dyson, with the view of promoting the poet's welfare, purchased a house at Northend, Hampstead, removed him thither, and introduced him to nearly all the respectable families in that neighbourhood. That gentleman with unwearied assiduity, accompanied him to the various public assemblies, in order that he might more particularly bring him into public notice. To a certain degree, the good offices

of Mr. Dyson were ineffectual; for Akenside had either too much pride, or not sufficient suavity to secure the good opinion of many, whose favour would have most essentially contributed to his benefit. He was scarcely more successful at Hampstead than he had been at Northampton: he persevered, however, for a time, and at length his never-failing friend, Mr. Dyson, disposed of the villa he possessed there, and removed with him again to London. Besides, with a liberality which has rarely been surpassed, and which reflects the highest honour on the character of that gentleman, he placed the poet in a small house at Bloomsbury Square, and presented him with £300 per annum; a sum which enabled him to keep a carriage, and make a respectable appearance in the exercise of his profession.

Akenside was now in his twenty seventh year: his fame as a poet was established: he sought to extend his practice, and was even successful amongst a number of families in an opulent sphere of life. Still he never obtained that wide spread popularity, which brings a physician into conference with all classes of society, and, at the same time yields him a proportional remuneration. It has been said that his skill, and professional sagacity were not of the first order. This I am not prepared to deny, yet believe the charge may be somewhat mitigated. The biography of medical men, and chiefly those who have earned a name in literature, affords many examples of failure in the walk of public life. Probably Akenside's poetical fame, and downright honesty of manner preponderated against him. He appears, nevertheless, to have encountered his difficulties bravely, and he lost no opportunity of making himself generally known. Besides maintaining an intimacy with nearly the whole number of Mr. Dyson's friends, he published several essays on the subject of medicine, which proved that he had advanced far in a sound knowledge of its principles. He was also fortunate in obtaining many honours which fall to the lot of distinguished medical professors. He became a Fellow of the Royal Society, and was admitted by Mandamus to the degree of Doctor of Physic: he was chosen Physician to St. Thomas's hospital, and made a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians; moreover, he was elected reader of a department of lectures, and appointed one of the Physicians to the Queen. Yet amid all the duties connected with these offices, he did not forget that on the banks of the stream where he spent his early days, the muse bade him swear to follow her through the whole period of his pilgrimage, and, considering that his chief poem required much alteration and correction, he not only continued to re-construct and re-write it, but composed many shorter pieces, nearly all of which appeared in "Dodsley's Collection." For all the regard and good feeling however which were in many in-





GRAMMAR SCHOOL, Newcastle, during its removal in 1844.

stances shewn to Akenside, he did not pursue his way through the world without encountering from several quarters considerable opposition. Neither was he deficient in courage when drawn into collision with an opponent, although candour obliges me to state that in some of the following illustrations of his character, he exhibited more rancour against those who stood in his path than was consistent with a generous spirit. The personage whom he designated as Momion, in the third book of the *Pleasures of Imagination*, was Richard Dawes already mentioned—his teacher at the Royal Grammar school. What provocation Akenside had for composing the lines in which he is so irreverently handled I am unable to say, but for the poet's honour they had better not appeared. Those who conduct us only one step towards the temple of knowledge, or remove a single impediment in our road thither, however awkwardly the service may be performed, ought at least to escape nor reproach. In one of the notes to his chief poem, Akenside adopted Shaftsbury's idea of ridicule being efficacious in the discovery of truth,—for which he was rudely attacked by the redoubted champion in literary controversy, Warburton. His friend Dyson defended him; but an assault of this kind was neither to be easily forgotten nor forgiven by Akenside; and subsequently an opportunity presented itself, by which he took ample satisfaction on the dignified critic. Warburton's pen, through his connection with Pope, had been employed in scribbling the most



severe things against Theobald, Concannen and others, who were shewn up to public derision in the *Dunciad*. It also occurred that an unlucky letter of his, written in 1726 to the said Concannen, came into the possession of Akenside, proving that the dignitary himself was, at that time, one of the party who levelled their most pointed shafts against the Bard of Twickenham. This important document with all its peculiarities of spelling and grammar, Akenside published with his ode to Mr. Edwards in 1766, and it told heavily against the authority which Warburton for a lengthened period had maintained in the empire of criticism. In the course of a debate at Tom's Coffee house, it happened that Akenside was drawn into a quarrel with a councillor Ballow, to whom he sent a challenge, but the man of law kept aloof from personal danger, until by the aid of friends, the difference was overcome. An anonymous writer, in the 63rd vol. of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, asserted that papers were in his possession, bearing evidence of Akenside, while he lived at Northampton, having resorted to the most unhandsome modes of assailing Dr. Stonehouse, with the design of either wresting his business from him, or expelling him from the town. This conduct, if the statement be correct, is still more reprehensible, from the circumstance of that gentleman's behaviour to Akenside, being always of the most civil and obliging description. Success did not, however, at all times attend Akenside in his quarrels. By throwing out some illiberal reflections against Scotland, he incurred the resentment of Dr. Smollet; and the result was that the patriotic novelist by way of revenge, selected the poet as the prototype of the ridiculous physician in *Peregrine Pickle*. Very much in the character undoubtedly is fictitious, but the case, considering Akenside's ability and principles, throws a shadow over the magnanimity of the outrageous Scotsman.

Regarding Akenside from another point of view, it is evident that his mind was peculiarly fitted to the enjoyment of intellectual life. He was a warm admirer of Gothic architecture, Meyrick relates that he used to find him contemplating with great earnestness the exterior of Westminster abbey; and at night when the broad moon shone unclouded from on high, he was accustomed to sit on the benches in Saint James's park, and lingeringly gaze on that sublime structure. This finely indicates the existence of that faculty within him, which has been accounted a gift, and is indeed a blessing, from the sympathy it maintains with all objects of delight and loveliness—enriching itself by its very exercise, whether in participating the grandeur of the ocean, or culling a sweeter essence from the rose than its own grateful perfume. With his excellent taste and relish for poetry and philosophy, the leisure hours he shared from business

were, in all probability, devoted to close communion with those master spirits, whose works may be considered a rich inheritance through all time to the thinking portion of mankind. Though he never married, he entertained, as many passages in his writings shew, a high opinion of the gentler portion of humanity, accounting them, to use his own language, "chief of terrestrial nature;" and he lived in the most agreeable intercourse with a large circle of friends who were fully able to appreciate his genius. We are told that in the presence of those he loved, his conversation was exceedingly graceful and eloquent. Possessing splendid poetical talents, he had the power of reasoning admirably; and being endowed with a retentive memory, his knowledge of history and literature was most extensive,—hence his brilliant allusions, and philosophical mode of illustrating almost every subject, contributed to render him an instructive and valuable companion. He was fond of collecting books and prints: of the latter his portfolio contained a large number, from the most eminent Dutch and Italian painters, which he illustrated with singular propriety. He had also the privilege of reading gratis all the books of note which at that period were published in Britain: his opinion was accounted valuable, and if he expressed himself much gratified with any work, the bookseller generally presented him with a copy. As another proof of the esteem in which he was held on account of his literary talents, I may observe that Thomas Hollis, esq. distinguished for his patriotism, having purchased a bed which formerly belonged to John Milton, generously presented it to Akenside with a request that he would write an ode to the memory of the author of "Paradise Lost." He very gladly accepted the donation, but no proof exists that the ode was written. Probably, the difficulty he felt at doing justice in rhyme to the genius of the immortal poet deterred him from the attempt.

It must be admitted that in general society, Akenside had a stiffness and solemnity of deportment, which made those with whom he was not intimately acquainted rather shun than court his company. Dressed also in a way, to use Hardinge's expression, "as if he never could be undressed," and wearing a powdered wig always in stiff curl, he had a prim, precise and rather grotesque appearance. Entertaining, in a literary point of view, a very high estimate of his own worth, he was frequently ungracious and dictatorial amongst strangers, especially those whose opinions were dissimilar to his own. Being deficient in the faculty of wit, and possessing no turn for humour, he could not endure the playful sallies of these in others, hence he hated all jesting whatever. To a certain degree he was without that buoyancy of heart which embraces all mankind in one bond of brotherhood;



and, therefore, he never cultivated acquaintanceship with any of the poets who were contemporary with himself. In justice, however, to his character, it is gratifying to say that with the most amiable feeling, he set a candid value on such pieces as they had respectively given to the world. He estimated Dyer's *Fleece* highly and observed he would regulate his estimate of public taste by the fate of that poem; for if it were ill received, he should not think it reasonable to expect fame from poetical excellence. It is probable that Thomson's *Seasons* ranged also in the first class of his favourites, and may have furnished him with some hints in sketching out his own principal work. The purpose of each is different, but in several points they are not unlike each other. Partaking in common of a discursive character, they contain much beautiful and minute description; and the numerous bursts of genuine poetry to be found in both, are equal if not superior to any the last century has produced.

It is asserted that the halt in Akenside's gait, occasioned by the fall of a cleaver in his father's shop, as already stated, perpetually reminded him of his humble origin of which he felt ashamed. Brand who records this was undoubtedly satisfied of its truth; and candidly speaking, it was not inconsistent with what we may be led to expect from one whose mental constitution has been shaken by influences similar to those which operated on Akenside. Long dependance on his patron Dyson, together with the habit of living so much in artificial society, had, in all likelihood, engendered within him a species of false pride, by which he considered it would detract from his fame and dignity were it known he was descended from the middle ranks of the people. Great men are not without their failings, and if this view of the poet be correct, he was much to be pitied. More highly exalted, in all that enobles human nature, is the simple peasant who procures his bread by the labour of his hands, and, conscious that no shame is linked with poverty, raises his head unabashed to the world, resolving neither servilely to court its favour, nor shrinkingly to fear its frown.

The latter part of Akenside's life affords few particulars deserving of notice. He lived well; and with a prospect before him of possessing a sufficiency of this world's substance, he probably hoped to descend honourably into "the vale of years." Alas! how frequently our anticipations of happiness here, under the most favourable aspect, are only delusive! In the 49th year of his age, he was seized with a putrid sore throat, which baffled all medical skill, and he died at his house in Bloomsbury-square on the 29th June, 1770. He was buried at Westminster, in St. James's parish church; and his books, prints, manuscripts, and other property, according to his own desire,



came by administration into the hands of his great friend and benefactor, Mr. Dyson.

In person Akenside was about the middle size, of a slender form, pale complexion, and rather sickly in appearance; yet his features were manly, his forehead was broad but not high, and his eyes were large and uncommonly expressive. On looking at his portrait, both the attitude and outline of the face are fine, and would seem to have been caught in one of those happy moments of inspiration, wherein the great triumph of the poet is consummated. The free, open, undisguised look of the figure reminds us much of the semblance of Goethe, save that on the upper portion of the head, Akenside would appear to lack something which supported in unwearied action the genius and noble enthusiasm of the illustrious German.

On taking into deliberate consideration the leading points of Akenside's character, I am impressed with the idea that had he judged aright, he would not have abandoned the first aim with which he set out in life—that of becoming a minister of the gospel. It is probable his views were more worldly than spiritual, and that he conceived the walk of divinity too narrow for the full developement of his natural powers. Supposing this to be the case, how far, I may ask, did the profession he pursued accord with that object? It seems to me that he followed it out more as the means of gaining him a livelihood, than for any care or love he had for it; and whatever dreams he cherished as to the avenues of honour or distinction it would open up before him, year after year passed away and they were never realized. The fact is that, to the exclusion of better motives, Akenside's belief in his own importance as a man of genius, was ever uppermost in his mind, and his happiest moments were spent in company with those who either acknowledged this foible, or administered to its gratification. He had the desire of appearing to be a great man as a physician; but we have few proofs that he undertook, with his wonted energy, the labour of alleviating by his skill the diseases of the afflicted poor—of forgetting self in the earnestness of doing good to suffering humanity;—actions which at least would have been indicative of true greatness. He wrote medical essays and appeared frequently before the public; but he was still without extensive practice—never reaching the highest degree of his calling: and if he sighed after independance, he was through life the receiver of another's bounty. Hence, I am of opinion that adhering to divinity, he had, under the blessing of God, been a far happier man. Possessing sufficient leisure for the perusal of favourite authors, and living in constant communion with the source of goodness itself, they of that profession, while continuing in a faithful discharge of duty, are blessed beyond

all others in the enjoyment of peace throughout life, and comfort at death. And it follows that being rarely gifted as an orator, with a mind finely susceptible of truth, a lover of learning, and well versed in general knowledge, Akenside might, had the Spirit of Holiness touched his heart, have become a distinguished advocate for the glory of the Cross, and contributed to elevate the mode of faith he originally professed to its proper standard in English society. The past and present history of man furnishes many noble examples that religious truth, instead of narrowing the sphere of human ability, is a never failing source of light, energy and life to all minds under its power, and proportionally to those of an exalted order.\*

It now remains for us to consider what Akenside as an author bequeathed to the world. Amongst his shorter pieces, some stand out as striking specimens of the versatility of his genius, indicating he might have accomplished much in other departments than that wherein he constructed his great work. The truth is that in early life he drank deeply and devotedly at the wells of ancient literature; and this in a great measure influenced whatever subsequently came from his pen. He was also an earnest lover of freedom, worshipping her with a poet's ardour, and his British Philipie written in early life, together with his ode to the Country Gentleman of England,† are amongst the noblest patriotic appeals in our language. His epistle to Curio is perhaps less a satire, than an overwhelming torrent of honest indignation. True it is, he had no skill to cut with a razor, but prostration without recovery succeeded the blow of his mallet. His inscriptions are simple, yet most forcible, and have in recent times been regarded as models to this species of writing. But of all his shorter poems, the hymn to the Naiads has by competent judges been accounted the most beautiful. So perfectly classical in tone, spirit and execution, it is worthy of a place with the hymns of Homer or Callimachus.

The Pleasures of Imagination has now been a century before the public, and thereon chiefly rests the fame of Akenside. He produced it in his twenty-third year, and it is remarkable as the work of so young an author. The philosophy of the human mind early attracted his attention, and he seems to have formed the design from Addison's celebrated papers on the same subject, with some portion of Shaftes-

\* They who desire knowledge on this point would do well to look into some of the few tracts written by the rev. James Hamilton, London.

† When Mr. Elliot, father to Lord Minto, made an admirable speech in parliament in favour of the Scotch militia, and was complimented thereon, he observed, "that he was above himself, being awakened to the grandeur of his subject by the sublime ode of Dr. Akenside."



bury's Characteristics, and Hutcheson's Inquiry into our ideas of Beauty and Virtue. The object, as the late Thomas Campbell observed, "was to trace the various pleasures we derive from Nature and Art to their respective principles in the human imagination; and to shew the connection of these principles with the moral dignity of man, and the final purposes of his creation." To the task Akenside brought great talents; so if he failed in giving to the world a perfect production, the defect arose not so much from his lack of ability, as from the intricacy and unsettled bearings of what he undertook to perform. Though unequal as a whole it is still regarded as the finest didactic poem in our language. But here lay Akenside's great strength; and consequently, its noble paragraphs, pregnant with energy, seem to have been dashed off by his pen in the fervour of poetic inspiration. Many of its passages which continue to be used as texts by popular authors must strike the student as possessing singular force and beauty. I have often thought that more similarity may be found between Mark Akenside's verse and Edmund Burke's prose than is generally admitted. Both authors possessed great command of language, hence their diction is not only brilliant but remarkably flexible, and abounding with bursts of vast intellectual power. Probably we should have loved the poet better after all, had it been his habit to think more and read less, because in that case his air in writing had been less classical, and we had received from him a greater amount of originality. In composition, if words are not the offspring of fervid feeling or concentrated thought, they are like arrows shot without an aim, rarely striking the mark: we read on and seek for what in sparing measure we receive. In mature life Akenside re-modelled and re-wrote the Pleasures of Imagination, which, in its altered state, was published after his death, without materially advancing his fame. All lovers of poetry prefer it as it came from the author's hand, when his mind was in the highest degree susceptible of those emotions, under the influence of which almost every work in the loftier departments of genius can alone be brought to a successful termination.

It is not strange in this age, when Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, and above all others, Shakspeare are steadily advancing in extended reputation, that Akenside should remain stationary. He has slight claim to that wonderful knowledge of nature by which these men are distinguished, neither does he approach them in creative power, nor grasp of intellect, nor habits of thinking, whether directed to our immortal destiny or the various impulses of human life; and it follows he is by no means a popular poet. Again, on account of his brilliant fancy, and appropriate language, he will be read and appreciated by



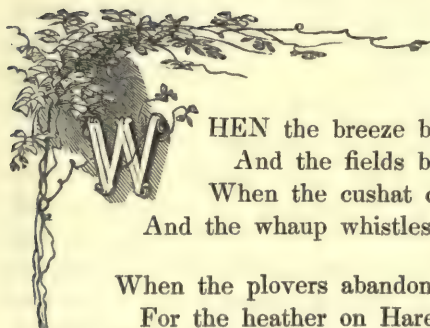
all who make English poetry a favourite study. He occupies a niche in our literary temple, from which succeeding generations will not displace him; and it becomes us to hail him in his descent to future time as one of the eminent men of letters who adorned the eighteenth century.

## Poetic Epistle

TO

MISSES ANN AND JANE HEDLEY, BRIDGE END, NEAR  
WEST WOODBURN.

"Where Reed upon her margin sees  
Sweet Woodburn's cottages and trees."—ROKEBY.



WHEN the breeze briskly blaws frae the south,  
And the fields busk their spring time attire,  
When the cushat coos soft at Reedsmouth,  
And the whaup whistles shrill at Reidswire,

When the plovers abandon the sea  
For the heather on Hareshaw's high fell,  
The glossy palm gilds the saugh tree,  
And the wild roses bloom in the dell,

When the Lads and the Lasses o' Reed,  
For Easter are making display,  
And to Corsenside church o'er the mead,  
Are tripping all gallant and gay;

When the lav'rock is up in the sky,  
Saluting Spring's jocund return,  
And the maidens are milking the kye  
On the loans o' the bonnie Lislesburn;

When the huswives are laving their webs  
By the brink of the murmuring stream,  
The snipe's at the syke,—the bee's i' th' byke,  
And the muir fowl, he basks in the beam,

When at Earhaugh the fern's waving green,  
 And the fox gloves at Blackburn's wild linn,  
 And the fishers they try wi' hackle an' fly,  
 Frae the clear stream the trouties to win;

My noisy abode I'll forsake,—  
 The town's hollow pleasures all spurn,  
 I'll make my approach in the Chevy's gay coach,  
 And once more see sweet Otterburne.

Then the weel-kenn'd Brig End I will view,  
 Through the pastures I'll pensively roam,  
 To muse on the time and days o' lang syue,  
 When Reed held my hearth and my home!

In my plain fishers' graith will I come,  
 With a cap of the seal's softest skin,  
 And bring in my hand the light limber wand,  
 Sae fatal to mony a fin.

From Risingham down to auld Tyne,  
 My line o'er the stream will I waft,  
 And try if chill age has frozen my rage,  
 Or eat out the heart of my craft.

Then farewell to thee my dear native vale,  
 Thy wild woods and breckany braes,  
 Where the hours flitted by, once as light as my fly,  
 In my happiest and earliest days!

Elswick Cot, March, 1845.

R. ROXBY.

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### Collingwood.

"The Collingwoods have borne the name,  
 Since in the bush the buck was ta'en;  
 But when the bush shall hold the buck,  
 Then welcome faith, and farewell luck."

The crest of the Collingwoods is,—A stag at gaze, under an oak tree, proper. The allusion is obscure, and at present difficult to unriddle.—*Sharp's Bishoprick Garland.*

## The Conservatorship of the Tyne.



ACCORDING to records of the reigns of William the Conqueror, William Rufus, Henry I. and Henry II. the river Tyne was the established boundary between the county of Northumberland and the bishopric of Durham; and that, from Stanley Burn to Tynemouth, a moiety of the water thereof, on the south, belonged to St. Cuthbert and the see of Durham; that another moiety thereof, on the north, appertained to the county of Northumberland; and that the third and middle division was free and common: the whole to be measured at high tide. This division was probably made to prevent disputes respecting the fisheries on the river.

Henry II. granted or confirmed to the then bishop of Durham, that ships should be allowed to moor on the south side of the river. But by an agreement made in 1259, between the town of Newcastle and the prior and convent of Durham, it was stipulated that the tenants of the latter at South Shields should bake and brew for themselves only, and not for strangers. In a cause between King Edward I. the burgesses of Newcastle, and the prior of Tynemouth, in 1292, it was decided "that the port within the water of Tyne, from the sea to Hedwin Streams, is the free port of the king and his heirs." In 1306, judgment was given in parliament, that the prior of Tynemouth, who had built a shore at North Shields within the flood mark of this river, should remove it at his own cost.

In 1319, the *conservatorship* of the river was recognized to be in the mayor and burgesses of Newcastle; a grant made of that power by Edward II. being recalled on their representation. The bishop of Durham, in 1345, obtained a verdict against the king's commissioners, for trespasses done by them in intermeddling in the conservatorship of the south side of the Tyne. Edward III. and Richard II. confirmed to the bishop his moiety of the water of Tyne, with power to load and unload coals and merchandize without hindrance or molestation from the men of Newcastle. But in 1416, there was a dispute between the church of Durham and the men of Newcastle, concerning the holding of markets in South Shields, for fish, bread, and beer.



By an inquisition taken in 1447, the 25th Henry VI. the river Tyne and the soil thereof, from Sparrow Hawk in the sea, to Hedwin Streams, belonged, under the crown, to the corporation of Newcastle, which also received a royal grant of the conservatorship of the river in 1454. On June 30, 1528, Arthur Plantagenet, Vice-admiral under Henry, Earl of Nottingham, Lord High Admiral, made an acknowledgment of admiral jurisdiction granted by King John, and confirmed by succeeding princes, to the mayor and burgesses of Newcastle upon Tyne, on the view and inspection of their several grants and privileges.



COTTAGES AT DENT'S-HOLE, ON THE TYNE.

In the year 1530, the conservatorship of the river Tyne was confirmed to the mayor and burgesses of Newcastle, by an act of parliament prohibiting the shipping, loading, or unloading of any goods to be sold into or from any ship at any place within the limits of Sparhawk and Hedwin Streams, but only at the town aforesaid, and empowering the mayor, burgesses, and commonalty of that town, and their successors, to pluck down all wears, gores, and engines, that should be made in the river, to the great obstruction of the navigation thereof, between the places aforesaid.

In the year 1547, the soil of the river, from high water mark to the low, was settled upon the corporation of Newcastle; and in 1553, a third part of the river Tyne, and of the bridge over it at Newcastle, was restored, by act of parliament, to Tunstal, bishop of Durham. Queen Elizabeth, in 1589, granted the reversion of the office of the high admiralty of the port and river of Tyne to the mayor and burgesses of Newcastle, which was held by patent by Lord Howard, Lord High Admiral of England, who died January 26, 1618, but

who assigned his authority in the port of Newcastle to the corporation thirteen years before his death.\*

In 1603, a commission of conservatorship of the river Tyne was sent to the mayor and burgesses of Newcastle. By order of council in 1613, this jurisdiction was granted to the same corporation, jointly with the bishop of Durham and certain justices of the peace for the counties of Durham and Northumberland. But in 1616, the mayor, aldermen, and jury of the burgesses of Newcastle, exhibited a grievous complaint to the king and council, through the neglect or breach of trust of the commissioners. In consequence of this, the council, by an order dated February 14, 1616, appointed a new set of commissioners, consisting of the mayor for the time being, and 16 others, one of them an alderman, and the rest apparently burgesses of Newcastle. Thirteen new articles were added to the former nine, for the better conservation of the river Tyne, which was strictly enjoined them to provide for, *under the pain of forfeiting all the liberties* of the town of Newcastle into the hands of the king. How long the conservatorship remained in these commissioners does not distinctly appear; but from the circumstance of their being burgesses of the town, and the mayor for the time being placed at their head, the probability is that it soon fell into the hands of the corporation; for, in 1630, the prescriptive right of the mayor and burgesses of Newcastle to the conservatorship of the river was allowed in the court of King's Bench, and in the court of Exchequer the following year. In 1646, there were several orders of common council made for the preservation of the river Tyne.†

The banks of the Tyne are crowded with artificial mountains of

\* This appears to be the first trace of any criminal jurisdiction of the town upon the river, which, notwithstanding the *personal* exemption granted to the burgesses by Henry VI. had always been within the High Admiralty jurisdiction. The great charter of Elizabeth, by conferring the full power of justices of the peace and gaol delivery upon the mayor, recorder, and aldermen, seems to have completely established that criminal jurisdiction, and fixed its limits co-extensively with the conservatorship, which were distinct jurisdictions, and totally unconnected and independent of each other.

The Lord High Admiral of England, in 1614, granted to the mayor and aldermen of Newcastle a commission, empowering them to fit out against pirates "on shipp or more, warlike appointed with men, ordnance, and victual sufficient for the enterprize."

† The corporation, as conservators of the Tyne, appoint a River Jury, to whom the following oath is administered:—"You swear that you shall from time to time, as often as there shall be just cause, true presentment make of all nuisances done in this port of Newcastle upon Tyne, between Sparrow Hawk and Hedwin streams, in the river Tyne, and you shall do this at the admiralty, before the mayor, recorder, and aldermen of the said town, for the time being, and that without all respect of love and hatred to the persons so offending. So help you, God."



ballast, which begun to be formed when the coal trade first began to be of consequence. The corporation have generally claimed the right of depositing this ballast where there is least danger of its damaging the river, by prescription, as conservators of the Tyne, strengthened by the statute 34 Henry VIII. cap. 9. The Ropery Banks at the east end of Sandgate, was, according to Bourne, the first ballast-shore out of the town.



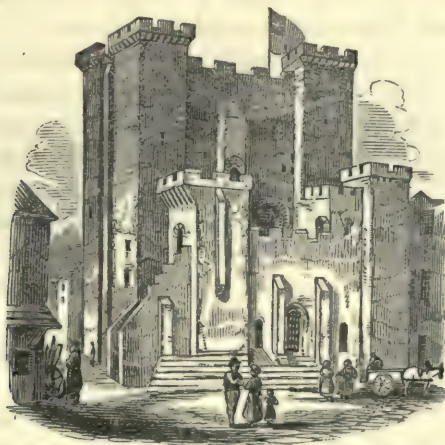
SANDGATE, NEWCASTLE.

On Ascension-day, every year, the mayor and burgesses of Newcastle survey the boundaries of the river Tyne. This annual festive expedition, during the occupation of the Mansion house by the chief magistrate, started from the Quay in front of that building, and proceeded to or near the place in the sea called Sparhawk, returning up the river to the utmost limits of the corporation westward, at Hedwin Streams, accompanied by the brethren of the Trinity-house and the River Jury in their barges. When the chief magistrate is popular, the boats are numerous, and the scene beautiful and exhilarating.

The following account of Ascension day in May 1818, was written by an eye witness, and may be taken as a very accurate exhibi-



tion of the general characteristics of this annual civic pageant, as seen many years ago :—" I rose early this morning, having resolved upon accompanying the 'barges,' as they are popularly termed. The morning dawned beautifully, giving promise of fine weather for the festive occasion. I sauntered down to the Quayside, where great numbers of persons were engaged in decorating the various boats which were intended to take part in the procession. As I did not possess a boat, I took a seat in one of the wherries, which from being vessels of considerable size, could accommodate a great number of persons. At five o'clock the boats began to arrive from various parts of the river, and to throng about the front of the Mansion house, where the embarkation was to take place. There were observable at the oars of the various boats, a host of fine athletic fellows in clean white shirts and trousers, dashing their slim vessels over the smooth surface of the stream with admirable ease and dexterity. Almost every boat had secured some itinerant musician, no matter of what talent, and at intervals the dissonance of their music would be hushed for the purpose of listening to the wild but melodious strains of Jack, the Howden Pans fifer, whose notes sounded sweetly along the surface of the swelling river. At a little before six o'clock the guns of the old fortress above sent forth their thunder, the



THE CASTLE, NEWCASTLE.

bells of St. Nicholas rang their merry peals, and the shipping hoisted their flags: every boat's oar fell from its perpendicular into the water, and the clear drops glistened in the sun, as the procession began to move eastward to the harmony of a party of musicians on board of the mayor's barge. On reaching the bridge, and on approaching the shipping, the music struck up 'Rule Britannia,' gladdening the

hearts of the spectators who, even at so early an hour, lined the edge of the Quay to the amount of some hundreds. As the barges with a numerous retinue of smaller craft sailed down the river, the men were repeatedly saluted with shouts of gratulation and the report of cannon from the numerous founderies and other manufactories, which constitute one of the chief features of the banks of the Tyne. While passing 'bonny Sandgate,' the band played 'Weel may the keel row,' which elicited much cheering, together with a due share of squalling approbation from a numerous concourse of 'keel deeters,' 'kelp carriers,' and 'market lasses.' The royal standard floated majestically from the summit of Hawks's iron works, and their artillery thundered away with military regularity and precision. One cannon they had, which, being of larger dimensions, they always fired the last, and by way of distinction denominated 'Great Nedd-y.' I shall never forget him, for in the midst of the booming of his comparatively puny companions, off went his greatness, filling the air with smoke, oakum, and brown paper, making the surrounding hills to echo, and the old casements to clatter in their seats, to the no small jeopardy of the many gilded spice-babies and sticks of barley sugar, with which the honest hucksters of the North Shore had bedizened their windows, for the double purpose of profit and shew. Passing the glass houses, we approached Wincomlee quay, which, Mr. Simon Danson, (who resides there as ballast assessor and governor of the powder magazine,) has rendered one of the prettiest spots on the banks of the Tyne. My heart warmed on beholding the worthy old fellow standing viewing the pageant, and making no little stir with his gunnery, and with the flapping of his flags. The barges now went briskly forward, receiving the customary salutations from the coal staiths, and by eight o'clock the procession reached the sand end of North Shields. The barge of the river jury pulled out to the Sparr Hawk, being the extent of the boundary, and, on her return, the men scattered large quantities of figs and prunes, which gave the youngsters of Shields no small employment, both on the shore and in the river. And now the pageant began to return in more measured pace, as antient usage had rendered it imperative that every salute received, should be returned by the giving of three hearty cheers from all afloat. But the compliment was more conspicuously rendered at old Danson's, for his guns roared away in eloquent testimony of well rammed waddings and begreased muzzles. The worthy old fellow was seen bustling about, his stick in one hand and his hat in the other, and he was greeted with a shout that

'— made the verra skies to split,  
And deev'd a flock o' craws!'



The surface of the river was now literally covered with craft of various kinds, and as the day was fine, every boat had a flag or other ornament, and the scene was one of unparalleled gaiety and animation. The procession again reached the Quayside amid the applause of many thousands of spectators, and passing beneath the bridge came abreast of the Mansion house, where, amid the music of artillery and bells, the mayor and his friends disembarked to partake of a slight refecton.

After a little time the whole was again in motion, the sunny banks were crowded with people, gentle and simple, in their holiday attire, all appearing equally solicitous to join in the general festivity. The guns at the Shot tower too, thundered their welcome, and received a deafening cheer from every one present. The procession then passed Team, Lemington, and Stella, receiving and returning the usual com-



TEAM STAITH, ON THE TYNE.

pliments; the mayor and his party soon after landed at Newburn haughs, and the whole company were shortly engaged in a hearty dance, amid repeated showers of oranges and gingerbread, from the stray flight of which, the mayor and others of his worship's suite now and then received a friendly thump on the head, but all was good humour and gaiety.

The river jury then proceeded to Hedwin streams which is situate two miles above Newburn, and as the river is shallow at this spot, the whole party was necessitated to walk, which however it did in excellent order, and to the harmony of many musicians who marched in advance. This part of the excursion was uncommonly pleasant as the country through which we went was exceedingly beautiful and



picturesque. On arriving at Hedwin streams, the river jury took formal possession of their boundary stone as the mark of their utmost jurisdiction westward. Mr. Ostle, the harbour master, an individual of considerable proportions, with the help of the bargemen, placed himself on the top of the stone\* with a glass of wine in his hand, and said, 'In the name of the king and the corporation of Newcastle upon Tyne, I take formal possession of this stone and declare it to be the extent of their jurisdiction westward: it has been theirs from time immemorial and will be theirs for all time to come; and I therefore propose the health of the king and the conservators of the river Tyne, at the high water mark.' This address was warmly cheered, while the pit lads began to fire off some cannon, the band to play, and bottles of wine to empty their exhilarating contents: dancing parties of men and women also began to form as if by instinct. The Cat House, a cottage a little distance from the boundary stone, was inhabited by a gentlewoman whose face bore evident marks of acquaintance with the middle of the last century; on this occasion she appeared at the door to greet the party, in a silk frock and diminutive lace cap; every gentleman uncovered in her presence, a token of respect she acknowledged with a very low courtesy. She was plentifully regaled with wine, for which she returned a flood of compliments, and then modestly intimated to the bottle holder, 'that it was customary for the empty bottle to be left at her house, and she thought it a pity to let good old customs go down.'

After a considerable time had elapsed, spent in the utmost harmony and good humour, the fallen state of the tide convinced the company that immediate departure was imperative: the pit-lads again fired their 'crackers' and the whole party marched off, and entering the boats, presented a motley floating mass, garnished with banners and flags without number, but on reaching the island called the King's meadows, the whole again landed and kept up a merry dance till it was nearly dark. Here were enacted a motley series of odd sports, quaffing, dancing, leaping, running and walking; men and women running in sacks, ass races, grinning for tobacco, and other polite exercises of humanity. Then there was good store for all, of ale and porter, nuts, gingerbread and candy, and not a little of each did the roysterers consume. The 'Crooked Billet' on the river side, a hostelry of some note, on this day had its share of tenants, and many were the 'duckings' received by those who passed between the hotel and the scene of festivity. But darkness shewed itself and all that were able, embarked, the guns from the base of the shot tower

\* A pillar and slab pedestal, in all about four feet high.

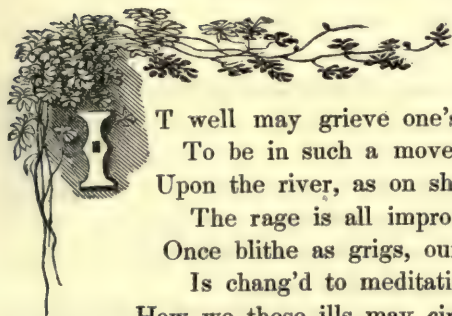
sent forth their flashes from behind the trees, now plainly discernible as the sun had long been set, and in a few minutes the thunders from the old castle, the bells of Saint Nicholas, and the lowering of the flags, announced the arrival of the barges at the place of starting.

It is worthy of remark that this year was the first in which the Stewards of the Incorporated Companies, on board a highly decorated steamer, accompanied the procession,—a practice (with one or two exceptions, when the chief magistrate was unpopular) which has been continued to this day.

## A NEW SONG FOR BARGE-DAY, 1835.

BY ROBERT GILCHRIST.

SUNG ON BOARD OF THE STEWARD'S STEAM-BOAT.



T well may grieve one's heart full sore,  
 To be in such a movement—  
 Upon the river, as on shore,  
 The rage is all improvement:  
 Once blithe as grigs, our merriment  
 Is chang'd to meditation,  
 How we these ills may circumvent—  
 O what a Corporation!

The Quayside always was too big,  
 As scullers have attested;  
 Tant ships, that come with rampant rig,  
 Against its sides are rested.  
 Still to extend it in a tift,  
 They're making preparation,  
 And Sandgate-midden is to shift—  
 O what a Corporation!

At Tyne-main once there was a caunch,  
 And famous sport was found there;  
 So long it stood—so high and staunch—  
 All vessels took the ground there;

But, somehow, it has crept away,  
 By flood or excavation,  
 And time there you need not delay—  
 O what a Corporation!

They think to move Bill-point\*—a spot  
 So lovely and romantic—  
 Which has sent many ships to pot,  
 And set some seamen frantic;  
 Then many a gowk will run to see,  
 And stare with admiration,  
 From Snowdon's Hole to Wincomlee—  
 O what a Corporation;

How silent once was Wallsend-shore—  
 Its dullness was a wonder;  
 Now, from the staiths, full waggons pour  
 Their coals like distant thunder;  
 To have restor'd its wonted peace,  
 In vain our supplication,—  
 The trade, they say, it will increase—  
 O what a Corporation!

Where Tynemouth-bar, I understand,  
 A rock from side to side is,  
 How well would look a bank of sand,  
 Not higher than the tide is;  
 But this, it seems, is not to be—  
 In spite of my oration,  
 The Tyne is still to join the sea—  
 O what a Corporation!

\* Bill Point, an immense jutting mass of bluff rock and soil, was situate near to Walker, on the north side of the Tyne, and proved a serious hindrance to the navigation of the river. Problematical as its removal, either in whole or in part, might appear, the corporation thought it possible, and Rennie in his report of June 17, 1816, estimates the cost of removing the more serious projection at £16,630. Nevertheless his proposal was not acted upon until 1838-43, when the work was begun and completed under the successive superintendence of Mr. Anderson, and Mr. Brooks, engineers to the Corporation. The total cost amounted to but £5,985. The materials removed were computed at about 120,000 tons, thus increasing the width of the river an hundred and ten feet between the low water of ordinary tides. The stone got out of the Point was used towards the formation of the corporation ballast-quays at Walker and Willington, and the embankments for the quay at the North shore.—*Information of Mr. Brooks.*



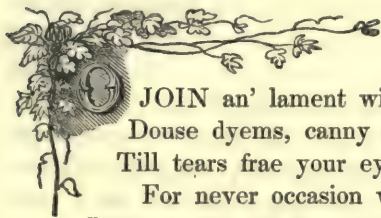
O would the Tyne but cease to flow,  
 Or, like a small burn, bubble,  
 There would not be a barge-day now,  
 Nor we have all this trouble;  
 But here, alas! we sailing roam  
 About its conservation,  
 Instead of sleeping safe at home—  
 O what a Corporation!

## THE MORAL.

As patriots in public cause,  
 We never once have swerv'd yet,  
 And if we have not gain'd applause,  
 We know we've well deserv'd it:  
 Who thinks we care for feasting, he  
 Must be a stupid noddy,—  
 We're, like the Herbage-committee,  
 An ill-requested body.



THE following ballad was written by Robert Gilchrist to commemorate the death of John Forster, the Howden Pans fifer, to whose music we have alluded in our narrative. He was a well-known and expert musician, and met his death by the upsetting of a boat during the usual aquatic procession on Barge-day, May 27, 1824.



JOIN an' lament wi' the sons o' the Nine,  
 Douse dyems, canny men, lads an' lasses o' Tyne,  
 Till tears frae your eyes turn your streams into brine,  
 For never occasion was rifer.

Lament—for his like never mair will ye see,  
 Whee always could charm ye wi' smirkin' an' glee,  
 Se blithesome his notes, an' se jocund was he,  
 Jackey Forster, the Howdon Pans Fifer.

Full bloomin', unskaith'd by the war's bloody strife,  
 O had he on water ne'er ventur'd his life,  
 On hills an' i' vallies which sung to his fife,  
 His fame had shone brighter an' brighter.

Wor county in him lost her pride an' her prize,  
 For never agyen will sic melodies rise—  
 Se shrill, yet as soft as a strain frae the skies,  
     Was Jackey's, the Howdon Pans Fifer.

Au'd Heddon luik'd lang, wiv a tear in her eye,  
 (Half doubtin' his fate) honest Jackey to spy—  
 Her ear missed his carols—unheeded went by  
     Each fiddler, an' drummer, an' piper.  
 Reet dowly the scene, though a sun-shiny day—  
 His tunes were unecho'd—each bird on a spray  
 Sat lonely an' mute, or chirp'd ower a last lay  
     To Jackey, the Howden Pans Fifer.

Till Time shall be gray, an' the sun shall be dim,  
 Tyne's willows an' hollies which kiss her sweet brim,  
 The genius of music will wreath them for him—  
     For ever his nyem will delight her.  
 Then join an' lament wi' the sons o' the Nine,  
 Douse dyems, canny men, lads an' lasses o' Tyne,  
 Till tears frae your eyes turn your streams into brine,  
     For Jackey, the Howdon Pans Fifer.

### The Robber's Oak.



NOT far from Debdon, in the county of Northumberland, is the famous 'Riever's Well,' where many a riever of the Forest, or of Hepple barony, has refreshed when driving stolen cattle from the neighbourhood of Warkworth or Shilbottle. One of the most noted of these daring thieves was Gawen Redhead, who was outlawed in the time of Queen Elizabeth. He betook himself for a residence, to a large oak situate on the Brinkburn estate. The trunk of the noble tree was much decayed, but by the aid of his labour and ingenuity, was made as comfortable as the nature and size of the place would permit.

Here he repaired with the spoils, and from the labours of the day, to obtain "shelter from the night dew, and slumber to his eyelids." Here he lived in a state of uncertainty for his own safety and as one feared by those weaker than himself, suffering the various chances of good and ill-fortune, until death closed his chequered career. The

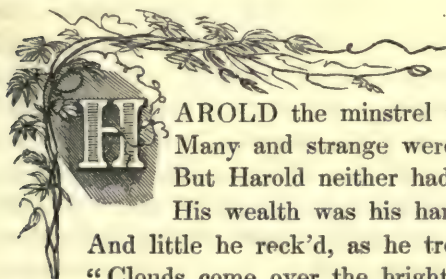
field in which grew this memorable tree, is still called Gawen's field, and it was of such large dimensions, that the tenants wintered in it half a dozen calves, in the beginning of the last century. Tradition says that he was as notorious a moss-trooper, as an Armstrong or Elliott of Liddesdale, or the Riever of Westburnflat.

## Clouds come over the Brightest Day.

BY JAMES HENRY DIXON, ESQ.



THE following ballad, to an old English border tune, known as "When I was a batchelor fine and brave" was written for Chappell's old English Ballads and Songs, and has been handed to us as local. Under a veil of Gothic imagery, it appears to us to tell a tale of *yesterday*, and we think, that there are those amongst our readers, who will not be slow in discovering a key to it.



Harold the minstrel was blithe and young,  
Many and strange were the lays he sung;  
But Harold neither had gold nor fee,  
His wealth was his harp o' the forest tree;  
And little he reck'd, as he troll'd his lay  
"Clouds come over the brightest day."

On him young Ella the maiden smiled,  
Never were notes like his wood-notes wild,  
Till the baron's broad lands and glittering store  
Dazzled her eye, and her love was o'er;  
Gold hush'd the praise of the minstrel lay  
"Clouds come over the brightest day."

From the old church tower the joy bells rung,  
Flowery wreaths were before her flung.  
Youth was gay, but the aged sighed  
"She had better have been the minstrel's bride"  
And Harold wept as he troll'd his lay  
"Clouds come over the brightest day."



Years have fled, and the moonbeams fall  
 On the roofless towers of the baron's hall;  
 The owl hath built in the chapel aisle,  
 And the bat in the silent campanile,  
 And the whispering ivy seems to say  
 "Clouds come over the brightest day."

Years have fled, and that soft light shines  
 On a quiet cot where the woodbine twines.  
 A lonely heart in a distant clime  
 On that sweet cot thinks, and the warning rhyme  
 "Treasures of earth will fade away,  
 Clouds come over the brightest day."

## Ovingham Fair.



WITH a yearning affection for the place of his birth and the scene of many a youthful frolic, John Jackson, the celebrated xylographer, after his removal from natal haunts to the busy scenes of London, embodied in a letter to Hone, for insertion in his "Every Day Book" certain "reminiscences of customs," which, says he, "existed when first I drew halfpence from my breeches pockets, and which still remain in the north of England; I allude to a fair held at Ovingham, a small hamlet situated on the banks of the Tyne, about twelve miles west of Newcastle.

Ovingham fair is on the 26th of April and 26th of October. Formerly, an agricultural society awarded prizes to the successful candidates for the breed of horses, cows, sheep, &c. The *April* cattle show was entirely of the male kind, and in every respect calculated to afford pleasure and instruction to the naturalist, being replete with variety, form, colour, and as much beauty as could be found in that part of the animal creation; so much so, that in turning from the scene with reluctance, you might exclaim, 'Accuse not nature, she hath done *her* part; man do thou but *thine*.' Morland, Potter, Cooper, and Bewick, might *all* have found variety for the exercise of their several powers; and, indeed, the latter has given portraits of many of the specimens there exhibited, in his 'History of Quadrupeds'. The *October* show was of the female kind, and inferior to the former. At this meeting, two additional prizes were given; one

to the grower of the finest crop of turnips, which was decided by taking so many rows, of a given number of yards in length, and weighing them; the other was the sum of ten pounds, to the person who could prove that he had reared the largest family without assistance from the parish. The privilege of contest was confined to hinds.

The fair is principally for the sale of cattle, and the show is not greater than that of Smithfield on market day, excepting pigs, which here and at Stagshaw-bank fairs supply the principal stock to the Cumberland and Westmorland pig feeders. In the morning, a procession moves from the principal alehouse for the purpose of *riding the fair*, as they call it, headed by the two Northumberland pipers, called the duke of Northumberland's pipers, in a light blue dress, a large cloak of the same colour with white cape, a silver half-moon on one arm as a cognizance, and white band and binding to the hat. Each is mounted on a Rosinante, borrowed without consent, by the busy hostler, from some whiskey smuggler or cadger, reconciled to the liberty by long custom. Those who have noticed the miller and his horse in Stothard's picture of the 'Pilgrimage to Canterbury,' may form a tolerable notion of the manner in which 'Jemmy Allen' and his son are mounted.

'And what have those *troopers* to do here to-day?

The duke of Northumberland's *pipers* are they.'

The pipers, followed by the duke's agent, bailiff, constable, and a numerous body of farmers, principally the duke's tenantry, proceed first through the fair, where the proclamation is read that the fair shall last nine days; \* and then, the duke being lord of the manor, they walk the boundary of all that is or has been common or waste land. This task completed, they return to the alehouse with the pipers playing before them, where they partake freely of store of punch at the duke's expence. The farmers are so proud of being able to express their attachment to his grace 'in public,' as they term it, that they mount their sons on cuddies, rather than they should not join the procession, to drink with them 'the health o' his grace, and lang may he leeve to protect and study the interests o' his tenantry.' Then there follows 'Here's te ye Tom,' 'Thanks te ye Jack,' and so they seprate for the fair, there to 'ettle how muckle per heed they can git for their nowte an swine.'

Ovingham fair, like others, is attended by many a showman with different kinds of amusement for children, such as the 'E and O, black-cock and grey;' and, above all, for the amusement of the pig drivers and 'gadsmen,' Punch and Toby, (so called by them,) and a

\* Although it never lasts more than one day.



number of those gentlemen who vomit fire, as if they had swallowed the wicks of all the candles they had snuffed for Richardson. Many of those worthies I recollect having attended ever since I was able to see above the level of their stalls. At my last visit, I was much amused with one who seemed to have just arrived from the sister kingdom; he was surrounded by ploughboys and their doxeys, their cheeks as red as their topknots. He had a large pan suspended from his neck, and, as the girls observed, a 'skimmering' white apron and bib, and he bellowed as loud as he could, 'Hear's a' yer rale dandy candy, made ap wi' sugar and brandy, an tha rale hoile o' mint; it's good far young ar hold, cough or cold, a shortness o' breath, ar a pain at tha stamach; it's cood for hany complaint whatsomever; A fate! an ye'll try it:—noo leddies, hif ye try it, an yer sure ta buy it.' And sure enough this was the case, for whatever might be its qualities, it pleased the 'leddies,' who purchased in such abundance, that they besmeared their faces so as to destroy that rosy red, love's proper hue, which dwells upon the cheeks of our northern rustic beauties.

I must not forget to mention that the October fair is more numerously attended by those who go for pleasure. Unlike the southern holyday folks, they prefer autumn for this reason, that 'har'st' is just ended, and they have then most money, which, with the 'leddies,' is generally expended in dress suitable to this and similar occasions. After baking a sufficient number of barley cakes for the following day, and the milk set up, they throw off their 'linsey-wolsey petticoats,' and 'yem made bed-goons' for a gown, a good specimen of their taste, in the two warmest colours, a red flower or stripe upon a yellow ground, and as much of a third colour round the waste, as would make them vie with Iris. In this butterfly state they hasten to the scene of mirth, and most of them dance till they have reason to suppose it is time to 'gan hame, and get a' ready by crowdie time.' The style of dancing is similar to the Scotch country dances, reels, jigs, and hornpipes; the last mentioned are much admired. No merry-making is allowed to pass over without some rural 'admirable Crichton' having shown his agility in this step. The hornpipe is introduced between each country dance, while love-blinks, strokes of wit, and social mirth, drive care away. The following day is called by the inhabitants 'gwonny Jokesane's' day, why so is not known; all they know is, that it is and has been so called since the recollection of the eldest living; and that is sufficient to induce them to continue a custom, which is peculiar to it: When a sufficient number have assembled, they elect what they are pleased to call a mayor, who mounts a platform, borne along by four men, headed by the musician who attended on the preceding evening, and fol-



lowed by a number of bailiffs with white "wans," and all the men, wives, maids, and white-headed urchins of the village. Thus, all in arms, they proceed first to the minister's house, and strike up a dance in front. His worship 'the mayor,' as a privileged person, sometimes evinces a little impatience, and if the minister has not made his appearance, demands to speak to him. On his advancing, 'his worship' begins thus 'A yes! twe times a yes! an' three times a yes! If ony man, or ony man's man, lairds, loons, lubberdoons, dogs, skelpers, gabbrigat swingers, shall commit a parliament as a twarliament, we, in the township o' Ovingham, shall hev his legs, an heed, tied tiv th' cagwheel, till he say yence, twice, thrice, prosper the fair o' Ovingham, an' gwonny Jokesane's day." This harangue, however ridiculous, is always followed with cheering, in which their good-tempered pastor freely joins, with his hat above his head, and stepping forward, shakes 'his worship' by the hand, giving him a cordial welcome, trusting he will not leave the parsonage till he takes a 'drap a yell iv his ain brewing.' This is of course acceded to. The ale being handed round in plenty, and being found to be good, 'an' what isn't gyud that the minister hes,' they engage themselves for some time, while news much older than their ale goes round. The musicians meanwhile play such airs as 'The Keel Row,' 'The Bonny Pit Laddie,' 'Wylam away,' &c. The dance goes round, the young contending as the old survey, until silence is called, when, 'his worship' gives as a toast, 'Health, wealth, milk, and meal, the de'el tyek ye a' that disn't wish him (the minister) weel—hip! hip! hurra!' Raising 'his worship' shoulder height again, they proceed round the village, repeating their gambols in front of every respectable house where they meet with a similair reception.

After this, foot-racing commences, for hats, handkerchiefs, and (as Mathews calls them) she-shirts. After the races, and the distribution of the prizes, they return to the last and gayest of their mirthful scenes, not without bestowing some little pains in selecting colours calculated to give the finishing touches to the picture.

'Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks,  
I wat they did na weary;  
An' unco tales, an' funny jokes,  
Their sports were cheap and cheary,

\* \* \* \*

Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,  
They parted of careering,  
Fu' blythe that night.'

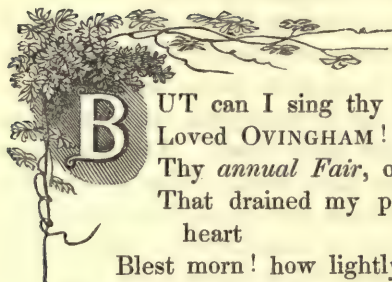
So ends the fair of Ovingham and its sports, which was to me, 'in my youthful days,' a source of great amusement; but whether it is in

comparing the present with the past, from a consciousness of having  
 'Dealt with life, as children with their play,  
 Who first misuse, then cast their toys away,'  
 that we do not derive the same pleasure from what passes before us in  
 maturer age; or whether, in boyhood, the impressions of such trifles  
 as I have related are deeper rooted in the memory, I cannot say,  
 certain it is, whatever be our situation in life, we all come to the con-  
 clusion, that our early days were our happiest.

### Ovingham Fair.

(FROM A POEM ENTITLED "THE SCHOOL BOY,"

BY THOMAS MAUDE, M. A.)



BUT can I sing thy simpler pleasures flown,  
 Loved OVINGHAM! and leave the *chief* unknown,—  
 Thy *annual Fair*, of every joy the mart,  
 That drained my pocket aye, and took my childish  
 heart

Blest morn! how lightly from my bed I sprung,  
 When in the blushing east thy beams were young;  
 While every blithe co-tenant of the room  
 Rose at a call, with cheeks of liveliest bloom.  
 Then from each well-packed drawer our vests we drew,  
 Each gay-frilled shirt, and jacket smartly new.  
 Brief toilet ours! yet, on a morn like this,  
 Five extra minutes were not deemed amiss.  
 Fling back the casement!—Sun, propitious shine!  
 How sweet your beams gild the clear-flowing Tyne,  
 That winds beneath our master's garden-brae,  
 With broad bright mazes o'er its pebbly way.  
 See Prudhoe! lovely in the morning beam:—  
 Mark, mark, the ferry-boat, with twinkling gleam,  
 Wafting fair-going folks across the stream.  
 Look out! a bed of sweetness breathes below,  
 Where many a rocket points its spire of snow;  
 And from the *Crow-tree Bank* the cawing sound  
 Of sable troops incessant poured around!  
 Well may each little bosom throb with joy!



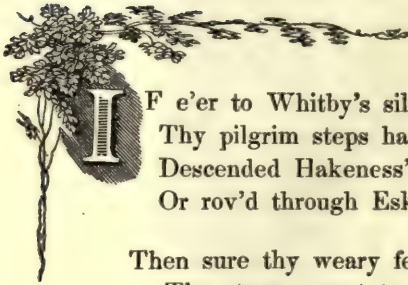
GATE-WAY OF PRUDHOE CASTLE.

On such a morn, who would not be a boy ?  
 Far o'er the village green the *booths* are reared—  
 Ah, village green ! by many a sport endeared,  
 Still, still, methinks, thy wormwood scent I hail,  
 Mixed oft with passing waft from earthen pipe so frail.  
 But now, gay country groups are scattered o'er  
 Thee, sloping to the burn's romantic shore ;  
 While mingling echoes float upon the air—  
 The merry humours of a Border Fair.  
 Hark ! "hit my shins and miss my pins"—away !  
 Prepare the ground, and give the lads fair play.  
 The pins are set—the spice (like golden cup  
 At race) held in superb temptation up ;  
 While many a youngster purchases a throw,  
 And whirls the stick—ah, ha ! you win not so ;  
 Wide flies the stick—the pins stand firm below.  
 Gay gear on every hand for boys and girls !  
 Here, to young sweethearts ribbons bright untwirls  
 The stallman ; or the bonny-patterned gown,  
 The newest sprig from merry Carlisle town—  
 Or gloves of Hexham tan—or scarfs so gay,  
 Of silken twist—or rings of glancing ray—  
 Or bonnets, open some, and some designed  
 To shade the glowing cheek, to every beauty's mind.



# Saint Hilda.

FROM SIR C. SHARP'S COLLECTIONS.



F e'er to Whitby's silver strand  
Thy pilgrim steps have stray'd,  
Descended Hakeness' vallies deep,  
Or rov'd through Eskdale's<sup>1</sup> shade,

Then sure thy weary feet have toil'd  
The steep ascent to gain,  
Where holy Hilda's<sup>2</sup> mould'ring pile  
O'erhangs the foaming main;

No station for monastic cell,  
No warm sequester'd dale,  
But fitter for baronial tower  
To awe the subject vale.<sup>3</sup>

Yet there the pious fabric rose  
And crown'd the dizzy steep,  
Tho' sweet were Eskdale's tangl'd paths  
And Hakeness' vallies deep.

There many a legend shalt thou hear  
Which Whitby's fishers tell,  
Of honours due and reverence paid  
To noble Hilda's cell;

How, when above her oriel arch  
The screaming sea-fowl soar'd,  
Their drooping pinions conscious fell  
And the virgin saint ador'd;

<sup>1</sup> "Eska flu. oritur in Eskdale; defluit per Danbeium nemus & tandem apud Streneshalc in mare se exonerat."—*Lel. Collec. tom. ter. p. 40.*

<sup>2</sup> Monasterium S. Hildæ apud Streneshalc (Whitby) penitus destructum fuit ab Inguaro & Hubba, Titusque abbas Glesconiam cum reliquis S. Hildæ aufugit. "Restitutum fuit monasterium de Streneshalc tempore Henrici primi per Gulielmum Perse."—*Ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> "Locus ubi nunc cœnobium est videtur mihi esse ars inexpugnabilis."—*Ibid.*

How sole amid the serpent tribe  
 The holy Abbess stood,  
 With fervent faith, and up-lift hands  
 Grasping the holy rood.

The suppliant's prayer and powerful charm  
 Th' unnumber'd reptiles own,—  
 Each falling from the cliff becomes  
 A headless coil of stone.<sup>1</sup>

But not alone to Whitby's fane  
 Shall Hilda's praise belong,  
 Nor there alone her virgin choir  
 Chaunted the matin song.

The winding Wear<sup>2</sup> and Deira's shore  
 Had heard her vows divine,  
 And Christian kings, where'er she pray'd,  
 Endow'd the hallow'd shrine.

Thence southward did her frail bark steer  
 Dunelmia's coast along,  
 And hardly 'scape the roaring surge  
 That foams her rocks among.

Now doubling Heorta's cavern'd cape,  
 It anchors in the bay ;

<sup>1</sup> "Mira res est videre serpentes apud Streneshale in orbem giratos, & inclementia cœli vel, ut monachi ferunt, precibus D. Hildæ concretos."—*Leland*.

"Then Whitby's nuns, exulting told  
 How, &c. —————"

And how, of thousand snakes, each one  
 Was changed into a coil of stone,  
 When holy Hilda pray'd,  
 Themselves within their holy bound,  
 Their stony folds had often found.  
 They told, how sea-fowl's pinions fail  
 As over Whitby's towers they sail ;  
 And, sinking down, with flutterings faint,  
 They do their homage to the saint."

*Scott's Marmion.*

"Lapides hic" (apud Whitby) "inveniuntur, serpentium in spiram revolutorum effigie, naturæ ludentis miracula, quæ natura, cum veris & seriis negotiis quasi fatigata, indebitè efformat. Serpentes olim fuisse crederes quos lapideus cortex intexisset, Hildæ autem precibus adscribit credulitas."—*Camden*.

<sup>2</sup> History of Hartlepool, p. 7.

Here cavern'd rocks, there dark'ning woods<sup>1</sup>  
 In the wild landscape lay.

(Ah! vainly seeks the pilgrim now  
 The bowers, the dark'ning wood;  
 Nor hoary age can prattling tell  
 Where once the forest stood,

Save that on Stranton's frowning shore,<sup>2</sup>  
 When falls the ebbing wave,  
 The traveller marks the blacken'd trunks,  
 And the roots fantastic heave.)

'Twas here, by neighb'ring realms rever'd,  
 Did sainted Hilda dwell;  
 And ne'er on Anglia's eastern shore  
 Was found a holier cell.

Here, hung 'fore many a saint enshrin'd,  
 The cresset's ceaseless light,—  
 Cheer'd, 'mid the melancholy main,  
 The fisher's lonely night.

Here did Northumbria's king<sup>3</sup> perform  
 The vow to heaven he made,  
 And consecrate, in victory's hour,  
 His infant Adelfled.

And long the priest the host had rais'd  
 And solemn mass been said,  
 And long the dirge and requiem sung  
 For nun and warrior dead;

But on these shrines a Paynim foe<sup>4</sup>  
 His reckless vengeance hurl'd,  
 When Dania pour'd her warriors forth  
 And her raven flag unfurl'd.

If still to Asia's classic shore  
 Th' enquiring Briton fly,

<sup>1</sup> History of Hartlepool, p. 3.    <sup>2</sup> Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> Oswy, king of Northumberland. History of Hartlepool, p. 7.

<sup>4</sup> History of Hartlepool, p. 8.



To learn where sleep the warrior Greeks  
Or chiefs of conquer'd Troy,

Here too may Heorta's velvet sod  
And long neglected shore,  
A theme afford for epic verse,  
Or song of British lore.

Here, may the bard enthusiast tell,  
How baron, priest, and thane  
Were met, to wrest the holy tomb  
From Paynim hand profane;<sup>1</sup>

How, when the lion-hearted king<sup>2</sup>  
His zealous bands array'd,  
Here Pudsey's gallant navy rode  
And her red cross flag display'd;

How erst the Bruce,<sup>3</sup> whose heart aspir'd  
To Scotia's crown in vain,  
His wealth with liberal hand bestow'd  
On Heorta's wide domoin.

—And lives there now, who views, unmov'd,  
Thy glories, Heorta, fade?  
Thy vacant port that ne'er resounds  
With the hum of busy trade?

Unmov'd behold the waving corn  
O'er thy ancient haven smile,  
And barbarous hands each relic proud  
Of gate and tower despoil?

Thy ruin'd mole, thy haven fill'd  
With the wintry ocean's sand,  
Invoke thy pitying country's aid  
And a patron's powerful hand.

Full oft the grateful heart hath known  
Thy shelt'ring harbour save  
The wave-worn bark, and wearied crew  
From many a wat'ry grave.

<sup>1</sup> History of Hartlepool, p. 19.    <sup>2</sup> Richard L. Vide History of Hartlepool, p. 19.

<sup>3</sup> Robert de Brus (6th), v. p. 23.

Yet cold neglect from her country's arm  
 Hangs over Heorta's walls,  
 While each return of winter wild  
 The fisher's heart appals.

O'er thee, alas ! may seem extend  
 The prophet's dreadful ire,  
 And e'en in Britain's land exist  
 Another fated Tyre,

Where fishers on the shatter'd mole,  
 Whence the bursting wave recoils,  
 Lonely prepare their nightly nets  
 And hang their dripping toils.

Vain tho' the hope to see thee rear  
 Thy tower-charg'd crest again,  
 Or warrior fleets from 'neath thy walls  
 Gladden the northern main,

Th' historic muse hath dar'd for thee  
 Her friendly hand to raise,  
 Record the honours of thy youth,  
 And the fame of elder days.

### Incident.



ABOUT July 1839, while one of the pitmen of Thornley colliery was standing on a platform between two shafts, at two o'clock in the morning, and over-balancing himself, fell backwards from his eminence. It so happened that he pitched head-foremost into one of the pits, and his destruction was considered an inevitable certainty ; but, in his impetuous descent, he preserved his presence of mind, and caught the rope which extended from the pit mouth to the bottom of the shaft. He was now swinging in mid-air, at the depth of about forty fathoms from the surface, and in a most critical situation. He was, however, cool and collected, and retained his hold till he was raised to a place of safety ; when, shrugging his shoulders, he exclaimed, "Damn it ! I was nearly gone !" and was shortly afterwards hard at work, as if nothing particular had occurred.

## The Reverend John Wallis, A. M. the Historian of Northumberland.



JOHN Wallis, the first who wrote conjointly on the physical and antiquarian history of Northumberland, was the son of John Wallis of the Castle Nook, a house, "just at the south entry of the station" of Whitley castle, Northumberland, and was baptized on December 3rd, 1714, at Kirkhaugh church. The editors of the history of Cumberland have assigned to the neighbourhood of Ireby in that county, the honour of being the birth-place of Wallis, but his baptismal register remains, and our author himself expressly states to the contrary. "Northumberland" says he "being Roman ground, and receiving my first breath in Alione or Whitley castle, one of their castra, I was led by a sort of enthusiasm to an enquiry and search after their towns, their cities and temples, their baths, their altars, their tumuli, their military ways and other remains of splendour and magnificence, which will admit of a thousand views and reviews, and still give pleasure to such as have a gust for anything Roman." "Many of those things which have already come under notice, I have set in a new light: and such as have not, appear in their order, under all the advantages they are entitled to."

It is not known where he received the rudiments of his education, but as the Grammar school of Newcastle has all along been the principal seat of education in the North of England, it is not improbable that he was a member of this school, and if so, increases the goodly list of talented men who have emanated from that remarkable institution. In his eighteenth year he was admitted a member of Queen's college, Oxford, on January, 27, 1733. Just before this period his parents had removed to Croglin, co. Cumberland, of which place Wallis is described in the entry in the College books. He was matriculated on February 3rd. in the same year. He proceeded to the degree of B.A. on March 22, 1737, and to that of M.A. on June 28, 1740. Thus, says our author, he spent seven years of his earliest days "in that august and venerable and truly charming and delightful seat of learning, the university of Oxford." On leaving college he entered a curacy at or near Portsmouth, where he married an amiable lady of the vicinity. For fifty-six years, they enjoyed all the happi-



ness of their matrimonial connection, an happiness so visible that it became almost proverbial in their neighbourhood. His wife survived him many years.

About 1748 it is supposed he was presented to the curacy of Simonburn, in his native county, for in that year, he published in Newcastle, a work bearing the following title page—"The Occasional Miscellany, in prose and verse, consisting of a variety of Letters, written originally to a young gentleman, who designed to go into Holy Orders, with a specimen of Sacred Poetry and Sermons. *Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci.* Hor.: v. I. By John Wallis, A.M. late of Queen's College, Oxford. Newcastle upon Tyne: printed by John Gooding, on the Side, 1748." It is dedicated to her grace the duchess of Richmond and Lennox: has a preface of xx pages, list of subscribers on xviii, and in its body contains 268 pages. According to Brockett's catalogue there is a second volume of the work. The first, though it be rather a common place performance, and cannot be quoted as the production of either a profound or splendid mind, nevertheless abounds with good thought and benevolent observation. He seems indeed to speak of the condition of "the poor scholar and servitor in a tattered gown," on his first going to the University, as if he had himself experienced, not only "the great disadvantage," but the reproach, which "the scholars that wait on table," have to labour under and endure; and though he had observed how "the inferior clergy" were marks of ridicule and contempt, and had reason to complain of more grievances than their superiors could boast of immunities; yet we believe him to have been one of those consistent clergymen of whom he speaks, who were "rich though not worth a groat," and who were "despised by the world for their poverty, but pitied the world for its weakness:" for "the soul" says he, "that is great in itself can be happy, or content with a very little:" and "take away vanity and ambition, and there is no solid and natural contentment, but may be had with the smallest income or preferment."

When he became curate of Simonburn he officiated under Mr. Wastal, who was inducted of the rectory in 1719. He was a gentleman of a quiet and generous disposition, and from infirmity in the latter part of his life, left the duties of the parish almost entirely to his curate. Wallis's situation in life, obscure though it was, was useful, and should not be lamented, as his disposition was so mild, and his sense of duty so proper, that he acquiesced without a murmur or a sigh at his humble fortune. Here he began to cultivate his botanic genius and filled his little garden with curious plants. The study of botany brought with it a fondness for natural history in

general. All his leisure time (and he had but little, for he was unremitting in the duties of his cure) was occupied in traversing the bold and picturesque region in which he dwelt, collecting every curious indigenous plant or animal which occurred, with indefatigable care and diligence. The result of these labours was his history of Northumberland. It appeared in 1769. and under the following title. "The Natural History and Antiquities of Northumberland, and of so much of the county of Durham as lies between the rivers Tyne and Tweed, commonly called the North Bishoprick, in two volumes. By JOHN WALLIS, A. M. London: printed for the author, by W. and W. Strahan; and sold by S. Bladon, in Pater-noster Row." The work was very naturally, but in too fulsome language, dedicated to the duke of Northumberland; and further patronized by 294 subscribers, of whom 46 put down their names for large paper. The first volume, beside a preface and an introduction of xxviii pages, contains 438 pages in xiii chapters, of which twelve are on natural history, and the thirteenth on eminent men, natives of the county. The eighth, which is on trees and plants, is the largest and has been much esteemed and quoted by botanists. In his botanic researches, he says, he met with some curious plants, which the indefatigable and accurate Dillenius acknowledged he had never seen in England. The second volume is on the Antiquities of the county, and contains 562 pages, besides an appendix of Instruments in 22 more. This occupied the labour of twenty years; and considering the scantiness of the printed information on the subject when the author published, is certainly not only a copious, but a very correct account of the antiquities of the county. In the history of estates and families, in particular, its value is great. Indeed, on this part of the work, he speaks with the confidence of one that was conscious of its value and authenticity: "I have" says he "illustrated the baronial honours, tenures, and feudal property, not from vague, and uncertain testimony, but from authors of the highest pre-eminence in the Kingdom; from the Rotuli Annales returned into the Exchequer by the sheriffs, and that grand record the Testa de Nevill; from Rymer's Foedera; and from the acts of the legislature, and from the decisions of the most eminent antiquaries, and civilians; from royal charters, family records and monumental inscriptions." The Warburton MSS, in the possession of the duke, and the Lawson MS. in the library of the Literary and Philosophical Society—greatly assisted him, but he who never rose higher than the state of a stipendiary curate, cannot be supposed to have lavished much in fees for transcripts of records in the great archives in the land; nor is there in his work any evidence of such indiscretion, consequently still more credit is attributable for what he did.



Our author in his preface, speaks of himself, his pursuits, and his work in a tone of enthusiasm and confidence which indeed betrays no feelings of guilty ambition, but have none of that indifference to public opinion, which can neither be grateful for reward or insensible of neglect.

On Mr. Wastal's death in 1771, James Scott, B.D., a polished courtier, a polite man of the world, and a bold and eloquent preacher, succeeded to the rectory of Simonburn, which was conferred upon him by lord North as a reward for his political services. Wallis, as has been stated, had for a long time, administered nearly the whole of the duties of the parish, now found himself under the command of a proud and overbearing superior, who had more regard for his spaniels than his curate. These favourites attended their master to the church; and on one occasion, when they attempted to accompany him to the pulpit, Wallis, who occupied the reading desk, was ordered to put them out, but refused, an act of disobedience for which he was driven from Simonburn.

Hodgson who had an interview in 1810, records the following "What occasion is there" said the rector to me "for any more histories of Northumberland? My curate, Wallis, wrote a very large one. He was an old wife: and fond of what he called the beauties and retirements of the glen on the south side of the church there:" and then he laughed at his own sagacity and sneer." "Dr. Scott" continues this author, to whose work we are greatly indebted "had a keen insight into human nature: but if I esteem only such men as I can make the willing panders of my ambition or my pleasure, over how many of the wise and good must I look with contempt and scorn! Wallis was too artless and innocent to become the tool of a haughty and insolent churchman: and while he had the authority of the highest in antiquity for meditation in the olive grove and the garden, the dene of the church of Simonburn, might well be counted sacred to him. But he was banished from these favourite haunts "to seek for shelter" where he could find it: and if his soul afterwards continued armour-proof against "the stings and arrows" of human neglect, it was only because its trust was not on man for support and consolation. It has been said that he fled his once happy retreat, but alas he knew of none other to fly to. A humane and benevolent clergyman who had been his friend at college, hearing of his misfortune, generously offered an asylum for him and his wife, which, it hardly need be said, was thankfully accepted. Soon after this, he became curate *pro tempore* of Haughton, near Darlington in 1775, and immediately after removed to the curacy of Billingham, near Stockton. While here, by the death of a brother about 1791, a very small estate



fell into his hands, and slightly improved his circumstances; but the infirmities of age, increasing blindness, and other evils, rapidly thickened upon him and rendered him incapable of performing the functions of his holy office. And now ascended the episcopal throne, Barrington, that munificent patron of letters, and benevolent friend of affliction and embarrassment, who in 1791, came too late to confer upon our author the honours and rewards which three preceding prelates had not been recommended to bestow; but early enough to befriend him in his need, and to give him cause to console himself with the reflection, that though age had removed him from the altar without any settled provision for his remaining days, it was only, for unmerited neglect, to suffuse over his "evening hours" the sunshine of thankfulness and joy. Borne down by manifold infirmities, this venerable man resigned his cure in the Midsummer of 1793, and the bishop being made aware of his lamentable indigence allowed him an annual pension from his private purse. Wallis struck with gratitude at such unexpected generosity, immediately packed up an antient statue of Apollo, he had found at Caervorran, which he sent as a present to the hon. Daines Barrington, brother to the bishop. He and his wife then retired to Norton near Stockton, still capable of exercising gratitude to his benefactor, and yet declining daily, until at the age of seventy-nine, on the 23rd of September 1793, less than three months after his resignation, with all the consciousness of a well spent life and without a pain, he expired as he lived, a good man.

He died childless, and left a small but valuable library of books, chiefly relating to Natural history: the precise period of his wife's death has not been ascertained.

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## The Happy Village, a Poem by Richard Wallis, A. M.



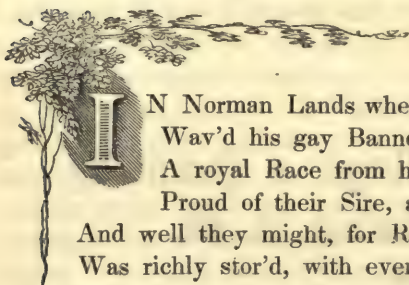
BLANCHLAND, to which the following poem alludes, is now a large village, nine miles S. by E. of Hexham. It is situated in a narrow, deep green vale on the north side of the Darwent, and is enclosed by heathy hills and morasses. In 1175, Walter de Bolbeck founded an abbey here to the honour of the Blessed Virgin, for twelve Præmonstratensian canons, with liberty to exceed that num-

ber, with the consent of the bishop of Durham. 37 Henry VIII., it was granted to John Bellon and John Broxholm, and afterwards possessed by sir Claudius Forster, by the attainder of whose decendant, Thomas Forster, jun., esq., in 1715, it was forfeited to the crown and purchased by bishop lord Crewe, who left it to charitable uses. The west end and the tower of the church still remain; the latter was neatly fitted up as a chapel of ease in 1752, by lord Crewe's trustees, who also provided a comfortable dwelling for the curate. There is also remaining the principal gate of the abbey, as also several fragments of the conventual ruins.

Richard Wallis, the author of this poem, was cousin to John Wallis the curate of Simonburn, and held the rectory of Seaham, and the perpetual curacy of S. Hilda, So. Shields, co. pal. He died 1827, May 5, and was buried at his own request under a spreading sycamore in his own church yard of Seaham.

The poem and its notes, which latter are of little value, we reprint literally from the original, which was published in quarto and entitled, "*THE Happy Village* a POEM DEDICATED *To the Honble. & Reverend the TRUSTEES of the late LORD CREWE, By Richard Wallis, Rector of SEAHAM in the COUNTY of DURHAM. So. SHIELDS, Printed and Sold by JOHN PAXTON Market Place. 1802.*" On this title there is also a view of Blanchland engraved on copper by Bewick from a drawing by Wallis.

## THE HAPPY VILLAGE.



IN Norman Lands where ROLLO<sup>1</sup> once appear'd,  
Wav'd his gay Banners, and his Standard rear'd,  
A royal Race from him progressive went,  
Proud of their Sire, and of their high Descent;  
And well they might, for ROLLO's noble Mind  
Was richly stor'd, with every Worth combin'd;  
Friendship, Valour, Sincerity, and Truth,  
Mark'd all his Ways to Age, from early Youth.  
This good ALSTENUS knew, Old England's Chief,  
When ROLLO saved him, by well-tim'd Relief,

<sup>1</sup> A noble Dane, who, on certain Commotions in his own Country, took Refuge in ENGLAND, and was hospitably received by ALSTENUS, King of NORTHUMBERLAND. He afterwards entered FRANCE with a chosen Party, and made himself Master of NORMANDY.

Sav'd his Dominions from the Rebel's Fang,  
 Whilst through the Court the Hero's Praises rang.  
 Hence sprung a Warrior, form'd for ev'ry Deed,  
 Demanding Courage, Diligence, and Speed,  
 Who entered Albion with a chosen Band,  
 And stood confess'd the Conq'rор of the Land.

BULBECK,<sup>1</sup> a Chieftain in th' advent'rous Cause,  
 A Friend to Friendship's and to Honor's Laws,  
 By Deeds of Prowess of immortal Fame,  
 To royal Favour had the strongest Claim.  
 To him was given a large and wide Domain,  
 As most deserving of the faithful Train.  
 The brave are ever gen'rous, good, and kind,  
 So prov'd the Knight to them he left behind;  
 That they might share the Bounty lately giv'n,  
 He vow'd to dedicate a Part to Heav'n.

For this, where Derwent's silver Streamlets run,  
 Purl on their Way, and glisten to the Sun,  
 He chose a Spot sequester'd, rich, and low,  
 Fraught with each Dainty that a Vale can grow:  
 Anon, he bid the stately Abbey rise,  
 Tow'r in the Air, and greet its kindred Skies.

The Whole compleat, the massy Arches bent,  
 He straight to Normandy the Tidings sent,  
 For BLANCHLAND's honor'd Sons, the Friends at Home,  
 His thoughtful Bounty raised the sacred Dome.

Soon reach'd the News the old Cistercian Pile,<sup>2</sup>  
 And quick as Lightning flew from Aisle to Aisle,  
 From Monk to Monk it pass'd, as Legend says,  
 With all the Extacy of monkish Praise.  
 Loud rang the Mass-Bell in the lofty Tow'r,  
 A Call to Council, at an early Hour;  
 When by a Lamp, dim glimm'ring to the Moon,  
 The Abbot mark'd them fittest for the Boon,  
 For BLANCHLAND fair, from Norman BLANCHLAND nam'd,  
 As Children Titles bear of Parents fam'd.

<sup>1</sup> The reputed Founder of BLANCHLAND Abbey

<sup>2</sup> The Monks of BLANCHLAND in NORMANDY were of the Cistercian Order.—

*See Speed's Chron.*



Thus did a moss-clad Convent, o'er the Seas,  
A new one stock, as Hive stocks Hive with Bees.  
Swarms such as these, in Number like the Sand,  
Obscur'd the Light, and darken'd all the Land,  
'Till happier Times in HENRY'S brighter Reign,  
Dispell'd the Cloud, and brought clear Day again.

Ill fare the Swains, whose unsuspecting Souls  
Are guided by a Troop of monkish Cows ;  
Sweet was the Vale, but foul the Deeds of those,  
Whom misplac'd Bounty for such Duties chose.  
Grand was the Choir, and grave the hooded Throng,  
Who loudly join'd in Morn and Even Song ;

In specious Pomp, and Prayer of lenthen'd Span,  
They worship'd God, but did no good to Man ;  
They gave Attendance scrupulously Nice,  
At Hours of Pray'r, and stated Hours of Vice.

Such were the Masters of this peaceful Spot,  
Which soon was destin'd to an happier Lot ;  
For HENRY thunder'd forth his dread Behest ;  
And crush'd the idle Zealots in their Nest.

Clear'd was the Vale, and clear'd was ev'ry Cell,  
When into better Hands they haply fell,  
Who portion'd out the Lands, in Farms full good,  
To serve an hardy Peasantry with Food.

Forth from the Pile were led the massy Stones,  
Once the Protectors of the Norman Drones,  
And up and down dispers'd there rose to View  
Convenient Hamlets, simple, neat, and new ;  
At BLANCHLAND too, where all was still and dead,  
A lonely Cottage rear'd its humble Head,  
Another soon gave shelter from the Storm,  
Till it began to wear a Village Form.

And now, my Muse, best of the tuneful Tribe,  
Teach me a rising Village to describe,  
Give me but Pow'r to modulate my Lay,  
As GOLDSMITH sung of one in deep Decay ;  
Then shall my Pen attempt th' inviting Scene,  
Portray what is, as well as what has been,

Make Truth display the Charms of Fancy's Song,  
 And Time confess it as it rolls along,  
 Confess that BLANCHLAND has the Grace alone  
 Of AUBURN dead, of lovely AUBURN—gone.

To BLANCHLAND'S Sons, enclosed on ev'ry Side,  
 Far from the Commerce of the briny Tide,  
 No stream but DERWENT, useful, but not large,  
 Fitter to turn the Mill than bear the Barge,  
 No Stream but this, pressing the verdant Glade,  
 Source of domestic Comfort, not of Trade,  
 To them, deny'd to use the bending Sail,  
 Mount the steep Deck, and court the prosp'rous Gale.  
 To them, the soothing Thought propitious came,  
 That wealth wherever found, was still the same;  
 Whether on Indian or Peruvian Shore,  
 Still does it bear the Rank it always bore;  
 It matters not from whence it takes its Birth,  
 In open Day, or Bowels of the Earth.

Inspired by this, they search the Mountain's Base,  
 Where Signs of precious Ore they hope to trace.  
 Brought by the delving Torrent into Light,  
 They find it scatter'd, brilliant and bright.  
 In goes the Drift,<sup>1</sup> and e'er it reaches far,  
 They strike against a solid Rock of Spar;  
 Onward they hack again, when lo! the *Vein*  
 Displays its Lustre, and relieves their Pain.  
 Bless'd sight, indeed! which with it daily brings  
 Food for the Poor, the best support of Kings.  
 Happy the Man! who first the infant Thought  
 Nurs'd as it rose, and to Perfection brought;  
 Whose bright Success an inland Circle gave  
 All that it wish'd for from the distant Wave,  
 Bid the increasing Village larger grow,  
 And all the Sweets of in-born Traffic know.

CREWE, their Protector, Master, and liege Lord,  
 Whose Life was *Bounty* mitr'd and ador'd,  
 The Progress saw, attentive to the Change,  
 And in right Order wish'd the Whole to range;

<sup>1</sup> Or Level, the Opening leading to the Ore, so termed by Miners.

For tho' Religion in Disguise was gone,  
 He knew the dire Effects of having none,  
 So here he plac'd it, with a purer Ray,  
 To light to Heav'n the true and perfect Way.  
 All might see it, all that would, at least,  
 By a most faithful Guide, a *Parish Priest*.

One Act like this, so good, sublimely shews,  
 The Texture of the Heart from whence it flows ;  
 The Man enslaved by hoarded Treasure's Lure,  
 Ne'er heeds what Ills his fellow Men endure,  
 Supremely bless'd in Heaps of sordid Pelf,  
 His utmost Bounty centres in himself ;  
 Whilst lib'ral Minds, of more extensive Sweep,  
 Range o'er the Land, and skim along the Deep,  
 In Hopes alike kind Comfort to impart  
 To the poor Miner's or the Sailor's<sup>1</sup> Heart.

But ah! the Hour which flits on certain Wing,  
 Drew near to CREWE, with an unerring Sting ;  
 That Hour approaching which the Grave succeeds,  
 Bid CREWE depart, but could not touch his Deeds ;  
 His god-like Actions, at his mortal close,  
 Shone with fresh Lustre, by the Worth of those  
 To whom he gave his Lands in Trust, a *Few*  
 Who all the Goodness of there Lord renew,  
 Renew his Kindness to the Sailor Train,  
 And strive who most shall bless the Cottage Swain.

The Infant Village now began to share  
 Full rural Comfort, by their fost'ring Care.

A decent Church to piercing Torrents Proof,  
 Is rear'd within the Abbey's vaulting Roof ;  
 The old and new are blended in the Pile,  
 To wear one Semblance of the former Style ;  
 The broad square Steeple firmly stands erect,  
 Just as it was, without the least Defect.

Pure hallow'd Fabrick ! fre'd from gross Abuse,  
 What constitutes thy Beauty is thy Use ;

<sup>1</sup> At BAMBOROUGH CASTLE every Precaution is taken, by LORD CREWE's Trustees, for the Safety of Mariners, on that dangerous Coast.



The modest Whisp'rings of thy tinkling Bell  
Are all for good, and that the Dale can tell.

Above, the Pastor's House, they neatly raise.  
On sloping Ground, to catch the Sun's bright Rays.

Below, the Village forms an humble Square,  
Supply'd with Water pure, and purest Air.

A little off, and ranging to the West,  
Are Stalls for Horse, or Cow, as suiteth best,  
In one straight Line, and in one lengthen'd Row,  
They meet the Ev'ning Sun's declining Glow,  
Where tidy Maids and Matrons never fail  
To give Attendance, with the Milking pail.

The while, a Rustic you may Chance to spy  
Standing transfix'd with sheepish Love hard by,  
And one, perhaps, with Looks quite debonair,  
Thinking of Nothing, but th' approaching *Fair* ;  
No Love but this, possessing his fond Breast,  
His Talk by Day, his Dream when gone to rest,  
If press'd, indeed, he'll condescend to speak,  
Of Things that only pass'd the other Week ;  
How COLIN gain'd the Prize<sup>1</sup> from ev'ry Herd,  
And saw his Ram to all the Rest preferr'd ;  
How it, compleat in Wool, in Shape, in Size,  
Bore off, at once, the much contested Prize.  
But if you think he does not tell you all,  
Pass on, and hear it, at th' adjoining Stall.

On yonder sunny Wall the Pastor leans,  
And for surrounding Politicians gleans,  
News of the last and this eventful Year,  
Enough to strike the most indiff'rent Ear.  
And when he ceases and can find no more,  
Homeward they hasten to recount it o'er,  
Where NELSON, HOWE, and such-like glorious Names  
Ring in the Ears of their delighted Dames.

Through a wide Arch a Cloister Fragment old,  
Hangs the blithe Sign where nut-brown Ale is sold,

<sup>1</sup> To improve the Breed of Sheep a Prize is given for the best Ram.

To which the Sportsman bends his weary Way,  
 Himself regales and cheers the Heart of TRAY;  
 Tales of much Length resound throughout the House,  
 How HE and TRAY out-witted all the Grouse,  
 How through th' uneven Wild he ne'er did flag,  
 And with most steady aiming fill'd his Bag;  
 Tells with what skill he brought the old Cock down,  
 And all the flutt'ring Brood mark'd for his own;  
 Next kill'd the widow'd Mate, when at a Loss  
 The Rest flew scatter'd to the broken Moss,  
 Where one by one, they fell an easy Prey  
 To his all-pow'rful Hand, and matchless TRAY.

Bless'd Days! of early Pastime and Repose,  
 E'er all the Storms of busy Life arose,  
 When I at Dawn have hasten'd to the Sport,  
 With Spirits gay, Youth's first and best Support,  
 Travell'd the live-long Day in Search of Game,  
 And at the very Ale-house done the same.

Let not the grave and studious under-rate  
 The Heart-felt Pleasures that such Sports await,  
 Let not the pallid Book-worm e'er deride  
 The happy Wand'ers of the Mountain's Side,  
 Where if they reap not fleeting Fame and Wealth,  
 Obtain Life's choicest Blessing, ruddy Health.

Ascending, devious, up the northern Steep,  
 Through Trees round which sweet scented Woodbines creep;  
 We reach a Terrace elevated high,  
 Where all the Valley's Beauty meets the Eye;  
 And as we mount, by frequent peeping back,  
 Through happy op'nings in the Silvan Track,  
 The aged Steeple seems by slow Degrees,  
 To hide its solemn Head among the Trees.

Sweet Contemplation and a Mind at Ease,  
 Will make the slightest Touch of Nature please;  
 But if absorb'd in Sorrow's cheerless Gloom,  
 Lost are her brightest Tints, and fairest Bloom;  
 Yet kind Religion can restore the Taste  
 For woodland Fragrance, and the daisy'd Waste,

Can the sad Heavings of the Breast controul,  
 Best of Physicians for the wounded Soul ;  
 When, lo ! the blossom'd Maze resumes its Wile,  
 And lures again through yonder pad-trod Stile.

The Terrace gain'd, we trace the ancient Bound  
 Mark'd by a hollow Moat<sup>1</sup> which went around  
 The Deer-stor'd Park, which daily us'd t'afford  
 A goodly Haunch to deck the monkish Board ;  
 But soon we lose it at the Terrace End,  
 Where all Distinctions in one Level blend ;  
 The desolating Fence to Atoms goes,  
 And one lone Relick it existed, shews.

Dear, placid Contemplation, heav'nly Maid,  
 Slowly would pass my Hours without thy Aid,  
 My balmy Solace, and my chief Delight,  
 In the low Shade, or on the Mountain's Height ;  
 By thy Assistance I past Scenes explore,  
 View them in Order, as they rang'd of Yore,  
 Compare them with the present, and observe  
 Which my Admiration most deserve ;  
 Whether wide sweeping Land-marks did more Good  
 Than yon contracted Fences near the Wood,  
 Whether the Abbey's huge and cumb'ring Walls,  
 Compleat with all its Cloisters and its Stalls,  
 Had better yet have occupied the Place  
 Of yonder happy smiling Village Race.—  
 By the first Glance, my Judgement firm is fix'd,  
 And with it no misgiving Doubts are mix'd.  
 The present, here, hath only Charms for me,  
 So, from the Terrace, bless the Scene I see,

Hence the struck Eye, by DERWENT'S winding Tide,  
 Beholds th' embosom'd Lawn, the Village Pride,  
 Divided into Squares of fittest Kind,  
 To crown th' Ambition of each lowly Hind.

For ev'ry one a Garden too is made,  
 And Prizes given to th' expertest Spade ;  
 Up to th' adjoining Road they gently rise  
 Shewing to Passengers a Paradise.

<sup>1</sup> The Remains of Antiquity here, are well worth the Notice of the Curious.



Here, all in various Ways Precedence seek,  
 By the best Cabbage, or the largest leek,  
 By the potatoe nicely earth'd in Rows,  
 The more admir'd as it mealy grows ;  
 By choicest Herbs, from ev'ry Quarter got,  
 For Med'cine some, some sav'ry for the Pot ;  
 By the best Gooseberry, in Size and Shape,  
 More valu'd than the fam'd falernian Grape.

And if, perchance, a rustic Florist tries  
 Amongst the Train his Taste to signalize,  
 Ambition centres as it did of old  
 In the White Rose, or English Marygold.

Here, Emulation moves with freest Scope,  
 And Industry advances nurs'd by Hope ;  
 The best Companion that the Miner knows,  
 Kind Height'ner of Joys, and Soft'ner of Woes,  
 Cheers him alike when shiv'ring in the Mine,  
 And when he labours by his Garden Line ;  
 There, the hard Task, he *hopes*, will soon be done,  
 And here, he *hopes*, The Prize is almost won ;  
 Who with his Garden and his little Field,  
 To none in Point of Happiness will yield ;  
 That Point he gains, what can a Prince do more,  
 With all his Wealth, and all his worldly Store ?

Such are th' Arrangements which we view at Hand,  
 The first that strike us from our lofty Stand ;  
 The circling Woods next for Attention sue,  
 Gayly array'd in all their verdant Hue,  
 Seeming to say, with most enchanting Smile,  
 Give us our Due, and look at us awhile.

Yes, ye youthful Guardians of the Dale,  
 From ev'ry piercing Blast that might assail,  
 Which with imbitter'd Force, and Chillness keen,  
 Would blight the Herbage, and deface the Green,  
 For you my grateful Lines shall gladly flow,  
 Who thus for Use and Beauty freely grow.

E'er yonder dripping Wheel began its Course,  
 Impell'd by lib'ral DERWENT'S branching Force

E'er the lorn Valley other Inmates knew  
 Than the incumbring useless Norman Crew,  
 E'er the firm Abbeys Stones exchang'd their Place,  
 And in the Cottage shone with whiten'd Face,  
 Or ee'r the sable Cloud was swept away,  
 The Heights surrounding rude and barren lay,  
 And down projecting bent each low'ring Brow,  
 Frowning upon the luckless Vale below.

Now they are cover'd, and no Feature seen,  
 Bleak and unseemly, by a silvan Skreen ;  
 The waving Larch and Caledonian Pine  
 For lasting Verdure all their Aid combine ;  
 One universal Foliage decks the Hills,  
 And smiles upon the DERWENT'S trickling Rills.

As fell the Abbey, and the Village rose,  
 So did the heathy Steeps their Trees enclose ;  
 And when the Village Square grew quite compleat,  
 Display'd their gay Attire in one wide Sheet.

Across the Stream, both up and down the Wood,  
 Are winding Paths above the crystal Flood.

Pursuing to the Right, through Pines and Beech,  
 We other Woods of equal Beauty reach,  
 Whose gay enchanting Walks do well accord  
 With the Ideas of their Owner,—O——D.

There no Restriction checks the Peasant's Tread,  
 He freely roams, by Toil or Pleasure led ;  
 Whether to work the Mine, at early Morn,  
 When dewy Spangles ev'ry Tree adorn,  
 He leaves his Garden, and his new sown Bed,  
 Full of the Prize, which never quits his Head,  
 (For he before he goes, must steal a Sight  
 Of what he rak'd and planted Overnight ;)   
 These Paths conduct him to the deep'ning Groove,  
 And to his Steps returning grateful prove.

Or if at vacant Hour, with Mind elate,  
 Big with Ideas of his happy State,  
 He moves with consequential Steps and slow,  
 To view the Objects which his Bliss bestow ;

These Walks receive him, where with heighten'd Glee,  
 His Consequence expands in full Degree;  
 Yet, he, his private Blessings like the Great,  
 Must seem to value at an easy Rate,  
 Lest these his Movements, by the Village Crowd,  
 Should be remark'd, and he accounted Proud.

His smoking Chimney first he eyes askance,  
 His Garden next receives a passing Glance;  
 His Looks now wander to the portion'd Meads,  
 Then onward to the Stalls where CRUMMY feeds;  
 Grateful, at last, to Heav'n for what it gives,  
 He views the *Church*, and where the *Preacher* lives.

Hail lovely Bow'rs! for ever dear to me,  
 Friends to calm Solitude, and Liberty;  
 Where purple Edgings, florid, rich, and sweet,  
 Please ev'ry Sense, and yield the softest Seat;  
 Where Contemplation, and the Cyprian Queen  
 May court their fav'rite Groves alike unseen.

Dear Contemplation, still I call Thee dear,  
 A rival Goddess never, never, fear.  
 Place me on SEAHAM'S Cliffs, or near the TYNE,  
 Where teeming Keels with jetty Lustre shine,  
 Place me by DERWENT'S Side, on BLANCHLAND'S Plain,  
 Amidst those Scenes the subject of my Strain,  
 Still shall thy pensive Charms my Mind engage,  
 Joy of my Youth, my Comforter in Age,  
 I'll e'er prove Constant to my placid Maid,  
 And dedicate to her the Heath-bell'd Shade.

There will I muse at Eve, and ponder well,  
 How Nations flourish'd, and how Nations fell;  
 Mark the Disasters that have laid them low,  
 And think how mine may shun the lev'ling Blow.

From greater Things, perhaps, I turn to small,  
 And view the Ills that make a Village fall;  
 To banish them afar I try each Scheme,  
 And pleas'd at length, admire my airy Dream.

But if what Fancy forms, I wish to see,  
 Sweet BLANCHLAND, then, I fondly look to *Thee*



Happy the Land, and bright the Days would go,  
Would ev'ry Lord his Village order so!

And, now, Thou gentle Shade of rural Bard,  
Whose Lines I oft have ey'd with soft Regard,  
If humblest efforts ever can Thee move  
From mourning o'er the Relicks of thy Love,  
Come to my HAPPY VILLAGE, and behold  
Thy AUBURN'S self, each homely Bliss unfold;  
See, here, the Sign-Post firm, the Pastor good,  
And ev'ry rustic Charm as once it stood.  
Haste, gentle Shade, on wafting Zephyrs borne,  
Forsake thy Haunts, deserted and forlorn,  
Prove the kind Guardian of the Peaceful Scene,  
Where all thy long lost Beauties shine serene;  
Speed on thy airy Flight to BLANCHLAND fair,  
And sometimes think of him who call'd Thee there,  
Approve his Essay from thy lofty Seat,  
And if above our Spirits ever meet,  
We both shall happy Mortals bless, and sing  
Eternal Praises to our HEAV'NLY KING.

## The Voyagers.



ON the twelfth of May, in the year 1817, a young man of Whitburn, in the county of Durham, who had long contemplated an excursion to Berwick by sea, set sail at four A.M., from the neighbouring shore, in a skiff well provided with necessary stores, and accompanied by a boy to assist in the working of the little vessel. On getting out to sea, they found the weather so calm that the sail was useless, and they were obliged to betake themselves to their oars; during the night a heavy rain had fallen, and a hazy atmosphere limited the northern prospect, but by moderate rowing they came abreast of Souter-point, a bold headland, in about an hour after starting. Here, the sun breaking gloriously from behind a cloud dispelled the murky vapours of retiring gloom, whilst a cool breeze off the land, put an end to their labour, and promised a pleasant and easy passage. They now laid in the oars, and set the mainsail and jib. At half-past five they were off Tynemouth, and the ebb-tide being in their favour, with the influence of a steady west wind, they glided along the coast, if

not rapidly at least pleasantly, and giving the helm to the boy, the elder voyager made a hearty meal.

The hours wore on, and considerable progress was made until ten A.M., when they reached Coquet Island, a small patch of land lying off the mouth of the river of the same name. The sun was shining brightly overhead and the breeze freshening, as they secured the boat to the land and stepped ashore; they sought all about for water, and at last fell in with a gushing spring at which they filled their casks and lashed them securely to the vessel. Pushing from the shore they soon lost sight of the island and at eleven, passed Dunstanborough castle. The weather becoming squally, it was thought advisable to take in a reef of the mainsail and at three P.M. the boat was abreast of Holy Island with its rocky seated castle and ruined priory; half an hour subsequent they had rounded Emmanuel Head, the north east point of the island.

Entering the south eastern check of the deep bay of Berwick, about four miles from the land, they met with an unlooked for difficulty; at half-past three Berwick steeple was in sight, and just as the elder voyager was indulging in the anticipation of a hearty welcome from his friends, the sea which had been pretty strong for some time, now became heavy by the action of a furious squall, accompanied by a terrible fall of rain. This obliged them to take another reef, but the land scantied two points, and the wind continuing to blow fresh, laid prostrate all hope. Plunging against a head sea, and making no progress, but rather getting into further disaster, and finding it totally impossible to attempt a landing, they threw the boat's head south. The wind and sea increasing, it was with difficulty they carried close-reefed sails; the storm raged, the rain fell heavily, and the heavy surge poured into the open boat, drenching to the skin the unfortunate voyagers. The water made so fast that the boy was constantly employed in baling it out with such imperfect means as they had. All chance of gaining the land was now over; evening approached, and no other prospect appeared but darkness and despair. At this moment a heavy wave struck the boat and nearly overwhelmed them. They let loose both sheets, the boy baling away unceasingly, and immediately afterwards they took in the mizen and struck the mizen mast.

The only sail in sight was about a mile to the leeward, and after some minutes of painful indecision, the elder determined to bear down to her—where all is hazardous and full of doubt, it is difficult to decide. The little bark flew before the strength of the gale, staggering through the raging sea, but at last they came up with the object of pursuit, and found her to be a deeply laden sloop, standing south and

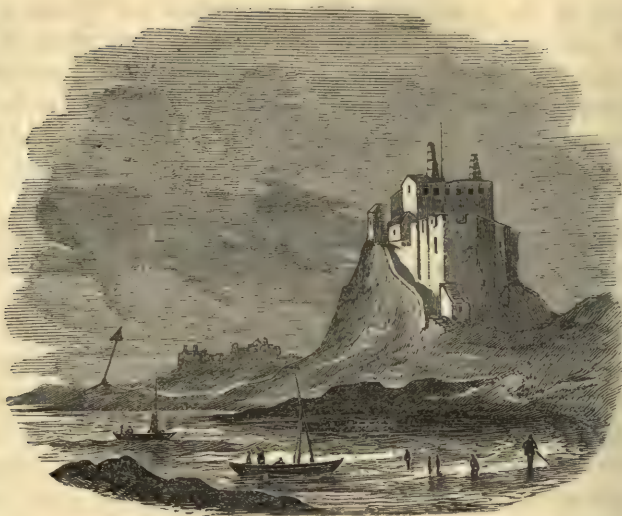


kept well to the windward. The boy hailed her by the speaking trumpet and by waving his hat—signals which were observed by the crew while the boat bore under the stern of the sloop, and siezing a rope thrown out by the captain, they soon climbed on deck, and gave thanks for their deliverance, for their destruction had been inevitable if this chance had not fallen in the way. The elder of our heroes solicited a ship's warp with which to tow the boat, and the assistance of his crew to strike the mast, upset the water casks, and make such other dispositions as were necessary. They were all Scots, and neither master or men gave their aid with that alacrity or willingness which sweetens a favour or renders an obligation but slightly burdensome. Neither did the crew offer greater hospitality to the little shipboy, than their master accorded to his companion. Exhausted by the anxieties and fatigues of twelve long hours, drenched with rain and spray, and benumbed with cold, the elder rapidly traversed the deck in the hope of producing by exercise what his entertainers had denied.

The sloop was bound for London, and the captain not unfrequently cheered himself with certain prognostics of a northerly wind, to the no small discomfort of the luckless passengers. Necessity at length compelled him to do what the commander had not thought proper to suggest, and taking down his stock of provisions, our elder voyager seated himself before the cabin fire,—an apartment whose filthiness betokened idleness in the extreme. The captain shortly followed, and drinking a glass of rum, wished a good land-fall to his passengers, a wish, it hardly need be stated, heartily responded by those to whom it was addressed. Having unpacked the little basket in search of the rum, he took care to exhibit its contents—a procedure which did not fail in producing a manifest improvement in the behaviour of the surly captain, who, with our hero, seated themselves on the floor, and made a hearty meal of tongue, ham, and veal. Inviting the mate to sup with his little companion, the twain ascended on deck.

It was ten o'clock, and the thickening gleams of twilight were rapidly succeeded by the gloominess of night. The wind continued violent, and whistled through the blocks in melancholy cadence, sounding in perfect unison with his present state of mind. They were so far southward as the Farn Islands, and about two miles without them, but atmospheric appearances by no means indicated a speedy realization of the captain's predictions. On the contrary, the old weather-beaten cook as he looked up to the windward, declared with no small confidence that it looked like a southerly wind. At half-past ten all hands were called up to take another reef in the mainsail, and our friend availed himself of this opportunity of getting the boat





HOLY ISLAND.

hauled up and baled out,—then sending the boy down to the cabin fire, he wrapped himself up in a watch coat, and seating himself by the companion, gave way to such reflections as the circumstances seemed to suggest,

“Life’s fairest views are but an airy dream,  
Frail as the passing cloud, or bubble on the stream.”

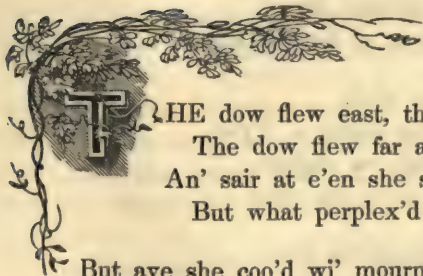
The increasing gale precluded any hope of the voyage terminating where it begun, exclusive of the great probability which existed of landing in the Thames instead of the Tweed. The wind was at the south west, and blew with unabated violence, and the night was uncommonly dark. The beautiful light on the Farn Islands was now on the weather side, and as its revolutions alternately exhibited light and shade, so also did it form a fitting illustration of his late adventures. A thickening rain, joined to the persuasions of the watch, induced him to quit the deck, and stretching himself on the cabin floor, with some old jackets for a pillow, and imploring the protection of heaven, soon found oblivion to his cares in a sound sleep. He had enjoyed the bliss of forgetfulness only two hours, when he was awoke by the old cook who said that the master wanted to speak to him on deck. Unrefreshed, he arose stiff and pained—the wind had now wore round to the SSE., the morning was dark and rainy, and the captain was afraid of losing the boat. The vessel had been standing in for some hours, and the heaviness of the sea, certainly justified the master’s apprehensions. As he expected to fetch in a little to the northward of the islands, he hoped to find less sea and have the

advantage of daylight, to get the boat baled out. He then invited the captain below to partake of the contents of his flask, and sent the old cook to serve out glasses to all the hands. This brawny Caledonian, full six feet in height, wore a beard of a fortnight's growth, and his ponderous sea boots, petticoats, trowsers, tattered wig, and his indescribable gale-beat hat, tied under his grisly chin, presented a figure, which, without much effort of imagination, might have passed for a genius of the deep! Again our friend adjusted his humble couch, and notwithstanding the disquietude and gloom which had all but excluded hope, he was soon again in the arms of sleep, and was once more awakened by his little companion, with the news of "less wind and fair weather." He flew with alacrity on deck and viewed the fineness of the morning with gratitude and delight. As the vessel neared Holy Island, our voyagers were busily engaged in making preparations for landing: a little after four A.M. they baled out the boat, and after handing their little provisions into it, thanked the master for his assistance, and making a slight remuneration to the crew, they again committed themselves to the mercy of the sea. At six they were abreast of Emmanuel Head, the scene of the commencement of all their troubles, and at half-past ten, without meeting with any extraordinary occurrence, they got safely into Berwick, and landing on the quay, our hero soon forgot his troubles in the hearty welcome of his friends.

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## Sir David Graeme.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.



THE dow flew east, the dow flew west,  
 The dow flew far ayont the fell;  
 An' sair at e'en she seemed distrest,  
 But what perplex'd her could not tell

But aye she coo'd wi' mournfu' croon,  
 An' ruffled a' her feathers fair;  
 An' lookit sad as she war boun'  
 To leave the land for evermair.

The lady wept, an some did blame,  
She didnae blame the bonny dow,  
But sair she blamed Sir David Graeme,  
Because the knight had broke his vow.

For he had sworn by the starns sae bright,  
An' by their bed on the dewy green,  
To meet her there on St. Lambert's night,  
Whatever dangers lay between.

To risk his fortune an' his life  
In bearing her frae her father's towers,  
To gie her a' the lands o' Dryfe,  
An' the Enzie-holm wi' its bonnie bowers.

The day arrived, the evening came,  
The lady looked wi' wistful ee ;  
But, O, alas ! her noble Graeme  
Frae e'en to morn she didna see.

An' she has sat her down an' grat ;  
The warld to her like a desert seemed ;  
An' she wyted this, an' she wyted that,  
But o' the real cause never dreamed.

The sun had drunk frae Keilder fell,  
His beverage o' the morning dew ;  
The deer had crouched her in the dell,  
The heather oped its bells o' blue ;

The lambs were skipping on the brae,  
The laverock hiche attour them sung,  
An' aye she hailed the jocund day,  
Till the wee, wee tabors o' heaven rung.

The lady to her window hied,  
An' it opened owre the banks o' Tyne,  
"An', O, alak !" she said, an' sighed,  
"Sure ilka breast is blyth but mine !

Where hae ye been, my bonnie dow,  
That I hae fed wi' the bread an' wine ?  
As roving a' the country through,  
O, saw ye this fause knight o' mine ?"



The dow sat down on the window tree,  
An' she carried a lock o' yellow hair ;  
Then she perched upon that lady's knee,  
An' carefully she placed it there.

"What can this mean ? This lock's the same  
That aince was mine. Whate'er betide,  
This lock I gae to Sir David Graeme,  
The flower of a' the Border side.

"He might hae sent it by squire or page,  
An' no letten the wily dow steal't awa ;  
'Tis a matter for the lore and counsels of age,  
But the thing I canna read ata'."

The dow flew east, the dow flew west,  
The dow she flew far ayont and fell,  
An' back she came, wi' panting brest,  
Ere the ringing o' the castle bell.

She lighted ahiche on the holly-tap,  
An she cried, "cur-dow," an' fluttered her wing ;  
Then flew into that lady's lap,  
An' there she placed a diamond ring.

"What can this mean ? This ring is the same  
That aince was mine. What'er betide,  
This ring I gae to Sir David Graeme,  
The flower of a' the Border side.

"He sends me back the love tokens true !  
Was ever poor maiden perplexed like me ?  
'Twould seem he's reclaimed his faith an' his vow,  
But all is fauldit in mystery."

An' she has sat her down an' grat,  
The world to her a desart seemed ;  
An' she wyted this, an' she wyted that,  
But o' the real cause never dreamed.

When, lo ! Sir David's trusty hound,  
Wi' humpling back, an' a waefu' ee,  
Came cringing in an' lookit around,  
But his look was hopeless as could be.

He laid his head on that lady's knee,  
An' he lookit as somebody he would name,  
An' there was a language in his howe e'e  
That was stronger than a tongue could frame.

She fed him wi' the milk an' the bread,  
An' ilka good thing that he wad hae ;  
He lickit her hand, he coured his head,  
Then slowly, slowly, he slunkered away.

But she has eyed her fause knight's hound,  
An' a' to see where he wad gae :  
He whined, an' he howled, an' lookit around,  
Then slowly, slowly he trudged away.

Then she's casten aff her coal-black shoon,  
An' her bonnie silken hose, sae glancin' an' sheen,  
She kiltit her wilye coat an' broidered gown,  
An' away she has linkit over the green.

She followed the hound owre muirs an' rocks,  
Through mony a dell an' dowie glen,  
Till frae her brow an' bonnie goud locks,  
The dew dreepit down like the drops o' rain.

An' ay she said, "My love may be hid,  
An' darena come to the castle to me ;  
But him I will find and dearly I'll chide,  
For lack o' stout heart an' courtesye.

"But ae kind press to his manly breast,  
An' ae kind kiss in the moorland glen,  
Will weel atone for a' that is past.  
O wae to the paukie snares o' men !"

An' aye she eyed the gray sloth-hound,  
As he windit owre Deadwater fell,  
Till he came to the den wi' the moss inbound,  
An' O, but it kythed a lonesome dell !

An' he waggit his tail, an' he fawned about,  
Then he coured him down sae wearilye ;  
"Ah ! yon's my love, I hae found him out,  
He's lying waiting in the dell for me.

"To meet a knight near the fall of night  
 Alone in this untrodden wild,  
 It scarcely becomes a lady bright,  
 But I'll vow that the hound my steps beguiled."

Alak! whatever a maiden may say,  
 True has't been said, an' aften been sung,  
 The e'e her heart's love will betray,  
 An' the secret will sirple frae her tongue.

"What ails my love, that he looks nae roun',  
 A lady's stately step to view;  
 Ah me! I hae neither stockings nor shoon,  
 An' my feet are sae white wi' the moorland dew!"

"Sae sound as he sleeps in his hunting gear,  
 'To waken him great pity would be;  
 Deaf is the man that caresna to hear,  
 An' blind is he wha wantsna to see."

Sae softly she treads the wee green swaird,  
 Wi' the lichens an' the ling a' fringed around.  
 "My e'en are darkened wi' some wul-weird,  
 What ails my love, he sleeps sae sound."

She gae ae look, she needit but ane,  
 For it left nae sweet uncertaintye;  
 She saw a wound through his shoulder bane,  
 An' in his brave breast two or three.

There wasna sic e'en on the Border green,  
 As the piercing e'en o' Sir David Graeme;  
 She glisked wi' her e'e where these e'en should be,  
 But the raven had been there afore she came.

There's a cloud that fa's darker than the night,  
 An' darkly on that lady it came;  
 There's a sleep as deep as the sleep outright,—  
 Tis without a feeling or a name.

'Tis a dull an' a dreamless lethargye,  
 For the spirit strays owre vale an' hill,  
 An' the bosom is left a vacancy,  
 An' when it comes back it is darker still.



O shepherd, lift that comely corpse,  
 Well may you see no wound is there,  
 There's a faint rose mid the bright dew drops,  
 An' they have not wet her glossy hair.

There's a lady has lived in Howswood tower,  
 'Tis seven years past on St Lambert's day,  
 An' aye when comes the vesper hour  
 These words an' no more can she say.

"They slew my love on the wild Swaird green,  
 As he was on his way to me,  
 An' the ravens picked his bonnie blue e'en,  
 An' the tongue that was formed for courtesye.

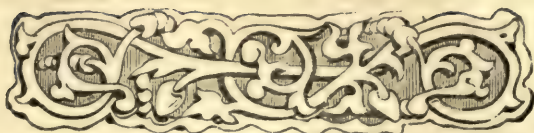
"My brothers they slew my comely knight,  
 An' his grave is red blood to the brim  
 I thought to have slept out the lang, lang night,  
 But they've wakened me, an' wakened not him!"

## Oswald

### KING OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

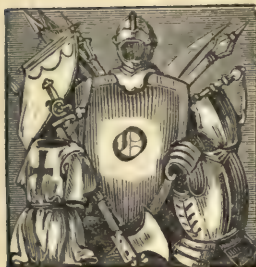


OSWALD, it appears, was inferior only to St. Cuthbert, in working Miracles, for Bede gravely tells us, that a sick horse was once cured at the place of his interment. The same author informs us, that the King's right hand had the peculiar privilege of not being liable to corruption, from the following circumstance: sitting down to dinner on Easter day, and being told that an immense number of poor people were without, waiting for his charity, he not only ordered his part of the banquet to be divided amongst them, but even commanded a large silver dish to be cut in pieces, that each might receive a part of it. Adrian, who happened to be present, was so delighted with his patron's munificence, that seizing his right hand he exclaimed "May this hand never decay." A wish, which according to Bede, was strictly accomplished.—*Sharp's Hartlepool.*



## The Hiltons of Hilton Castle.

PRINCIPALLY FROM SURTEES'S HISTORY OF DURHAM.

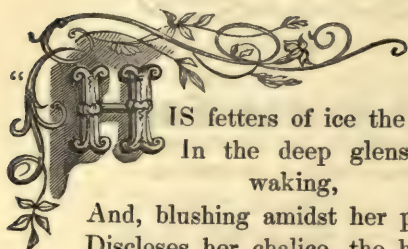


NE proof, perhaps, of the high antiquity of the Hiltons, is the number of popular traditions, which, in various ways, account for their origin. There is no improbability (though it is not matter proven) in supposing that the local establishment of the family extended above the Norman æra; yet it might be difficult to say *which* coat Adam Hilton, the liege of king Athelstan, caused to be sculptured above the portal of St. Hilda, or to be engraved on the massy silver crucifix which he presented to the Abbess of the Peninsula. Romanus, the knight of Hilton, (whose very name is unknown to these early Romancers) might be Saxon, Dane, or Norman; or, according to a wild legend alluded to in Sharp's Hartlepool,\* he might with equal ease spring from a Northern Rover, who wooed and won "a fair young Saxon Dame, with all her lands and towers," under the disguise of one of Odin's Ravens. The account of the matter given below is certainly not offered as any portion of the *Hilton's* evidence.

\* The origin of the family of Hilton is lost in the clouds of remote antiquity. It has been stated, that Adam de Hilton, living in the time of king Atheistan, gave to the monastery of Hartlepool, a pix or crucifix, which was in weight twenty-five ounces in silver, and caused his arms to be engraven on it, argent, two bars azure. A legendary tale resting solely on oral tradition, states, that a raven flew from the North, and, perching on the turrets of a tower seated on the Wear, received the embraces of a Saxon lady, whom her father, a powerful abthane, had there confined to protect her from the approaches of a Danish nobleman, by which may possibly be adumbrated the origin of the family springing from a mixture of Danish and Saxon blood. The author, who wishes to adhere to facts, instead of presenting to the reader a fanciful pedigree, is glad to glean the isolated fragments which have survived the wreck of ages, and though the above tales are given, yet it is unnecessary to add any caution respecting their authenticity, although they may envelope some allusion which is now hid in the obscurity of fabulous legend.

After a long series of warlike barons, who were ready on all occasions to shed their

In reference to the story of the Northern Rover, the following stanzas are added :—



“ **H**IS fetters of ice the broad Baltic is breaking,  
In the deep glens of Denmark sweet summer is  
waking,

And, blushing amidst her pavilion of snows,  
Discloses her chalice, the bright Lapland rose.  
The winds in the caverns of winter are bound,  
Yet the leaves that the tempest has strewn on the ground,  
Are whirling in magical eddies around.  
For deep in the forest where wild flow'rs are blushing,  
Where the stream from its cistern of rock-spar is gushing,  
The magic of Lapland the wild winds is hushing.  
Why slumbers the storm in the caves of the North ?  
When, when shall the carrier of Odin go forth ?  
Loud, loud laugh'd the Hags, as the dark Raven flew ;  
They had sprinkled his wings with the mirk midnight dew  
That was brush'd in Blockula from cypress and yew.

That Raven in its charmed breast  
Bears a sprite that knows no rest—  
(When Odin's darts in darkness hurl'd,  
Scatter'd lightnings through the world,

blood in the service of their country, the estate devolved upon Henry Hilton, esq. a man of strange and melancholy disposition, who, deserting the seat of his ancestors, fled to bury himself in the privacy of Michell Grove, in Sussex, where he lived and died in total seclusion. The last male heir of the elder branch of this ancient and honorable family was John Hilton, esq. His portrait is still preserved at Hilton, let into a panel over the fire place in the great dining room. It represents a gentleman of middle age, with blue eyes, light hair, fair complexion, somewhat high cheek bones, of a placid and benevolent countenance, and open aspect. There were in the same house, a considerable number of other family portraits, all bearing a striking resemblance to each other. One in particular, represents a lady, young and handsome, of whom, strange to say, there is another portrait exhibiting her in a state of mental derangement.

“ Oh! I am altered since you saw me last,  
And time has written strange misfeatures on my cheek ;  
That rosy blush lap't in a lily veil,  
Is now with Morphew overgrown and pale.”

*Sharp's Hartlepool, page 79 and 167.*



Then beneath the withering spell,  
Harold, son of Eric, fell)—  
Till Lady, unlikely thing I trow,  
Print three kisses on his brow.—  
Herald of ruin, death, and flight,  
Where will the carrier of Odin alight?

What Syrian Maid, in her date-cover'd bower,  
Lists to the lay of a gay Troubadour?  
His song is of war, and he scarcely conceals  
The tumult of pride that his dark bosom feels;  
From Antioch beleaguer'd the recreant has stray'd,  
To kneel at the feet of an infidel maid;  
His mail laid aside, in a minstrel's disguise  
He basks in the beams of his Nourjahad's eyes.  
Yet a brighter flower in greener bower,  
He left in the dewy West,  
Heir of his name and his Saxon tower;  
And Edith's childish vest  
Was changed for lovelier woman's zone;  
And days, and months, and years have flown  
Since her parting Sire her red lip prest.  
And she is left an orphan child  
In her gloomy Hall by the woodland wild;  
A train of menials only wait  
To guard her towers, to tend her state,  
Unletter'd hinds and rude.  
Unseen the tear-drop dims her eye,  
Her breast unheeded heaves the sigh,  
And youth's fresh roses fade and die  
In wan unjoyous solitude.

Edith, in her saddest mood  
Has climb'd the bartizan stair;  
No sound comes from the stream or wood,  
No breath disturbs the air.  
The summer clouds are motionless,  
And she, so sad, so fair,  
Seems like a lily rooted there  
In lost forgotten loneliness.  
A gentle breath comes from the vale,  
And a sound of life is on the gale,

And see a Raven on the wing,  
Circling around in airy ring,  
Hovering about in doubtful flight—  
Where will the carrier of Odin alight ?

The Raven has lit on the flag-staff high,

That tops the dungeon tower,  
But he has caught fair Edith's eye,  
And gently, coyly, venturing nigh,

He flutters round her bower—  
For he trusted the soft and maiden grace,  
That shone in that sweet young Saxon face.

And now he has perch'd on her willow wand,  
And tries to smooth his Raven note,  
And sleeks his glossy Raven coat,

To court the maiden's hand.  
And now caressing and caress'd,  
The Raven is lodg'd in Edith's breast.  
'Tis innocence and youth that makes,  
In Edith's fancy, such mistakes.'  
But that maiden kiss hath holy power  
O'er planet and sigillary hour ;  
The elvish spell hath lost its charms,  
And a Danish Knight is in Edith's arms.  
And Harold, at his bride's request  
His barbarous gods forswore—  
Freya and Woden, and Balder and Thor ;  
And Jarrow, with tapers blazing bright,  
Hail'd her gallant Proselyte."



### The Cauld Lad of Hilton.



VERY antient castle, tower, or manor-house has its visionary inhabitants. "The cauld lad of Hilton" seems to belong to the class of the "Brownie" or domestic spirit; and does not appear to have possessed any very distinctive attributes. He was seldom seen, but was heard nightly by the servants who slept in the great hall. If the kitchen had been left in perfect order, they heard him amusing himself by hurling the pewter in all directions and throwing every thing into confusion.—If, on the contrary, the apartment had been left in disarray (a practice which the servants found it both prudent and convenient to adopt) the indefatigable goblin arranged everything with the nicest precision—and what was "confusion worse confounded" the night before, was "order" on the following morning. This poor *esprit follet*, whose pranks appear to have been at all times perfectly harmless, became wearisome to the servants, and they determined to banish him from the castle. The "cauld lad" had an "inkling" of their intentions, and was frequently heard to exclaim in the dead of the night, in a melancholy strain, the following consolatory stanzas:—

Wae's me, Wae's me,  
The Acorn is not yet  
Fallen from the Tree  
That's to grow the wood  
That's to make the cradle  
That's to rock the bairn  
That's to grow to a Man  
That's to *lay* me!

However, the goblin reckoned without his host—for the servants provided the usual means of banishment, viz, a green cloak and a hood which were laid before the kitchen fire, and the domestics sat up watching wistfully the event, at a prudent distance. At the dead hour of midnight the sprite glided gently in, stood by the smouldering embers and surveyed the garments provided for him very attentively—then tried them on, and appeared delighted with his appearance, frisking about the room, and cutting sundry summersets and gambadoes, until at length, on hearing the first crow of the cock, twitching his green mantle tightly around him, he disappeared with the appropriate valediction of

Here's a cloak, and here's a hood,

The cauld lad o' Hilton will do no more good.

But long after this—although he never returned to disarrange the



pewter and set the house in order, yet his voice was heard at the dead hour of midnight singing in melancholy melody

Here's a cloak, and here's a hood,

The cauld lad o' Hilton will do no more good.

The genuine Brownie is supposed to be an unembodied spirit, but the "cauld lad" has, with an admixture of English superstition, been identified with the apparition of an unfortunate domestic who was slain by one of the barons of Hilton, in a moment of passion or intemperance. The baron having ordered his horse to be ready on an important occasion, which was not brought out in time to soothe his ruffled impatience,—on going to the stable he found the boy asleep, and seizing a hay fork, struck him (though not intentionally) a mortal blow.—The story adds, that he covered his victim with straw till night, and then threw him into the pond, where the skeleton of a boy was (in confirmation of the tale) discovered, many years afterwards, in the last baron's time.

Perhaps the story may have had its origin in the fact recorded in a coroner's inquest held on the 3rd of July, 1609, on the body of Roger Skelton, who was killed with the point of a scythe, accidentally by Robert Hilton, of Hilton, esq., for which he obtained a free pardon on the 6th of September, 1609.

Certain it is however, that there was a room in the castle long distinguished by the name of the "cauld lad's room," which was never occupied except the castle was overflowing with company, and within the last century, many persons worthy of credence, had heard at midnight the unearthly wailings of the "cauld lad of Hilton."



MUTCHINSON (vol. 3. p. 501 prints a nearly similar account to the following, which, he says, was taken from a manuscript in the possession of the Musgraves of Hayton. He, however, gives it as it came to his hand, stating that some principal errors will appear in the comparison of the records.—The present account is printed from a copy in Randall's MSS.,—and the reader is not required to attach more authority to it than is due to the legendary stories which belong to all ancient families.

Letter found amongst the papers of the late John Hylton of Hylton castle, esq. :—

Hon. Sir,—I have now before me some papers relating to the antiquity of your family, the genealogy of your ancestors, and some of their remarkable transactions, both in peace and war; and the interest which I conceive I have in every thing that concerns my native country, would not suffer me to forego this opportunity of your being

now in town, to acquaint you with what I meet with in them. You probably may have records more large and authentic at Hylton castle, but in case you should not, I thought it not improper to send you a short abstract of what, upon perusal of these papers, appears to belong to you. To wit, that three hundred years before the conquest, even in the reign of king Athelstan, the family of the Hyltons was settled in England and lived in great reputation, as appears by a certain inscription at Hartlepool; that upon the coming over of William the Conqueror, Lancelot de Hylton with his two sons, Henry and Robert, espoused his cause and joined him; but that Lancelot was soon after slain at Feversham in Kent; that to his elder son Henry, the king gave a large tract of land on the banks of the river Wear, not far from Wiranmouth, as Bede calls it, as a reward for his own and his sons valour; that this Henry built Hylton castle in the year 1072, was one of the deputies who treated with the conqueror concerning the four northern counties, and in the service of that prince, was at last killed in Normandy.—That in the reign of Edward III, John Hylton who sent four of his sons into the wars of France, under the command of the Black Prince—was first created Baron of Hylton castle for his defence of it against the incursions of the Scots.—That this peerage continued in the family for seven successions till at last it was forfeited upon account of some unguarded words, whereof the then bishop of Durham gave the court information, which William the seventh and last Baron of the family spake against the Queen and her favourite, De la Poole. That upon the death of this William which was thought to have been violent, the crown seizing upon his estate gave it to the informing prelate, who held it for some time, to the utter exclusion of the rightful heir. That in process of time, however, Lancelot, the grandson of the aforesaid lord William, was restored to his castle and part of his estate: no more, indeed, than what the bishop thought proper to allot him under this hard condition, that he and his heirs for ever should hold the moiety that was given them under certain rents and services to the see of Durham, and leave the title of Barons, but Barons to the bishoprick only, annexed to their inheritance, and on this condition, sir, I suppose it has continued ever since. This is an historical sketch of what I have gathered from these papers, but I must not forget to observe to you further, that in your pedigree, I met with several names remarkable for their learning and piety, but almost innumerable highly renowned for their valour and martial deeds. The truth is, sir, war seems to have been the genius, the pleasure, and recreation of your ancestors, nor do I know any family that has been so lavish of their blood in defence of their country's cause, as yours. For even since the time



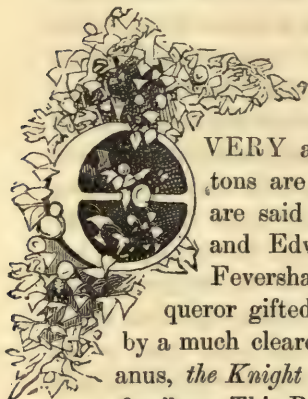
of the conquest, I have remarked of the Hyltons, one as I said before was slain at Feversham, one in Normandy, one at Metz in France, three in the Holy wars under Richard I, one in the same under Edward I., three at the battle of Bourdeaux under the Black Prince, one at Agincourt, two at Berwick against the Scots, two at the battle of St. Albany, five at Market Bosworth, four at Flodden field, besides more, that my papers do not extend to.

I am, &c., &c.

Chelsea, January 14th, 1740.

### The Family of Hilton.

ARMS.—Argent, two bars azure. CREST, Moses's head, horned or radiated. Supporters, two lions rampant azure. Motto, *Tant que je puis*.



VERY ancient house has its fabulous age, and the Hyltons are not without their Williams and Adams who are said to have flourished under Saxon Athelstanes and Edwys: their Lancelots, who died at Hastings or Feversham in 1066, and their Henry, whom the Conqueror gifted with broad lands on the Wear, which were by a much clearer title, viz. possession, in the tenure of Romanus, the *Knight of Hilton*, the genuine *Homo propositus* of the family. This Romanus made an agreement with the prior and convent of St. Cuthbert that he should have his own officiating chaplain in his chapel of Hilton in 1157. He held three knight's fees in 1166, and he was probably by no means the first settler, as his lands were held of "antient feofment."

He was succeeded by Alexander de Hilton, expressly named as a baron of the bishopric in the charters of bishop Hugh Pudsey—he made a convention with the prior of Durham confirming the conditions of Romanus relative to the chapel of Hilton, in 1172, and was living in 1180.

His successor was William de Hilton, baron of the bishopric, who married Benet daughter and heir of Germanus Tyson. (From this William the succession is regularly deduced from father to son, down to the last baron Hilton.) William died before 1208.

His son Alexander was under age in 1208. He was lord of Swine



and Swinstead in the county of York, and gave nine oxgangs of land to the prioress of Swine in 1242.

His son Robert de Hilton, lord of Hilton, of Hazand, Newton on the Moore, Shiplingbotel, &c. in Northumberland, and of Swine in Yorkshire, which he settled on his youngest son William, 16th Edw. I. He presented to Hilton chapel in 1254 and was living in 1266. He married Joane daughter of William Britton, of the county of Essex, and left three sons, Robert, Alexander and William. Robert de Hilton, presumed to have been his eldest son, was frequently summoned to parliament in the reign of Edward I. He married Margaret daughter and co-heir of Marmaduke Thwenge, and left two daughters and co-heirs, Isabel, who married Walter de Pedwarden, and Maude, who married John Hotham, of Scarboro. Alexander son of Robert de Hilton (first named) continued the line of the Hiltons of the bishoprick. His wife Elizabeth had dower in 1303. William de Hilton his brother, to whom his father gave Swyne and Swynestead on his marriage in 1288, with Maude daughter of Roger Lascelles, continued the line of the Hiltons of Swyne, whose descendant, Galfrid de Hilton, was living in 1475, then aged 15.

Robert de Hilton, baron of Hilton, son of Alexander, was living in 1322, when he granted his chaplain the *passage of Bovisferry*, &c., in exchange for a "chalder" of wheat and an annual rent—the chaplain being bound to provide a good boat, and to pray for the good estate of his patron.

His son Alexander de Hilton, *Chivaler*, lord of Hilton; served in the wars against Scotland with Ralph lord Neville (7th Ed. III.), and was summoned to parliament in 1332 and 1335 (and in his descendants the barony must still be vested). He died in 1361: by his first wife he had Robert de Hilton, his son and successor; his second wife was Maude daughter and co-heir of Richard de Emildon, who remarried Richard Acton, mayor of Newcastle.

Robert de Hilton, *Chivaler*, (son of Alexander) was 21 years of age in 1360, and died in 1376. He married Eleanor daughter and co-heir of sir William Felton, *Chivaler*, sister and co-heir of the whole blood to sir William Felton.

His son William Hilton, was heir to his mother and co-heir of sir William Felton; he was of full age in 1377. By his first wife Joan (Bidik) he left three sons and one daughter, his second wife was Dionysia daughter of sir Robert Hilton of Swyne, who had dower 13 Sep. 1436, and died in 1437. In 1417, William had remaining in pledge with the prior of Durham, for 58 shillings, a basin and ewer of silver, with the arms of the lord of Hilton. He died 25 May, 1435.

His son and heir sir Robert Hilton, lord of Hilton, was 50 years of age in 1435 ; by his first wife Maude daughter of Roger lord Clifford, he had no issue, by his second, Isabel, who was living in 1441, he had a son William, and a daughter Matilda, who died unmarried,\* and by his third wife, Elizabeth, successively widow of Bartram Monboucher, and of Thomas Holden, he had no issue. He had a brother William, and a brother Alexander who was executor to his father, and a sister Margaret, who married sir Ralph Bulmer of Witton castle.

Sir William, only son of sir Robert, married Mary daughter and co-heir of sir William Stapylton of Westmoreland, by Margaret daughter and heir of ... Vipont ...† He died 13 Oct. 1457, leaving



two sons, William his successor, and Ralph, said to have been captain of Dunbar, and three daughters, Eleanor, who married Owen lord Ogle and afterwards George Percy ; Elizabeth, who married sir Robert Claxton of Horden ; and Anne who married . . Whitfield of Whitfield.

Sir William, son of sir William, was about 6 years of age in 1457, he married Margery daughter of sir William Bowes of Streatlam, by Maude, daughter of William lord Fitzhugh, by whom he had a son sir William, who, on the 16th July in the year 1515, borrowed of the prior of Durham a banner, a standard‡ with the coat armour of the full and whole arms of the Hiltons, which was his father's (and possibly in pledge), which banner he promised to restore to the mon-

\* To whom, Maud, Lady Bowes, leaves *one romance boke* in 1420.

† This match brought into the family a considerable accession of property as well as a very honourable descent in blood, and the Hiltons constantly bore in their shield ever after, the arms of Vipont, or, six annulets gules.

‡ Raine's St. Cuthbert, p. 143.



astery when his "besynes" should be "conveniently doon," evidently intending to go to the battle of Flodden, in a condition worthy of a descendant of the house of Hilton, with his father's banner waving over his head. He entailed his estates in 1526 and died before 1537, having married Sybill daughter of Thomas, son and heir of George lord Lumley, and left two sons, Thomas and William, and one daughter, Anne, who was the first wife of sir Ralph Hedworth.

SIR Thomas, the eldest son, took part in the rising of the "Pilgrimage of Grace" in 1536, and joined the men of the bishoprick in resisting the king's encroachments on the "antient faith." The banner of St. Cuthbert was unfurled and carried to Pomfret castle, which surrendered to Robert Aske, the "great Captain" and leader of the pilgrimage. Sir Thomas was also appointed one of the delegates to meet the duke of Norfolk at Doncaster, (on his return from court,) to hear the king's answer to the remonstrance of the commons assembled in Yorkshire. He was afterwards directed by the king to make a return of all those within the bishoprick, whose lands or profits exceeded £40 per annum, so that they should "dispose themselves to take the order of knighthood" to which honour it appears they felt very little inclination. He was governor of Tinmouth castle under Philip and Mary, and in a letter from the privy council (27 Sep. 1558,) it is stated that he had detained a ship from Flanders, laden with salt, and that he takes "such wares out of the shippes as passeth by him towards Newcastle as he thinketh mete," and he is directed to forbear to "meddle with ship's from Countries in amity with the Queen." He married four wives, but died without issue, of a malignant fever;\* his will is dated 8 Nov. 1558, and proved in 1561: he desires burial in the chapel of Hilton.

He was succeeded by his brother William, who was upwards of 50 years of age in 1561, he lived sometime at Biddick, and married Margaret, daughter of Sir James Metcalfe, by whom he had a numerous issue of sons and daughters, of whom Anne married John Baxter of Newcastle, Margery married Richard Vavasour, Elizabeth married Marmaduke Thirkeld, Dorothy married Robert Dalton, and afterwards Michael Constable of North Biddick, Eleanor married John Horsley, and Sibilla died unmarried. Of his sons, Ralph was

\* William Bulleyn in 1562, declares in his "bulwarke of defence against all sickness" (1579) that William Hilton caused him to be arraigned before the duke of Norfolk, on a charge of murdering his brother sir Thomas, (most probably from want of skill,) and that though he was acquitted of the crime so laid to his charge, he was afterwards imprisoned for debt at the suit of the said William Hilton.



living in 1581, Roger and Edward were living in 1566, and Robert, of Butterwicke, who made his will 19th Sept, 1581.

*W. Hyatt*

His son, sir William, succeeded his father: during the rebellion of the earls, he adhered heartily to the queen, and was knighted by the earl of Sussex at Carlisle, 28th of August 1570, and lent the queen £50 on her privy seal. He died in 1600, leaving by Anne, daughter of sir John Yorke of Gowlthwayte, co. York, four sons and two daughters, viz., Thomas, his successor, Sirack, who was baptised, 25 Nov. 1576, at St. Nicholas, Newcastle; he was of Oriel College, Oxford. Richard, baptised 13 April 1578, Richard Barnes, bishop of Durham being his sponsor, Henry of South Shields, (of whom hereafter) his daughter Anne married Wilfred Lee of Isell, and Catherine married Reginald Whitfield, and afterwards ..... Hallywell.

Thomas, his eldest son, married Anne daughter of sir George Bowes of Streatlam, (the gallant defender of Barnard Castle). He



BARNARD CASTLE.

died in his father's lifetime; his will is dated 14th Feb. 1597, then "weake in bodey by long sicknes," he leaves his lease of Farneton hall, which he took of the queen, to his sons Francis, Matthew, and John, and the rectory of Bishop-Wearmouth to his eldest son Henry. He died shortly afterwards leaving eight sons, Henry, George, Robert, Matthew, Francis, William, John and Thomas, and two daughters. Jane, who married sir Ralph Delaval, and Mary who married Robert Brandling of the Felling.

Henry Hilton, baron of Hilton, son and heir, was a child at the death of his father, and was in ward to her majesty and by indenture between the queen and Thomas Marbury: it was covenanted that he should bring the said Henry, when he was ten years of age, to the bishop of Carlisle to be reviewed and talked with "that his manners, education and profitting in learning may be understood and perceived, upon payne of forfeiture of the said warde." Little further is known of Henry, except that he lived much at Michel Grove, in the county of Sussex, and was a melancholy man, and that he nearly ruined his family by his improvident and posthumous generosity. He appears to have been so much under the influence both of vanity and melancholy, as might in these days of equity, have occasioned serious doubts as to the sanity of his disposing mind. He married Mary, daughter of sir Richard Wortley (who remarried sir William Smith). He died on the 30th March, 1640-1. By his will, dated 26 Feb. 1640-1, he devised the whole of his paternal estate for ninety nine years to the lord Mayor and four senior aldermen of London, on trust to pay during the same term £24 yearly to 38 several parishes or townships in various counties, and an annuity of £100 to his next brother Robert and his heirs, &c: the residue he gives to the city of London to bind out children of his own kindred, &c. Of the brothers of Henry, George was buried at Monkwearmouth, 18 Feb. 1616, Robert succeeded his brother in 1641, and shortly afterwards married Margaret . . . , who remarried sir Thomas Hallyman, sometime of Ford. Matthew died without issue, Francis was rector of Kirkhaugh, and died without issue, as did also William and Thomas.

John Hilton, the seventh son, survived all his brothers, and became owner of Hilton castle and the estates in 1642, encumbered by the will of his brother Henry. He perilled the reliques of his inheritance in the royal cause; himself and his son bore the commissions of Colonel and Captain in the army of the marquis of Newcastle. The estate of Hilton placed exactly between the royal army and the Scots under Lesley, was plundered and wasted by both parties, and on the final ruin of the royal cause, the Hiltons, included in the list of malignants, were totally disabled from struggling either at law or equity: the wonder is that from such a state of things the family ever emerged at all. He died in 1655, having been twice married. By Thomasine, daughter of John Warture, and widow of Robert Loraine, esq., he had a numerous issue of sons and daughters; of the latter, Margaret married John Forde of Newcastle, Mary married Robert Hilton of Hilton Beacon, Barbara married William Smith of Herrington, Thomasine married George Shadforth of Eppleton, and two Elizabeth's and Anne died young. His second wife was Alice,



daughter of Robert Binyon of Barmston, by whom he had a daughter, who died an infant.

John Hilton succeeded his father. He was born at Whitwell, educated at Houghton-le-Spring, and was admitted of St. John's, Cambridge, 7 Sep. 1635. He seems to have possessed a share of prudence and quiet perseverance, very unusual in a ruined cavalier. The litigations of sir Thomas Smith with the city chamber, though they tore the estate in pieces whilst the heir starved, had eventually a favourable effect. The citizens of London, who derived very little benefit from the will of their singular benefactor, were wearied out with the contest, and after the restoration, an amicable decree was pronounced, by which the estates were restored to the heir on condition that he should discharge all the particulars of the trust created by Henry Hilton. He was unable to satisfy all demands however, and the payments were reduced in proportion with the rent roll, leaving still a very sufficient burthen to exercise the prudence and patience of the family, both which useful qualities they seem to have possessed in a very exemplary degree.



FROM this period (says Surtees) "the antient barons of Hilton, no longer distinguished by extended possessions or extraordinary influence, retreated, without degradation of blood or of honour, into the quiet ranks of private gentry. Three successive chiefs of Hilton were not more respected for their ancient and undoubted descent, than for the prudent and unostentatious simplicity with which they supported the fallen fortunes of their house, without meanness, and without vain regret or misplaced pride. Their names do not even occur in the list of parliamentary representatives, and they received, rather than claimed from the general courtesy of the country, the acknowledged rank of the first untitled gentry of the north, of noblesse without the peerage." John Hilton was quartered at Hartlepool with his regiment in 1642, and writes to Dr. Basire, rector of Egglecliffe, to see the bridge of Yarm drawn up every night. He was a captain in the king's service in 1666, then aged forty-seven. He was a deputy-lieutenant in the same year, and was directed to be at Sunderland with Mr. Nicholas Cole and Mr. Henry Lambton in case of danger from invasion. His will is dated 22 July, 1668, and he died unmarried in 1670.

His brothers Ralph and Robert died young, and he was succeeded by his third brother Henry Hilton, aged 38 in 1666. In 1685 at the general muster of captain Nicholas Conyers' troop at the "Bellas heads" near Durham, on the 24th June, Baron Hilton was charged



with two horses, and in the return of deficiencies it is stated that his men wanted "buff coates," and in 1688 he had to furnish two horsemen for sir William Bowes' troop. He married Anne daughter of Henry Procter of Warsell, and died in 1712, leaving two sons, Thomas and John, and three daughters. Thomas of Low Ford married Margaret Burdett, and had two sons and one daughter Anne, who married Mansfeldt Cardonell of Chirton, his son Henry died an infant, and his son Thomas Hilton, A.M. of Lincoln Col. was perpetual curate of Monkwearmouth, and having overheated himself in walking from Sunderland to Hilton, died a few days afterwards of a fever, to the great grief of his cousin the baron, who considered him as his heir male and lawful successor. Of the daughters of Henry Hilton, Margaret married Robert Lawson of Chirton, Anne married Justinian Scriber, clerk, Mary married Cuthbert Richardson, and Thomasine died unmarried. John Hilton, baron of Hilton, elder brother of Thomas, married Dorothy eldest daughter of sir Richard Musgrave, of Hayton castle, co. Cumberland, and died intestate 1707, he left two sons and four daughters, of whom Dorothy the eldest was living unmarried in 1729, Anne married sir Richard Musgrave, Elizabeth married Thomas Younghusband of Budle, and Catherine married John Briscoe of Crofton, co. Cumberland, M.D. Richard the eldest son died unmarried 28 August, 1722, and his brother John, the last baron of Hilton, succeeded to the family estates. He was a man of mild and generous disposition, though of reserved habits: he is still remembered with a mingled sentiment of personal respect and of that popular



HILTON CASTLE.

feeling which even ill conduct can scarcely extinguish towards the last representative of a long and honourable line, unstained by gross vice and unsullied by dishonour. He was sometime M.P. for Carlisle, he died unmarried 25 September, 1746, and was buried in the chapel of Hilton. He was the last male heir of the elder branch of the family. He devised all his estates (6 Nov. 1739,) to his nephew sir Richard Musgrave, bart. on condition of his taking the name of Hilton only. Within a few years afterwards the whole of the estates were sold under an act of parliament (23 Geo. II). The castle and manor of Hilton were contracted for to Mr. Wogan, but the sale was not perfected and they were soon after purchased by Mary, widow of George Bowes, esq., and John Bowes, of Streatlam, esq. M.P. for the southern division of the county of Durham, is the present proprietor of Hilton castle and the domain.



O return to the descent of a junior branch of the family, (see page 246) Henry Hilton, younger son of sir William, was a captain in the States service under Maurice prince of Orange. He was sometime of South Shields, and his will is dated 31 May, 1630, then intending to "goe for London." He married twice; by his first wife, a Brandling, he had two sons, Henry of South Shields—and Nathaniel, vicar of Billingham (at whose house Henry, the melancholy baron lived for many years.) who married Anne Friday, and by her had Nathaniel, who died without issue, Zephany, a citizen of London who had children living in 1693, and Anthony of Billingham, whose only surviving son was Benjamin, secretary to lord Crewe, bishop of Durham, who was living at Islington in 1696.

Henry Hilton of South Shields, eldest son of Henry, (first named,) married Elizabeth, daughter of Stephen Kitchin. His will is dated 6 May, 1637, and he desires (with the love of parentage which belongs to old families,) to be buried in the church of St. Hilde near his father. He left a son Robert, who was under age in 1637, a "master and mariner;" he married Isabel Selby at South Shields, 8 May, 1659, and by her had two sons, Robert born 1663, to whom baron Hilton was a sponsor and of whom nothing more is known, and Henry Hilton (named with his brother Robert in the will of John Hilton of Hilton, esq., as near relatives, 22 July, 1668," styled of Hilton castle, sailor, in his marriage license with Sarah Clerke, 9 Jan. 1682-4. He had three sons, John, George, and Henry. George was born in 1688—Henry in 1692, but there subsequent existence is unknown. John Hilton was baptized 8 June, 1686, and married Hannah Moore, a widow, 22 Feb. 1709. He died



poor, and the administration of his goods was given to one of his creditors. He left one son Ralph, baptised 20 March, 1710, who preferred emigration from his native country to a fruitless struggle with poverty at home. He married Mehetabel, second daughter of Daniel Lawrence of Long Island, New York, 27 Dec. 1741, and afterwards settled in Jamaica: he had three sons, 1. John, who died at New York leaving two sons Ralph and Thomas. 2. Daniel, who died in Virginia leaving two sons, William and Daniel, and 3. William of the island of Jamaica, who, as his father had done before him, came to England in the vain hope of being able to lay a successful claim to the estates of Hilton. He was strongly recommended by sir Isaac Heard to George Allan of Grange, for the prosecution of his claim. He returned dispirited but not broken hearted like his father, to Jamaica, and lived to satisfy himself that his claim to the blood of the Hiltons was capable of proof, and although the estates are alienated for ever, yet there seems little reason to doubt that the descendants of Ralph are the legitimate male representatives of the blood and the honours of the Hiltons of Hilton castle. He died in Jamaica, in 1837, aged 88 years. Of his sons 1. Jacob Johnson Hilton died in Jamaica, 28 Nov. 1793; 2. George Gordon Hilton died at Felsted in England, 20 Aug. 1795. 3. William died in Jamaica 22 Dec. 1778, leaving a wife and seven children. 4. John Hilton was an officer in the British service and served in the Peninsula, &c. 5. Thomas Ricketts Hilton; 6. Daniel; 7. Strickland, Ralph, and Samuel Barret, all living in 1822,—and five daughters, Mehetable, Mary, Elizabeth Tomlinson, Georgina and Heniretta, all married.

“It may not be improper to say a word or two on the title of Baron, so constantly bestowed on the ancient house of Hilton and which has been adopted without scruple in the text. In any country where the term nobility is not exclusively confined to the Peerage, the Hiltons would have ranked as noblesse in the strictest sense of the word, yet I believe the title of Baron had no reference to any Peerage supposed to be created by one or more summons to Parliament in the reign of Edward I. or III., but was given by the general courtesy of the country, either from respect to the long and immemorial existence of a family in a *gentle* state long before the creation of barons either by writ or summons, or else with reference to the rank which the Hiltons undoubtedly held, *of Barons of the Bishoprick* sitting with a sort of provincial peerage in the great council of their ecclesiastical palatine, and possessing some degree of controlling or consulting power which can be very ill understood or defined, though there is ample evidence of the actual existence of such a



*chamber of Peers*, in many episcopal charters and other remaining documents.”—(*Surtess vol. 2. p. 17.*)

Several other families still exist, who claim alliance more or less remote, with the ancient stock in the bishoprick, and it is surely a pardonable vanity, the wish to descend from a family whose honourable bearing has always received veneration and respect most willingly conceded by the general voice of public esteem.

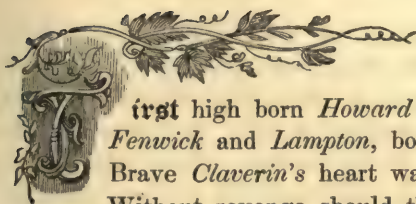


HILTON CASTLE stands low and sequestered (according to the exact import of the original name Heltun) in the vale of the Wear. The centre only of the present structure is antient. The eastfront exhibits an oblong square tower rising above a portico of modern gothic work. The west front has in the centre the great entrance, or gate house, perhaps nearly in the state in which it



was reared in the reign of Richard II. The gateway is defended by square projecting turrets, with hanging parapets, exactly resembling the coeval architecture of Lumley. The round towers of later date connect the centre with uniform wings of completely modern architecture. The grounds on the north and east have been laid out in slopes and terraces, at the highest point of which to the north stands an elegant small chapel. The west front or gatehouse abounds with coats of arms, of which several are now defaced by time, but the arms of England and France quarterly, Neville, Skirlaw, Percy and Lovaine, Lumley, Eure, Washington, Ogle, Vesey, Felton, Heron, and Bowes are still visible. On the east front within a plain shield the arms of Hilton only. Crest, on a close helmet, Moses' head in profile in a rich diapered mantle, the horns erect. Above all, in bold relief, a stag couchant, collared and chained. On the elegant chapel, now neglected, dedicated to St. Catherine, the arms of Hilton quartering Vipont and Stapleton, are variously repeated.

**A**n Elegy upon my honoured friends  
and Countreymen the valiant Col-  
lonels Howard, Heron, Fenwick,  
Lampton, Claverin, and Carnaby”



First high born *Howard* to *Heron* led the way,  
*Fenwick* and *Lampton*, both fell on one day :  
Brave *Claverin's* heart was burst with griefe that he,  
Without revenge should their survivor be :  
The next to these stout *Carnaby* he fell,  
To make the number a just paralell.  
Six braver men then these the fruitfull North,  
Of Martiall spirits, in one age near brought forth :  
If we may nature check without offence,  
Shee was too prodigall in her expence :  
Six such brave men to be borne in one age  
And fall so soone must some sad fate presage.  
Had these six liv'd, the King had had no need  
T'have rais'd the South-parts, to make good the Tweede.  
These six I dare say had secur'd it more,  
Then *Rome* did with her Legions heretofore.  
Had *Claverin* liv'd t'have been their generall,  
H'had more secur'd the North-parts then that wall  
*Severus* rais'd so high, had it still stood,  
The presence of these six had been as good :  
But those same sinnes which out of these, I feare  
Will make the passes over *Trent* as cleare :  
Our sinnes have brought in strangers heretofore,  
(As friends proud conquerours) and may do once more.

From “CHARACTERS AND ELEGIES. BY  
FRANCIS VVORTLEY, *Knight* and *Baronet*.  
Printed in the Yeere, MDCLXVI.”



# She-Holly.

A NORTHUMBRIAN SUPERSTITION.



N Northumberland, Holly, by a licence that the Botanist will not allow, is divided into two kinds, *He* and *She*. *He* has prickles, but of *She*, being the upper leaves of the tree,

“Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.”

The leaves of the *She-Holly* possess the wondrous virtue, if gathered in a proper manner, of exciting dreams concerning that momentous topic, a future husband or wife. To ensure this, the leaves must be plucked upon a Friday evening, about midnight, by parties who from their setting out, until next day at dawn, must preserve unbroken silence. They are to be collected in a three cornered handkerchief; and after being brought home, nine of the leaves must be selected, and tied with nine knots, inside the handkerchief, and then placed underneath the pillow. A dream, worthy of all credit, will be the issue.

My informant was once the leader of a party, in an expedition, that promised, by means of these potent Holly leaves, to unlock the secrets of futurity. It consisted of himself, at that time a farm-labourer, of his master's sister, and the female servant. When decent folks had gone to bed, these three madcaps set out, in profound silence, for the tree, which stood at a farm-onstead, at a considerable distance; and, having got there, they provided themselves with the requisite supply. On the way back, it added much to the frolic, that each endeavoured by all devisable extravagances, to induce his or her fellows to break, in a heedless moment, the silence essential to the rite. This, though productive of much mirth, elicited no profane voice. As the head of the party lived at a separate farm-house, it was previously agreed, that if on going home he should be refused admittance, he was to return, and his two companions would provide him with a bed, beside his master. The difference between master and servant, at that period, was not so very wide, as to make this be reckoned an impropriety. He went home and knocked, but as he would not answer the questions put to him, he was forced to return to his master's house, into which he was admitted by his expectant partners. At the time he entered his master's bed room, which was upstairs, the master happened to be asleep; and he having undressed, as quietly as possible, and prepared his Holly, crept in behind him.



This, however, roused the slumbering farmer, who was surprised to find his bed invaded in this unceremonious way. "Wha's thou?" he shouts out. No reply. "Is thee Geordy?" (His first born, who lived at an off-farm.) Deep silence. "Is thee Tommy?" (Another of his sons.) No answer. "Is't thee Michael?" (The real person.) He only heard the deep, guttural suspirations of him whom he addressed. The farmer, in much perplexity, was about to don his garments, and descend to the kitchen, to enquire after his singular bed-fellow. It was well he did not, as the parties below, would have equally tantalized him with dumb show. As it was, they were both stationed at the door, ill-able to restrain their pent up mirth. The farmer, at length, supposing the intruder to be asleep, and that he could be none other than he had surmised, judged it most advisable to follow his example. When morning arrived, the whole thing was explained; and the farmer enjoyed a hearty laugh, at his own share in the pantomime,

"For gentle dulness ever loves a joke."

The result of the matter was, that Michael had a dream, in which he saw two damsels; of whom, the thoughts of the evening being uppermost, the master's sister was one; but neither of them was she, or rather they, whom he afterwards led before the priest.

J. HARDY.

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## Stanzas

TO THE MEMORY OF THE

Rev. Robert Clarke, A. M.

LECTURER OF HEXHAM.

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"He sleeps in dust, and all the Muses mourn,  
He, whom each virtue fir'd, each grace refin'd,  
Friend, teacher, pattern, darling of Mankind!"

THE MINSTREL.

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NO servile motive prompts the mournful lay,  
No wayward passion fans the vapid flame  
Of him, who seeks unseen, unheard, to pay  
His feeble tribute, to an honour'd name.

O CLARKE, for thee a crowd of mourners weep,  
 A flood of heart-felt grief for thee is shed,  
 In deepest woe their sorrowing souls they steep,  
 Who lov'd thee living, and lament thee dead.

Oft on the poor thy bounty was bestow'd,  
 The sick have often felt thy welcome aid;  
 And many a prayer in gratitude has flow'd  
 From dying lips, for blessings on thy head.

E'en now, while on the gloomy theme I dwell,  
 And meditate thy death with awe profound,  
 The solemn 'larum of yon deep ton'd bell  
 Gives to the passing gale its sullen sound!

Yonder, a band in sable ranks appear;—  
 Slow through the streets the pensive mourners go;  
 In grief, they hang upon thy mournful bier;—  
 And weep thy fate with unavailing woe.

Ah! who foreboded on the parting day  
 That saw him leave the spot he lov'd so well,  
 That face benignant beam'd its latest ray,  
 And smil'd on each he met, a last farewell!

And now alas! *the day that gave him birth*  
 (Sad mem'ry oft shall mark th' eventful day)  
 Consigns him back to mix with kindred earth,—  
 The yawning vault receives his mould'ring clay.

That day may oft return, and seasons roll,  
 E'er one like CLARKE arise to grace the land;  
 With ample fortune, and a LIB'RAL SOUL  
 To scatter blessings with as free a hand.

I would not dare to draw the awful veil,  
 That shuts the UNKNOWN WORLD from mortal eyes:  
 But HOPE exulting, spreads her willing sail,  
 And mounts aloft, and bears us to the skies.

There, she points out the great, th' exalted mind  
 Whose ear the meanest suppliant would regard:  
 There,—where the MERCIFUL shall MERCY find,  
 And pure BENEVOLENCE meets its full REWARD.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE CHARACTER OF  
 “*Sir Burn,*”  
 OF KIDLAND, COQUETDALE.

FROM ROBERT WHITE'S MANUSCRIPTS.



N towns and populous places, where men have great facility in meeting each other, it would be in vain to seek for much originality of character. Habits of business, intercourse with the world, and above all the influence of female society, when the latter is of a refined and intellectual description, tend to soften down the asperities which in many instances belong to the rougher portion of humanity. But in wild solitary districts where man seldom meets with his fellow, and especially if he be placed in circumstances where he perceives no necessity of conforming in behaviour to those around him, he acquires trains of thought and modes of acting altogether peculiar to himself. These again he is apt to carry into excess, if he be endowed with much force of mind, or if he pay slight regard to the opinion of others. He exhibits neither the trim, pruned appearance of the orchard tree, nor the stately magnificence of the forest monarch, but resembles rather the lonely oak on some upland solitude, whose knarled branches, fantastic though they seem, are yet pleasing to contemplate from the freshness of their foliage, and the firmness with which they meet every opposing breeze.

Nearly one hundred years ago, James Burn, an extensive stock farmer, lived at the Kidland Lee, in Coquetdale. It was customary with him, indiscriminately to call both man and woman *Sir*, hence among his neighbours he was usually named *Sir Burn*. He was kind-hearted, liberal to the poor, and fond to an extreme of hearing news. When none save his own family were likely to be present with him, during the long, winter evenings, he would have ordered one of his servant girls to go up to an eminence near the house, which commanded an extensive view, and endeavour to descry some poor people, for the purpose of giving them an invitation to lodge at the Kidland Lee, and tell him all they heard of country affairs. In the winter season during a storm, instead of riding about and seeing his flocks duly attended, he was in the habit of lying in bed. Here he received the various shepherds as they entered the house—listened to every particular about their respective charges—gave them the necessary orders—and then laying hold of a large bottle of whiskey, which he always kept within his reach, he bestowed it liberally upon them,



telling them "it wad keep out the cauld," and admonishing them to pay strict attention to the various *hirsels* under their care.

In his perambulations over the country, and amongst his own people, he was, in the latter part of his life, accustomed to ride a white pony, and had a cur dog accompanying him, more remarkable for its noise than any other quality. When he had occasion to pass a flock of sheep, and ran some danger of scaring them, by reason of the continued barking of the animal, instead of commanding it to be silent, he resorted to the more effectual method of pelting it with small stones, a full supply of which, to meet contingencies, he regularly stowed away in his pockets, before mounting on horseback.

Being a married man, his wife brought him three daughters, and from the time of manhood till his death, he steadily attained the ascendancy as lord and master over his household. In the time of sheep-shearing, he gave employment to a large number of *clippers*, chiefly his own men, all of whom were supplied with victuals from the farm house. It was customary then, as now, to have oat meal pudding for breakfast, and in cooking the same, on account of the abundance of whey, which the dairy of a farm produced, that liquid was often employed instead of water. On a morning *Sir Burn* observed this meal for the *clippers* served up in large wooden dishes, and set out in the open air to cool. The food appeared not to be of so substantial a kind as he wished—in short, he considered it too thin for hard working men; and the calves being at hand, waiting to be served, he ordered a female servant to mix a quantity of milk with the pudding, and give it to the young animals. Taking the men into the house, much to the chagrin of his wife and daughters, he speedily caused the best food within it to be produced, consisting of excellent cheese, butter, mutton, ham, white cakes and other delicacies, and told his followers to put aside all bashfulness and eat freely. When they finished, he observed, "Now, lads, ye may thank me for what ye've got: siccan cheer wasna intended for you."

One of his daughters married a Mr. Davidson of Featherwood; Mr. Redhead of the Windy-haugh married another, and the third became the wife of Mr. Horsley of Alwinton. Some time after marriage, Mrs. Horsley considered herself not over well used by her husband: they did not agree together, and on one occasion, it would appear he had struck her. This was not to be patiently endured, and, therefore, she embraced the first opportunity of returning to Kidland Lee, that she might lay a statement of her grievance before her father. During the time she told him, he appeared to listen to her with great attention, and then remarked, "Aye, has the fallow had the impudence to strike my daughter?" "Indeed has he,

father!" continued she. "Then I'se be upsides wi' him," said *Sir Burn*; "if he's struck my daughter, I shall make him a weel-paid \* wife," and, accordingly, taking a horse whip, he mounted his white pony and drove Mrs. Horsley, on foot, home to her husband at Alwinton.

Perhaps the most singular of all *Sir Burn's* proceedings was the way in which he tested what sort of stuff his shepherd lads were made of, when they first entered his service. He was partial to strangers, and for the most part made his selection from young men, who resided at a good distance from Coquetdale. This was his mode of operation. He behaved kindly to the youth for a few days after entering to the Kidland Lee—pointed out to him the boundaries of the different farms—enquired into the good qualities of his dog—and told him if he faithfully discharged his duty as a servant, he himself, as a master would endeavour to make him comfortable. He then watched an opportunity to find some defect in the lad's conduct, and on detection of this, he charged him flatly with it—became to all appearance very angry with him—stormed away mightily—and would have seized the young man, and not hesitated even to strike him. If the lad stood to him manfully—gave him word for word—returned his abuse—and when the grappling moment came, seized hold of him, also, and either struck him again, or threw him down, all was right; the quarrel abated, and he was the hand just suited for the place. If, on the contrary, the stripling was bashful—said nothing in reply to the charge—and bore meekly all that was put upon him, *Sir Burn*, most unfeelingly, would have couched his dismissal in these words:—"Gae way, gae way! If ye canna take your ain pairt, ye'll ne'er take mine!" His motive in thus dealing with his new servants was essentially selfish: his lands lay far and wide among the hills, and he knew that much promptitude and decision were required, in keeping the marches clear of the flocks of his neighbours. Hence, a simple lad might be imposed on; but a bold, resolute youth who would at all times oppose any encroachment, was a better servant, inasmuch as he would be more able and ready to defend his master's interest.

Such are the incidents which once occurred at and near the Kidland Lee, and they are all I have to tell of James Burn. It is man alone, that either by his genius, his actions or his other qualities, can invest a place with interest; and pity it is that his day is so short, or that, in cases like the present, there are so few to glean and bind together memorials which simply tell of his existence. I

\* Meaning well-beaten, or in other words, he would return the compliment with interest.



never saw the Kidland Lee, but were I visiting it, and gladly would I go a mile or two out of my way to do so, I should care very little about the place farther than the influence its old vestiges and neighbouring objects possessed, in awakening thoughts connected with James Burn and his amusing peculiarities.

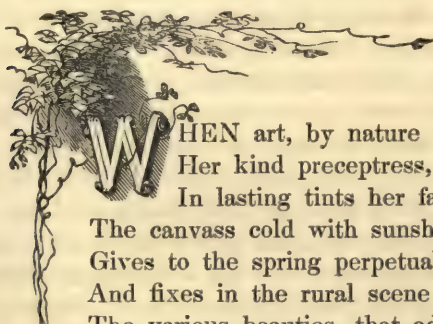
## The Groupe;

A POEM,

FANCIED FROM A PICTURE.



WILLIAM Cooper, A. M. of Queen's College, Oxon, the author of the following poem, was a native of Cumberland, an elegant scholar, and possessed in particular of a happy vein for poetical composition. With a sweetness of disposition, and a vivacity in conversation, which rendered him a most engaging companion, he had not always resolution to resist the eagerness with which his company was solicited by the neighbouring gentry; and his constitution, always delicate, was unable to support the constant fatigue of a sedentary employment. In 1786 he resigned the Grammar-school of Houghton-le-Spring, over which he held mastership, and it is painful to add, that the latter days of this amiable man and elegant scholar were clouded by indigence and distress.



WHEN art, by nature taught, repays  
Her kind preceptress, and displays  
In lasting tints her fading charms,  
The canvass cold with sunshine warms;  
Gives to the spring perpetual green,  
And fixes in the rural scene  
The various beauties, that adorn  
With transient grace an April morn;  
Pleas'd, we behold those charms remain,  
And art is nature o'er again.



But when art elevates her plan  
 From things inanimate to man;  
 Dares to attempt the bold design  
 To trace the "human face divine,"  
 To ev'ry trait expression gives—  
 'Tis done—and lo! the canvass lives!  
 Creative thus, yet not content  
 The lonely portrait to present,  
 Art still proceeds, from nature still  
 Derives new lessons for her skill;  
 And learns, as varying forms increase,  
 To group them in the social piece.

This is the master-work of art,  
 Engaging most the eye and heart:  
 Each figure lives, and acts—we gaze,  
 And feel the picture, which we praise:—  
 But gen'rous art all praise dislikes,  
 And gives her pencil up to S——s:<sup>1</sup>  
 "Take this," says she, "which when you use,  
 "Some interesting subject chuse,  
 "Such sentiments alone to move,  
 "As taste and virtue may approve."  
 S——s took both pencil and advice;  
 Next takes his horse—and in a trice  
 His wisely-judg'd attendance gives  
 Where social love with R———m<sup>2</sup> lives.

A village, which I dare not name—  
 And yet, methinks, it is a shame  
 No bard should e'er that village sing,  
 Where flows the true Castalian spring—  
 Then be it call'd and understood  
 The Village of Good Neighbourhood.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Sykes, a portrait painter.

<sup>2</sup> John Rotheram, A.M. rector of Houghton-le-Spring. He was the second of three sons of the Rev. William Rotheram, Master of the Free Grammar-School at Haydon-Bridge in Northumberland, where he was born June 22, 1725, and after being educated under his father, became a member of Queen's College, Oxford in 1745. In 1766, Trevor Bishop of Durham presented him to the Rectory of Ryton; and in 1769, removed him to the valuable Rectory of Houghton-le-Spring. He was soon after appointed one of the Trustees of Lord Crewe's Charity; and in 1779 held the vicarage of Seaham. He died at Bambrough, July 16, 1789, aged 64.

<sup>3</sup> Houghton-le-Spring.

Here R——m lives in blest retreat,  
 In Gilpin's<sup>4</sup> ancient hallow'd seat.  
 The ever hospitable door  
 Still opens both to rich and poor ;  
 With plenty still the house is stor'd ;  
 Temp'rance still regulates the board—  
 Perhaps additionally grac'd  
 By modern elegance and taste.

Here, when dull winter glooms around,  
 Nor leaf nor ling'ring flow'r is found ;  
 Then R——m bids the season smile,  
 And mirth and wine the year beguile ;  
 Good humour, then, and wit agree,  
 And beauty crowns our jubilee.

Quoth S——s to S——s, "a Groupe so large  
 "The piece intended will o'ercharge :  
 "This huriy-burly must be done  
 "Before my fav'rite point is won.  
 "I'll wait the tranquil hours he spends  
 "In converse with his kindred friends."

Art, present all the while, unseen,  
 Now peeping from behind a screen,  
 Privy to S——'s deep intent,  
 Nodded, and wink'd, and smil'd assent.  
 The feast was o'er ; behind the rest  
 S——s stopp'd, and stay'd an o'ernight guest.  
 The morning came—the kindred set  
 Together, *en famille*, were met.  
 Quoth S——s, "tho' yesterday was gay,  
 "Methinks, we more enjoy to-day :  
 "Reduc'd, we need not much complain—  
 "Three generations still remain.  
 "And now a thought my fancy strikes,  
 "A thought, which if none here dislikes,  
 "For execution seems to call—  
 "Give me but leave, I'll groupe you all !"  
 Ah ! how imprudent was the muse  
 A theme so difficult to chuse !

<sup>4</sup> Bernard Gilpin, "the Apostle of the North."

How shall the pen the pencil follow ?  
 Alas ! no painter was Apollo !

Full in the centre of the whole  
 Sits R——m's self—the picture's soul ;  
 And seems all round him to dispense  
 Life, passion and intelligence.  
 That awful brow—the seat of thought,  
 From embryo to perfection brought ;  
 From which, truth's empire to maintain,  
 The arm'd Minervas of his brain  
 All issue forth to glorious fight,  
 And put whole sceptic hosts to flight,—  
 That eye, which rais'd to heav'n, surveys  
 Of all its orbs the wond'rous ways,  
 And trav'ling thro' each starry road  
 Traces the footsteps of a God ;  
 Which still looks up, still traces more,  
 Still wishes nearer to adore—  
 That piercing eye—that awful brow,  
 Most pleasingly are soften'd now ;  
 And, pleas'd themselves, both condescend  
 O'er Infant Innocence<sup>5</sup> to bend.

His Niece's<sup>6</sup> arms the child enfold,  
 Its mother by each feature told :  
 And downcast looks of tender care  
 A mother's inmost soul declare.

The form, which next attracts our view,  
 Commands our veneration too :  
 A Mother's Mother !<sup>7</sup>—here we see  
 True matron-sensibility.  
 That mellow'd eye, that aspect sage ;  
 Fraught with the deep regards of age,  
 Tho' fix'd on objects justly dear,  
 Gleam with soft pleasure, dimm'd by fear.

<sup>5</sup> The infant daughter of Mrs. Wood.

<sup>6</sup> Elizabeth daughter of the Rev. Richard Wallis, vicar of Carham, and wife of Wm. Wood of Presson, co. Northumberland, Gent.

<sup>7</sup> Elizabeth, sister of the rev. John Rotheram, and wife of the rev. Richard Wallis of Carham.



In posture thoughtful, yet serene,  
 Her elder Brother<sup>8</sup> next is seen :  
 Not such the thoughts that owe their birth  
 To cares and sorrows of this earth !  
 Full to the light he turns his eye,  
 Catching the radiance from the sky ;  
 And seems within himself to say,  
 "I look for a far brighter day."

Near him the Matron's Husband<sup>9</sup> stands,  
 The fate of nations in his hands !  
 The magic glasses on his nose  
 The secrets of all states disclose :  
 He sees with more than nat'ral sight  
 Each deed of darkness brought to light ;  
 Detects the wiles of court-intrigues,  
 And scans the faithless northern leagues ;  
 He spies the Frenchman's hidden snare,  
 And bids America beware !  
 He shakes his head at silly Spain,  
 And wonders she'd be dup'd again ;  
 He pities Philip's want of wit,  
 But smiles to see the Dutchmen bit.  
 How blest would kings and statemen be,  
 Could they but read and smile like thee !

Next him, his Son-in-law<sup>10</sup> ne'er heeds  
 The foreign broils his father reads—  
 Domestic joys engross his heart,  
 Untouch'd by discord's ranc'rous dart :  
 His wife—his daughter—charm his sight,  
 Fix'd in a gaze of fond delight.

With love less ardent—not less true,  
 Is mark'd the face which next we view.

<sup>8</sup> Rev. Thos. Rotheram, vicar of Haltwhistle in Northumberland, to which he was collated in 1768.

<sup>9</sup> Rev. Richard Wallis, vicar of Carham (brother of the Historian of Northumberland). By his wife, Elizabeth daughter of the rev. Wm. Rotheram, he had five children, of whom, Agnes married the Rev. Christopher Robinson, Perpetual Curate of Penshaw, co. Durham; Richard was Rector of Seaham, and Perpetual Curate of South Shields; and Elizabeth (as above stated) married Mr. Wood of Presson (of the family of Wood of Beadnall.)

<sup>10</sup> Mr. Wood.

A likeness strikes me !—on my life,  
It is the Brother<sup>11</sup> of that wife !  
Their features and their forms agree—  
'Tis nature's pencil here we see !

S——s, be not jealous of thy fame !  
Thy praise and nature's are the same,  
More danger may'st thou apprehend  
From this thy young ingenious friend :  
He, too, a pencil doth possess,  
Which art and nature join to bless.—  
To his lov'd niece he forward bends,  
And with the gentlest hand contends,  
As towns and fiddles may be spoil'd  
To save Cremona from the child.  
Oh, S——s ! had she but thrown it down,  
And crush'd the rival of thy own.

Young Annie,<sup>12</sup> with a careless air,  
Is lolling o'er her brother's chair :  
In the blythe season of eighteen  
She blooms, and " Love laughs in her e'en."  
" A painter's fortune," it is said,  
" By flatt'ry can alone be made ;"  
And yet, friend S——s, it must appear,  
You have forgot that maxim here ;  
Or chuse this secret to impart,  
That nature sometimes baffles art.

And here the muse's labours end—  
I drop the poet for the friend ;  
And in plain friendship's honest zeal,  
Will breathe the wishes which I feel.  
To S——s I wish, what S——s may claim,  
The painter's meed of wealth and fame—  
To all the groupe, long to enjoy  
Their present bliss without alloy ;  
And after death, to meet again  
Where social love shall ever reign.

<sup>11</sup> Rev. Richard Wallis of Seaham.

<sup>12</sup> Agnes Wallis (afterwards Mrs. Robinson).

## Anecdotes.

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R. Edward Cook, after having lived some time with his brother at Togston, in Northumberland, went to America, and took with him a pointer dog, which he lost soon afterwards, while shooting in the woods near Baltimore. Some time after, Mr. and Mrs. Cook, who continued to reside at Togston, were alarmed at hearing a dog in the night. They admitted it into the house, and found that it was the same their brother had taken with him to America. The dog lived with them until his master returned home, when they mutually recognized each other. Mr. Cook was never able to trace by what vessel the dog had left America, or in what part of England it had been landed.—*Jesse*.

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A gentleman residing in Northumberland assured me that he had a tame fox, who was so much attached to his harriers, and they to him, that they lived together, and that the fox always went out an hunting with the pack. This fox was never tied up, and was as tame, playful, and harmless as any dog could be. He hunted with the pack for four years, and was at last killed by an accident.—*Ibid*.

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A bag-fox was turned out on the race ground near Holywell, Northumberland, in the month of December, 1789, which afforded some diversion; but having been closely followed, he tried to elude his pursuers by ascending a stone wall on which he ran a considerable way, the hounds taking a contrary direction; on their recovering the scent however, soon after, poor Reynard made to a cottage near that town, on which he leaped, and running to the top of the chimney, actually jumped down! What might have been the event of this singular visit, had the old lady of the mansion been at home is not easy to conceive; she being at market, the *new lodger* enjoyed his retreat a short time unmolested; but, unluckily for him, a little girl happened to see the circumstance, and telling the huntsman "a great *red hound* had jumped down the chimney of that house" they immediately entered the dwelling and found the four-footed fugitive sitting snug in the soot hole, from whence he was taken, and returned to his captivity.—*Gillespy's Col*.



# The Family of Leake

OF BEDLINGTON IN THE COUNTY OF DURHAM,  
AND THE CHARITY OF JOHN GEORGE LEAKE  
IN NEW YORK, UNITED STATES.

COMPILED FROM THE PRINTED REPORTS OF THE LEGISLATURE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK,  
AND OTHER SOURCES.

COMMUNICATED BY JOHN WILLIAM BURY, ESQ.



HE demise of a member of the family of Leake in the city of New York, in the year 1827, formerly resident in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, without issue, and possessed of extensive landed estates in America, which, owing to an informal will, escheated to the State, and which have since called forth a host of persons, English, Scotch and American, claiming to be his heirs, has invested the subject with a degree of peculiar interest.

Robert Leake, esq., the father of the individual alluded to above, was, in the month of February, 1746-7, appointed commissary of stores and provisions at Cape Breton, and proceeded in execution of the duties of his office to that place with his family, where, or on the passage out, his eldest daughter Margaretta was born, as appears by the register of her baptism at Louisberg, on the 25th May, 1749.

After remaining a few years in America he returned to England on half pay, and settled at Bedlington in the county of Durham, where he resided until the year 1754, during which period his sons John George, Robert William, and James Edward were born. James Edward died in infancy, at Bedlington, on the 14th December, 1753. Anna Margaretta married Wm. Fenwick, and died at Morpeth, without issue, on the 24th of January, 1774. Robert William married a sister\* of John Watts, of New York. He was a major in the British army, and his property having been confiscated by the State of New York, for the prominent part he had taken in the revolution, he returned to England on half pay, and died at Cardiff, aged 38, on the 15th of June, 1788, leaving one son who died at the age of 8 years in 1793. His widow survived him and died about the year 1835, at Southampton.

The four children above named, were the issue of the first marriage

\* This lady had a sister Ann, who married Archibald Kennedy, capt., R. N., afterwards 11th Earl of Cassilis, by whom she was mother of the present Marquis of Ailean.—*Burke's Peerage.*

of Commissary-General Leake, their mother Margaretta, died before his second mission to America, and was buried at Bedlington, on the 13th of May, 1754.\* He married again at New York, but had no children by his second marriage, and he died in the month of December, 1773, in the Bowery, in the out ward of that city, as appears by the following paragraph in the New York Gazette and Weekly Mercury, published in the City of New York, January 3rd, 1774. "Tuesday morning last, died, at his seat in the Bowery, in the out ward of this City, in the 54th year of his age, Robert Leake, Esq., Commissary General of North America. He was long a faithful servant to the crown, a loving husband, tender parent, one of the best masters and a friend to all tradesmen. His remains were interred in the family vaults in Trinity Church yard yesterday evening, attended by a great concourse of the inhabitants of this place and the military."

Although the earlier history of the Commissary is involved in some obscurity, it is certain that he was a native of Newcastle—the son of William Leek or Lake, maltster, a member of the incorporated company of Bakers and Brewers of that town—where his sons received their education at the Royal Grammar School, and where



GRAMMAR SCHOOL, Newcastle, during its removal, 1844.

\* The fact of his first marriage and of the death of his son James Edward, appears from an inscription upon a tomb-stone erected to the memory of his wife in Bedlington church-yard.

"Here lieth the remains of Margaretta the beloved wife of Robert Leake, esq., Commissary-General of His Majesty's forces in North America, who departed this life the 12th May, 1754, aged 32 years. Also Edward their youngest son."



moreover, John George Leake studied the law as a profession, in the office of Mr. Duane.†

PEDIGREE of LECK or LAKE of NEWCASTLE and LONG BENTON.

Mary, dau. of ..... Ingram mar. at St. Nicholas, Newcastle, 9 June, 1707.	William Leck or Lake of = Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Malt- ster: will dated 19 Sept. 1761: codicil 31 May 1768. Mentions Estates at Long	Alice, dau. of William Procter, mercht. sheriff of Newcastle in 1684, by Mary d. of Sir John Brookes, bart. of York.
1. William Leck, bap. 27 Nov. 1709.* Ob. inf.	Benton— $\frac{1}{4}$ of the Lands belonging to the Parsonage of Mickle Benton held by Lease from the Master and Scholars of the University of Oxon—House in New- castle. Appoints his son George Exr. In his Codicil he prohibits his dau. Elizabeth from marrying Ogle Wallis of Newcastle, Wine Mercht. Proved in 1771, by his son George.†	
2. Elizabeth Leck, bap. 27 Apr. 1712.*		
3. Ann Leck, bap. 15 Aug. 1714.*		
4. Francis Leck, bap. 12 May 1717.*		
5. James Leck, bap. 3 Jan. 1719.*	1. William Lake, son of William Lake, Baker and Brewer, born the 2. February, 1725, and baptized on the 17th of the same month.*	2. George Lake, bap. 1 Dec. 1730,* ob. unmar. 14 June, 1809, bur. at Long Benton.§
6. ROBERT =Margaretta LECK (the dau. of ..... Commis- Ob. 12 May sary) bap. 22 1754, aged July 1722.* 32 years. Bur. at Bedlington,	Will dated 1 Nov. 1771, 1st Codicil 30 Feb. 1775, 2nd Codicil 4 Dec. 1777. Probate 1778† No Estate men- tioned.	3. James Lake, bap. 18 Sep. 1733.* 4. John Lake, ob. inf. 1734.* Mary Lake, bap. 15 Oct. 1724. Bur. 11 Dec. 1726. Elizabeth Lake, bap. 18 May 1727.* Mar. 28 Nov. 1786, to Edw. Mosley, esq. Alderman of Newcastle.* Alice Lake, bap. 24 July 1729.* Found drowned. Ann Lake, bap. 3 Aug. 1732.* mar. Lewis Hick of Newcastle, Hoastman. Jane Lake, bap. 28 Feb. 1736.* Mar. 4 June 1782, to Richd. Jones, of New- castle, Master and Mar.
1. Anna Margaretta Leake, bap. 25 May 1749.		
2. Robert William Leake, mar. Miss Watts of New York. Ob. 15 June 1788, aged 38 years. He left one son who died young.		
3. John George Leake, died in the City of New York, 2 June 1827, unmar.		
4. James Edward Leake, died an infant: bur. at Bedlington in 1753.		
1. William Lake, died in Infancy.	2. William Samuel Lake, bap. 14 July 1755.† At- torney at Law, Newc.	=Phebe, dau. of the rev. S. Brooke, rector of Gamston, Notts.
Anthony Procter Lake, bap. 26 Feb. 1784.* Surgeon, R. N. ob. 1844.	Elizabeth dau. of John Kir- sopp, of Newcastle, Attor- ney at Law.	Mary Lake. Priscilla Elizabeth Lake.
William Charles Lake, living 1845.		

CV. C. 13.

\* At All Saints, Newcastle. † From the Originals in the Registry at Durham. ‡ At St. John's, Newcastle.  
§ He was elected mayor of Newcastle, 13 Oct. 1797, but refusing to accept office, he was fined 100 marks.

It is probable that Robert Leck quitted his home and became a soldier at a very early age;—and a motive for such a procedure might be found in the very circumstance of his father's second mar-

† Matthew Duane, esq. of Lincoln's Inn, had his chambers in Pilgrim-street, New-  
castle, in the house subsequently the residence of the Misses Peareth, and more recently  
occupied as offices by the Newcastle and North Shields Railway Company. He was a



riage. He may have been of an unsettled disposition—or his father may have exhibited an undue partiality for a particular child. The fact of his second son, by his second wife, George Lake, having inherited his estates to the exclusion of his elder brother William, seems to favour the latter view of the case.

According to the statement of the commissary himself in conversations with the parents of William Farcus and John Graham, aged residents of the village of Bedlington (whose depositions were taken by an agent of the Legislature of New York in 1836), and from the concurrent testimony of many other persons, he was a trooper in the King's Life Guards during the campaign in Flanders, and was wounded in the forehead at the battle of Dettingen, where he had his horse shot under him while endeavouring to defend the colours, and being unable to save himself from the fall of his horse his leg was also broken.

From the "Historical Memoirs of the Duke of Cumberland," published in London in 1767, pages 76, 77, and from official papers and private letters, published in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1743, it appears that the slaughter on both sides having been very great, the respective armies drew off at nightfall from the scene of action, the English marching to Hainau, and the French retreating to Offenbach. The wounded of both armies were left upon the field of battle, and were exposed to a heavy fall of rain, which continued during the night without intermission, until eight in the morning, when a detachment of the French army was despatched to bury the dead and remove the wounded, by whom the disabled English found upon the field were made prisoners. From the severity of their wounds, and the exposure to which they had been subjected during the night, a malignant disease broke out among the English prisoners, causing great mortality. Such was the situation of Leek, who afterwards stated that he was restored to health through the attention of a woman and her daughter, who were foreigners.

Under ordinary circumstances, the elevation of a mere trooper, and in so short a space, to the rank of a commissary general of an army, would be deemed highly improbable, but the history of the

barrister of considerable eminence,—a Fellow of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies, and a trustee of the British Museum. He was especially distinguished by his singular skill, judgment, and taste in the choice and collection of a most complete series of Syrian, Phœnician, Grecian, Roman, and other coins, which were afterwards deposited in the museum of Wm. Hunter, M.D. He died on the 6th of February, 1785, aged 78 years, and was interred in St. George's Porch in the church of St. Nicholas, Newcastle upon Tyne, where there is a monument to his memory, erected by his widow, Dorothy, daughter of Thomas Dawson, esq. of Newcastle.—*Ed. T. B.*

times in which it occurred, would give even to so unusual a circumstance, an appearance of great probability.

After his return from the campaign in Flanders, he appears to have gone to Scotland, where he might probably have relations, and taught school in the neighbourhood of Campsie, in the shire of Stirling, until the breaking out of the rebellion in 1745. The suddenness of that event, and the signal success that had crowned the arms of the Pretender, from the successful termination of the battle of Prestonpans to his first repulse before the castle of Stirling, had alarmed every district in Scotland, and filled it with the fearful elements of civil war. A man who had served in the low countries would not have remained an idle spectator of such a scene, nor would it be difficult to conjecture the cause he would espouse; having served in the English army abroad, and fought under George II. in person at the battle of Dettingen.

In the part of the country in which he resided the most active measures had been taken in conjunction with the city of Glasgow, to resist the advance of the Pretender, and in organizing the native militia it was very natural that an intelligent man who had seen service, should receive an appointment as lieutenant.\* As there were but a limited number of regular troops in Scotland before the arrival

\*The Commission, of which the following is a copy, was found among the papers of John George Leake after his decease:—

“SIR—By virtue of a warrant from Lieut. General Josuah Guest, commander-in-chief of all his majesty's forces in North-Brittan, and as Proves of noblemen, gentlemen, ministers in the shire of Stirling, for levying and maintaining five independent companies in the said county, for the defence of his majesty's person and government, and to stop the depredations and plunderings of the rebels, do hereby nominate, constitute and appoint you Robert Leck, in the parish of Campsie, gentleman, to be second lieutenant of that independent company commanded by Mr. James Dunbare of Mochrum; and you are diligently to train and exercise the private men under your command, and to obey all such orders and directions as you shall from time to time, receive from the generall commanding-in-chief his majesty's forces, for the time being, and all others, your superior officers, according to the rules of war.

And I am sir,

Your most humble servant,

[Seal.]

ELPHENSTONE

*Stirling, 13 Dec. 1745.*

*Stirling Castle, 21st Dec. 1745.*

The above commission approved of by

WILL BLAKENEY.

Entered with the Secretary of War,

ED<sup>d</sup> LLOYD.

Entered with the Commissary-General,

R. POVEY.

To Mr. ROBERT LECK, in the parish of Campsie, gentleman.”



of the Duke of Cumberland, and as these troops, after the disastrous result of the battle of Falkirk, were kept acting on the defensive, the services of a man like Robert Leck must have been desirable, and accordingly he was employed in traversing the country with other officers, raising and exercising volunteers, and it may be inferred that he was of most essential service to the government. At the period of the date of his commission; Major-General Blakeney had taken possession of the castle of Stirling to check the advance of the Pretender, where Robert Leck is said to have gone "to guide the cannon." He was probably among its defenders during the memorable siege it sustained, and being actively engaged under the eye of this old and influential general officer at a critical period, he may have secured in him a patron to further his subsequent advancement.

Upon the advance of the Duke of Cumberland, from Edinburgh, the siege of Stirling castle was raised by the rebels, and the Duke entered on the 2nd of July, 1746. He remained two days in the castle, and as Robert Leck held the rank of an officer, and had fought at Dettingen, the first battle in which the Duke had been engaged, it is not improbable that he was personally known to him. It is indeed stated that he had saved the life of the Duke, though no such incident is to be found in the "Historical Memoirs." Yet this promotion may be easily accounted for under the circumstances. General Blakeney's garrison was united to the forces of the duke, and Leck doubtless continued in active service under this celebrated commander until the close of the campaign, and was present at the decisive battle of Culloden.

After the suppression of the rebellion, Leck left Scotland for England, and in the month of February following received his first appointment as commissary of stores at Cape Breton.†

By a certificate from the War-Office, he was placed upon the half-pay of this commission, on the 25th of December, 1749; it is presumed about the period of his return from Cape Breton, and was

† This document (also found among the papers of John George Leake) runs thus :—  
" GEORGE R.

George the Second, by the grace of God, King of Great Britain, France and  
[L. s.] Ireland. defender of the faith, &c. To our trusty and well beloved Robert Lake, Gent. greeting: We do by these presents constitute and appoint you to be commissary of our stores of war and provisions for our forces in our island of Cape Breton, in North-America, in the room of Thomas Kelby, deceased. You are therefore, carefully and diligently to discharge the duty of commissary of our stores of war and provisions, by doing and performing all manner of things thereunto belonging; and you are to observe and follow such orders and directions, from time to time, as you shall receive from us, our governor of our Island, for the time being, or any other, your superior officer, according to the rules and discipline of war, in pursuance of the trust hereby



restored to full pay on the 24th of September, 1754, when he was appointed Commissary to the forces sent to America under General Braddock, and proceeded with the expedition to that country in the November following. After the defeat of that General at the battle of the Monongahela, he settled in the city of New York, and acted as Commissary-General of stores for the Colonies in North America.

His appointment to Braddock's expedition, it would seem, did not confer upon him any additional rank; and it appears by a letter from the Secretary at War, found amongst his son's papers, and written evidently in reply to an earnest application to be excused from the appointment on account of his young family, that he accepted it with reluctance, and under the apprehension that he would otherwise be deprived of his half-pay. At the time of his leaving England, the eldest of his three children could not be much more than six years old: they are presumed to have been placed under the care of some friend at Newcastle,\* or, perhaps, at Bedlington, where he possessed an estate;—and it is probable that John George Leake only left Newcastle after his father's death, to take possession of the property he had bequeathed to him in America. He settled in New York, and continued to reside there till the period of his death, having amassed a large amount of real and personal estate, estimated at about 400,000 dollars. He was a highly intelligent and strong minded man, and retained his faculties unimpaired to the day of his death. He had never married; after the death of his relatives, his mode of life was recluse and solitary. He resided for many years in the lower part of the city, his household consisting but of two persons, a male and female domestic. His circle of acquaintance was extremely limited, and with the exception of Mr. Watts,

reposed in you. Given at our Court of St. James, the eighteenth day of February, 1746-7, in the twentieth year of our reign.

By his majesty's command,

THOMAS NEWCASTLE.

Entered with the Commissary-General,

R. POVEY.

Entered with the Secretary of War,

EDW'D LLOYD.

ROBERT LAKE, Gent., *Commissary of the stores of war and provisions at Cape Breton.*'

The difference between the surname of Leek, by which the commissary was known in Scotland, and which appears in the Scotch commission, and that of Lake in the two English commissions, is readily reconciled. It has been shewn in the pedigree above, that the whole of the children of William Leek by his second marriage are called Lake, and it is not a little remarkable that, the Commissary immediately on his leaving Scotland, should have adopted the same orthography.—*Ed. T. B.*

\* During their attendance at the Grammar School they resided at the house of Mr. Doubleday in the Forth lane.—*Ed. T. B.*

he had few or no associates. He never visited, and was seldom visited at all, except on matters of business; indeed in his latter years he was almost forgotten. With the aid of a broker he managed his immense estate himself, and was exceedingly careful and methodical in his affairs. Though cheerful and highly intelligent in his conversation, he was remarkably close and reserved upon the subject of his property. Though supposed by those who knew him, to be a man of large wealth, its extent or nature was unknown until his death; and he is said to have been displeased and offended when any enquiries were made of him respecting it.

The key of the iron chest in which his will was found, was kept by himself. It contained his most valuable papers, his family jewellery, and money for immediate use. He was in the daily habit of opening it, examining and frequently arranging the papers it contained. Shortly before his death he was conducted to it by his old domestic, and after having spent some time inspecting its contents, he was reconducted to his chamber, bringing with him something concealed under his dressing gown, which, from the testimony of his servant, may be inferred to have been a collection of papers, the servant having found upon returning again to the room, a quantity of paper cinders in the grate. He doubtless selected these papers from the chest for the purpose of destroying them, in view of his approaching dissolution. To a man bereft of kindred, there was a melancholy fitness in the closing scene of his life. Except occasional calls from his broker and his physician, his bedside was unvisited by friend or acquaintance, and those attentions, the appropriate office of blood and affection, attentions that soften the asperity of disease and soothe the departing spirit, were ministered to him by a menial. And even in his last moments, when the presence of a human countenance might have alleviated the pangs of expiring nature, he was permitted to die neglected and alone. His aged domestic omitted to sit up with him at night, and on the morning of the 2nd of June, 1827, after being engaged with some affairs of the household, he went up stairs, and upon entering his chamber, found that he was dead.

After his decease, a paper in his own hand writing, purporting to be his will, was found in the iron chest, where he had kept his most valuable effects, enclosed between the leaves of an old field-book. It was skilfully prepared, the deceased having been a lawyer by profession, carefully engrossed, without interlineation or erasure and required but his signature and the attestation of subscribing witnesses to make it a complete and perfect instrument.

By the terms of this informal will, the real and personal estate of the deceased was devised to Robert Watts, of the city of New York,



and his heirs, upon the condition that he should take and thereafter be known by the surname of Leake ; but that if he refused or neglected to comply with the condition, or if he should die before arriving at the age of 21 years, then the said real and personal estate should be conveyed and transferred by his executors therein named, to the mayor and recorder of the city of New York, the rector and church wardens of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and the eldest or presiding minister of the Dutch Reformed and Presbyterian congregations respectively in the said city, and their successors, upon this special trust and confidence, to be by them appropriated to the purchasing or endowing of a house and lot of ground, to erect or endow a building in the suburbs of the city, for the reception, maintenance, and education, from time to time, for ever thereafter, of as many helpless orphan children, (paying no regard to the country or religious persuasion of their deceased parents,) until they shall severally arrive at an age to be put out apprentices to trades or services, as the said trustees shall deem the annual income, arising from the said estates, fully adequate to support ; and to be under such rules and regulations, with such and as many attendants for the management and government thereof, as a majority of the said trustees shall judge to be most useful and expedient. But that no part of the estates devised shall be applied to the purchasing or erecting of the building aforesaid, but that the expence thereof shall be defrayed solely out of the rents, issues and profits of said real and personal estate.

This will being insufficient to pass the real property, it escheated to the State. It consisted of several lots in the city of New York, and tracts of land in the counties of Delaware, Clinton, Essex, Warren, and Saratoga. The principal portion of the property has been sold for which the sum of 85,754.49 dollars had been received into the treasury in January, 1842. Two tracts then remained unsold, in Warren and Saratoga counties, containing 1,365 acres.

Upon this paper being found, the executors named in it, applied to the Surrogate of the city and county of New York to have it admitted to probate as a valid testamentary disposition of the personal estate of the deceased.

After a long investigation before the Surrogate, and the examination of a large number of witnesses, he determined in favour of the executors and admitted the will to probate. This decision was appealed from, and carried to the Court of Errors, where it was finally settled that the will though inoperative as to the real estate, was a good and valid disposition of the personal property.

After the decision of this case in the Court of Errors, Robert Watts, the residuary legatee, died intestate, without issue, having ar-



rived at full age, but without having complied with the condition of the devise, by assuming the surname of Leake.

His father who survived him, would probably have been entitled as his heir, upon complying with the last mentioned condition to inherit the estate; but waiving any right he might have in the premises, he formally surrendered all claim to the property, that the benevolent design of the testator might be carried into effect.

In consequence of this release on the part of Mr. Watts, the trustees under the will, on the 7th March 1831, obtained an act incorporating them under the name of the Trustees of the Leake and Watts' Orphan House, in the city of New York.

As the Trustees were restricted by the terms of the will from using any part of the principal for the erection of a building, the income therefrom did not enable them to do so until the year 1843, when a spacious structure was reared, about eight miles from the city of New York, capable of accommodating four hundred children. It was opened for the reception of orphans on the first of November in the same year.

Soon after the death of John George Leake, twenty-six, persons (two English,\* three American, and twenty-one Scotch, preferred claims to the estates as his heirs,—the consideration of whose conflicting testimony occupied the attention of the Legislature during a period of more than eleven years; and on the 14th February 1844, a Report was presented to the House of Assembly, New York, by a select committee, to whom had been referred the investigation of the various petitions and papers of the memorialists, in which report they state that they had entered into a very full investigation, and had diligently sought for every information that could possibly throw light upon the matter submitted to them; but from the mass of contradictory testimony before them, they found it utterly impossible to determine who were the parents of the Commissary. There was no evidence presented on the part of the English claimants, except the mere circumstances of his residence at Bedlington, after his return from Cape Breton.† “There were three classes of the

\* Joseph Wilson, of Newcastle upon Tyne, and the Rev. Wm. Leake, of Devonshire.

† It is surprising that the English claimants should not have thought of tracing the Commissary to Newcastle. Had this once occurred to them, they would readily have perceived that there existed some peculiar attachment or other motive beyond a mere temporary residence at Bedlington (12 miles distant), why his children remained in the locality for twenty years after he had finally quitted it. Nor is this all;—they would have discovered that the age of Robert Leck of Newcastle corresponded much more nearly to that of the Commissary, as stated in the New York Gazette, than those of the persons

Scotch claimants, each of whom contended that he belonged to a different family, and each class claimed to be related to him by virtue of a descent from collateral branches of the particular family with which they maintained he was connected.

It was no part of the duty of the committee to speculate upon probabilities arising under such a state of facts: it was incumbent upon each of the claimants to make out their own case. This they had entirely failed to accomplish, and as the intention of Mr. Leake was evident from his will, the obligation of the State to carry out that intention outweighed every other consideration.

That his views were not carried out as well with respect to his real as to his personal estate, was from a mere technical defect in the execution of this instrument. He made no distinction himself between the two kinds of property, but devoted both to the same object. Every principle of justice, therefore, would seem to dictate that it was the duty of the State to overlook the technical defect by which the real estate had come into its hands, and to devote it to the benevolent object designed by the testator.

To defeat the dying intention of this benevolent man by surrendering his property to a class of persons whom he never knew, who had no claim upon him founded in natural affection; and who by their own testimony were ignorant of the fact of his existence, a man whose life had been passed in melancholy seclusion, brooding over the mournful deprivation that he had no relatives upon earth, and who gave his property that his name might be perpetuated in the descendant of the

spoken of by either class of the Scotch claimants. The entry in the Register of Baptisms at All Saints church, Newcastle, stands thus:—"1722, July 22, Robert, S[on] of William Leek, malt maker." This makes him to have entered his 52nd year in December, 1773, but there are good grounds for believing that a considerable period elapsed between his birth and his baptism. His mother probably died in childbirth—and the baptism of a daughter of William Leek—the fruit of a *second* marriage—occurs at All Saints, in little more than two years after that of Robert Leek. It should also be borne in mind that at the time of his death, no relative was near him—a circumstance which may be taken to account for a discrepancy of a year or two in a Newspaper obituary. The Scotch witnesses concur generally in the fact that after his return from Flanders, he taught school at Campsie, and that he continued in that occupation until the breaking out of the rebellion in 1745, but they do not show that he ever was a teacher there at any previous period. They describe him to have been a man of education; they distinguish him by the appellation of the 'fine English teacher,' and say 'he spoke with an English accent.' This evidence—added to the fact that, though diligent search has been made, no register has been found in Scotland which can be supposed to have relation to the commissary—is strongly corroborative of his English origin. It is reasonable then to conclude that the very circumstances which may be conjectured to have driven him from his home in early youth, might still induce him, on his return from abroad, to seek an abode and the means of obtaining a livelihood at a distance from his birthplace.—*Ed. T. B.*

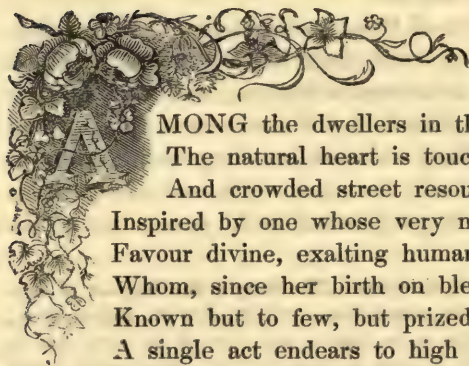


friend of his boyhood,\* and that failing, devoted it to the helpless orphans of every country and every creed, would be an act of injustice on the part of the State, contravening the soundest principles of public polity, and repugnant to the plainest dictates of humanity."

The report concludes by recommending to the Legislature, "the passage of a bill, vesting the property in question, after deducting therefrom all expences to which the State had been subjected, by reason of its possession, in the trustees of the Leake and Watts' Orphan House,—the income to be derived from it, to be expended in the maintenance and education of orphan children, from the different counties of the State."

## Grace Darling.

BY WORDSWORTH.



MONG the dwellers in the silent fields  
 The natural heart is touched, and public way  
 And crowded street resound with ballad strains,  
 Inspired by one whose very name bespeaks  
 Favour divine, exalting human love;  
 Whom, since her birth on bleak Northumbria's coast,  
 Known but to few, but prized as far as known,  
 A single act endears to high and low  
 Through the whole land—to manhood, moved in spite  
 Of the world's freezing cares—to generous youth—  
 To infancy, that lisps her praise—and age  
 Whose eye reflects it, glistening through a tear  
 Of tremulous admiration. Such true fame  
 Awaits her *now*; but, verily, good deeds  
 Do no imperishable record find  
 Save in the rolls of heaven, where hers may live  
 A theme for angels, when they celebrate  
 The high-soul'd virtues which forgetful earth  
 Has witnessed. Oh! that winds and waves could speak

\* Mr. John Watts (probably a branch from the family of Watts, still seated at Cowpen, near Bedlington). He was the fellow student of Mr. Leake, in the office of Mr. Duane in 1768.—*Ed. T. B.*

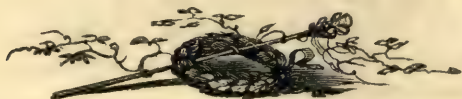


Of things which their united power call'd forth  
 From the pure depths of her humanity !  
 A maiden gentle, yet at duty's call,  
 Firm and unflinching as the lighthouse reared  
 On the island rock, her lonely dwelling place ;  
 Or like the invincible rock itself that braves,  
 Age after age, the hostile elements,  
 As when it guarded holy Cuthbert's cell.

All night the storm had raged, nor ceased, nor paused,  
 When, as day broke, the maid, through misty air,  
 Espies far off a wreck, amid the surf,  
 Beating on one of those disastrous isles—  
 Half of a vessel ;—half—no more ; the rest  
 Had vanished, swallowed up with all that there  
 Had for the common safety striven in vain,  
 Or thither throng'd for refuge. With quick glance  
 Daughter and sire through optic glass discern,  
 Clinging about the remnant of this ship,  
 Creatures—how precious in the maiden's sight ;  
 For whom, belike, the old man grieves still more  
 Than for their fellow-sufferers engulf'd  
 Where every parting agony is hush'd,  
 And hope and fear mix not in further strife.  
 " But courage, father ! let us out to sea—  
 A few may yet be saved." The daughter's words,  
 Her earnest tone, and look beaming with faith,  
 Dispel the father's doubts : nor do they lack  
 The noble-minded mother's helping hand  
 To launch the boat ; and, with her blessing cheer'd,  
 And inwardly sustain'd by silent prayer,  
 Together they put forth, father and child !  
 Each grasps an oar, and, struggling, on they go—  
 Rivals in effort ; and, alike intent  
 Here to alude and there surmount, they watch  
 The billows lengthening, mutually cross'd  
 And shatter'd, and re-gathering their might ;  
 As if the wrath and trouble of the sea  
 Were by the Almighty's sufferance prolong'd,  
 That woman's fortitude—so tried, so prov'd—  
 May brighten more and more !

True to the mark,  
 They stem the current of that perilous gorge,

Their arms still strengthening with the strengthening heart  
Though danger, as the wreck is neared, becomes  
More imminent. Not unseen do they approach ;  
And rapture, with varieties of fear  
Incessantly conflicting, thrills the frames  
Of those who, in that dauntless energy,  
Foretaste deliverance ; but the least perturb'd  
Can scarcely trust his eyes, when he perceives  
That of the pair—toss'd on the waves to bring  
Hope to the hopeless, to the dying, life—  
One is a woman, a poor earthly sister,  
Or, be the visitant other than she seems,  
A guardian spirit sent from pitying heaven,  
In woman's shape ! But why prolong the tale,  
Casting weak words amid a host of thoughts  
Arm'd to repel them ? Every hazard faced  
And difficulty master'd, with resolve  
That no one breathing should be left to perish,  
This last remainder of the crew are all  
Placed in the little boat, then o'er the deep  
Are safely borne, landed upon the beach,  
And, in fulfilment of God's mercy, lodged  
Within the sheltering lighthouse.—Shout, ye waves !  
Pipe a glad song of triumph, ye fierce winds !  
Ye screaming sea mews, in the concert join !  
And would that some immortal voice, a voice  
Fitly attuned to all that gratitude  
Breathes out from flock or couch, through pallid lips  
Of the survivors, to the clouds might bear—  
(Blended with praise of that parental love,  
Beneath whose watchful eye the maiden grew  
Pious and pure, modest, and yet so brave,  
Though young, so wise, though meek, so resolute)—  
Might carry to the clouds and to the stars,  
Yea, to celestial choirs, GRACE DARLING'S name !

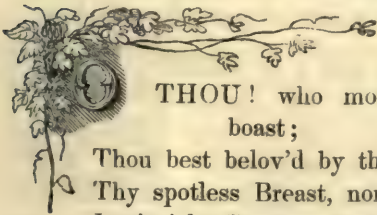




## Notes on the Infirmary of Newcastle.

### VERSES TO A LADY.

WRITTEN AT NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, SEPT. 5, 1751, WHEN THE FOUNDATION OF AN INFIRMARY WAS LAID, &c.



THOU! who more than Beauty's Charms can'st  
boast;

Thou best lov'd by them who know the most;  
Thy spotless Breast, nor Vice, nor Folly Share,  
Intrinsic Goodness reigns sole Monarch there!  
While rural Sweets invite thy longer Stay,  
My Muse salutes thee with her artless Lay;  
Believes, these Strains, *Ardelia* will approve,  
The Theme! what every Soul like thine must love!  
Of busy'd Towns I've heard thee oft complain,  
"Where nought prevail'd but Vanity and Gain;  
"That Virtue thence had took her last Farewell,  
"And fix'd her Scepter in the Hermit's Cell."  
But now, my Fair! thy causeless fears disown,  
The awful Goddess reassumes her Throne!

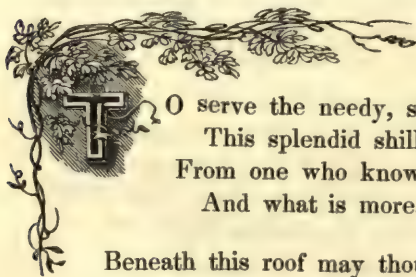


Again in social Life exerts her Sway,  
 And deigns to smile on this auspicious Day!  
 As Heaven had spoke by some prophetick Call,  
 Compassion seems the darling Choice of all!  
 Here, none reject the helpless Stranger's Cry,  
 Nor Priests, nor Levites, pass regardless by;  
 But with officious Care provide Relief,  
 Binds up his Wounds, and sooth his plaintive Grief:  
 No Sect deny'd,—no partial End design'd,  
 But all a salutary Welcome find.

And lo! ere long, Benevolence shall raise  
 An House of Health, the Joy of future Days,  
 That more will flourish as each Vice decays.  
 To Day the first Foundation Stone was plac'd;  
 Which humble Deed \* a worthy Prelate grac'd:  
 'To that good Man, what Songs of Praise belong,  
 Whose Christian Mind is moral as his Tongue:  
 Happy, would ev'ry Preacher imitate  
 His pious Life, and be as *truly* Great!

---

On opening one of the poor boxes for the Infirmary in 1751,  
 there was found a shilling enclosed in a piece of paper inscribed:—



O serve the needy, sick and lame,  
 This splendid shilling freely came  
 From one who knows the want of wealth,  
 And what is more, the want of health.

Beneath this roof may thousands find  
 The greatest blessing of mankind;  
 And hence may millions learn to know  
 That to do good's our end below;  
 That vice and folly must decay  
 Ere we can reach eternal day.

\* Joseph, bishop of Durham.



# The Monk's Stone

## A Goodlye Legend of a Cross sheweing how a certayne Monk wandered from his Monas- terie of Tinemouth

And going vnto y<sup>e</sup> Castell of Seton De-la-val  
stole therefrom a Pigg's Head with what be-  
fell him on his waie back : newlie wrytten  
downe by the Auctour from sundrie trutthes  
gotten out of diuerse bookes and ould  
wryteinges and from y<sup>e</sup> saieings  
of manie aunciente men and  
wiues of verie goode report.



**S**ituate in a field a little to the north east of Tyne-  
mouth, and in the immediate vicinity of the farm-  
stead of Monk-house, are the pedestal and part of  
the shaft of an antient Rood or Cross. On the sur-  
face of the former is inscribed in lettering now almost  
obliterated, "**A Horor to Kill a man For a Pigg's Head.**"  
The monument is of whinstone and its plan that of an oblong  
square. It is materially defaced by the action of time, the weather  
and misuse, and its sculptures, which have been of a very rich and  
intricate design, are nearly worn out. In order properly to observe  
the monument, a clear evening should be chosen when the beams of  
the setting sun are cast across the surface of the stone in a direction  
nearly parallel, when the relief is perfectly apparent, but to common  
and hasty observation the pattern is totally unintelligible.

Master Francis Grose informs us that a little before his visit,  
which took place in 1773, the cross had been thrown down and bro-

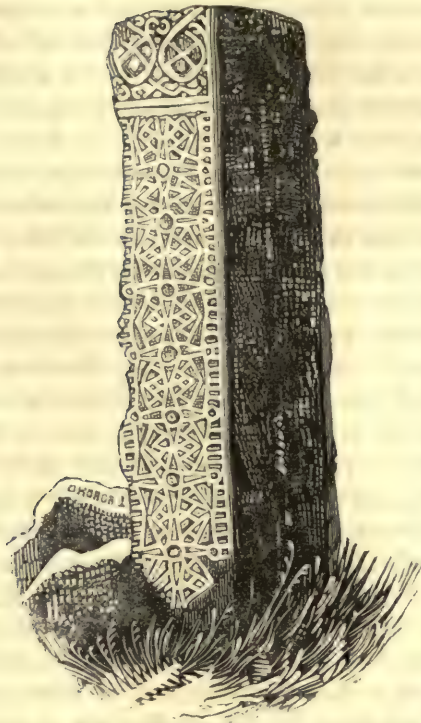


ken into three pieces—a number probably including the pedestal, as, judging from the length of the existing fragment, that of the upper portion as depicted by Grose, and the stated and probable height of the whole, the shaft could only have been broken in twain. His view represents the existing portion standing in a similar situation to that which it at present occupies; while the upper, tapering at the summit, lies on the grass hard by. On comparing his drawing however, with the existing fragment, it proves so glaringly incorrect that we cannot form any safe conclusion as to the sculpture of *this* part of the monument. Grose further states that he met with a gentleman resident in the neighbourhood, who remembered it standing near ten feet high, but in a tottering condition, and much out of the perpendicular: a correspondent in a cotemporary periodical publication, \* describes it as near twelve feet in height. Probably ten is nearer the mark.† The existing fragment (including the thick-

\* Hinton's Univ. Mag.

† Compare the following measurement of the pieces from Grose:—lower  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet upper about 3ft.





ened extremity which entered the socket of the pedestal) measures six feet and six inches in length; in breadth, one foot and six inches, and in thickness, ten inches and a half. The pedestal is about one foot and ten inches in outward depth; in length, three feet and five inches; and in breadth, two feet and nine inches.\* The two figures on each side of the foliated staff, it has been suggested, may be intended to represent the two sainted patrons of the priory of Tyne-mouth, SS. Mary and Oswin. Just above the heads of these occur the representations of two animals which perhaps may be likened to the hippogriff. Although the opposite face of the stone is seriously obliterated by its use as a rubbing post for cattle, yet it is evident that the ornament has been of a very similar character. Our old authority, Grose, states that the stone was punched so full of "round holes" by the country people that it was difficult to tell whether the other three sides of the shaft bore any ornament whatever. It is curious, however, to observe that these very "round holes" are the means of producing the whole of the pattern, a remark especially applicable to the ornaments on the two inferior faces of the stone.

\* These measurements were obtained by digging down to the base of the stone.

To all appearance this curious relic has undergone frequent removal and mutation : tradition informs us that the original site of the Monkstone was in the field next east to that in which it now stands, and the most cursory glance at the ground in question will satisfy us that this presumption is correct. Looking in the direction of Tynemouth, we discern, spreading away from our feet, the very noticeable traces of an antient road, and by carrying the vision still further, we clearly make out that the present road into the village of Tynemouth, forms, with this, a line straight almost as the arrow. This wholly, or in part, corresponds with one of Hodgson's suggestions \* as to the original intent of the cross, to which we have elsewhere alluded : probably Grose saw it here. Whatever may have induced its removal from this site is of course unknown, but it appears next to have been placed about twenty or thirty yards to the west of its present position, and perhaps verging on an hundred and thirty from its former site. Here it appears likely that the existing fragment was reset into the pedestal, and, probably in consequence of the interest attached to it by Grose, it became popular, and the potato crops suffered so seriously by the trespasses of visitors to view the relic, that the farmer on whose land it stood, like unto him who despoiled Robin of Risingham, in order to effect a riddance of the nuisance, determined upon destroying the relic. In pursuance of this intent, the farmer and his son, a lad about twelve years of age, † attached horses to the lower portion of the shaft (that now existing) and in paying it out of its socket, split away the side of the pedestal as it remains to this day. The two pieces were set on each side of the pedestal, and a while afterwards the upper portion was dragged away by eight horses to a dyke side hard by, and there buried. The latter portion was just about to be visited in like sort, when it came to the ears of the Duke of Northumberland, the lord of the manor, and further spoliation was stopped. Probably, however, from an idea of placing the remnant of the shaft and pedestal in a place less likely to lead to the detriment of the farm produce, they were removed for a third time to a site about thirty-five yards north east, or about four in the same direction from its present position. Here, on the building of the farmstead by Mr. Blacklock, (which was erected just west of the stone) it was found to interfere with the construction of an outhouse requisite to the farm : on this account it was removed for a fourth and last time to the spot which it now occupies—as before stated about twelve feet to the south west.

\* In Arch. Æliana.

† Now an old man named Hall—our present informant.



A fellow antiquary, \* glancing casually at the arches of the threshing-machine attached to the house, his eye fell on certain stones in the haunch of one of the arches of rather different appearance from the rest, and further examination induced a belief that it was possible that they might be the fragments of the upper part of the shaft of the cross. A few days after, the writer of this visited the spot and had his attention directed to the circumstance, when, from the texture and colour of the stone, and what he considers to be the traces of dim and weather-worn ornamentation, still visible, although cut and chipped into smaller portions for their present use, he is induced to come to a like conclusion. If this be allowed, it becomes a matter of probability that when Mr. Blacklock erected the farm house and the barn, he discovered the fragment of the shaft so long buried, and so finding, would not be long in appropriating it to his use. As to the original appearance of the cross it is in vain to conjecture: it may or may not have had steps around its base, although it is probable that it would be provided with one such appendage not including the pedestal. Strict search, however, has failed in discovering any remains of such—if there ever have been any it is not unlikely the stones would be used in the building of the house. It does not appear, so far as can be made out, whether the monument had a cross arm or not: it is probable that it consisted of a simple shaft, and that the foliated staff depicted on the two broader surfaces of the shaft diverged into the required form near the summit, thus constituting it the Cross or Rood by which name it is frequently designated.

This cross is alleged to have been erected in expiation of a murder recorded in the following legend:

## The Legend of the Holy Monk as Master Francis Grose relateth it in his Large Book.



**O**nce upon a time, in the days of old, a certain monk of the priory of Tynemouth strolling abroad, came unto the castle of Seaton de la Val, whose lord was a hunting but expected home anon. Among the many dishes preparing in the kitchen was a pig, ordered expressly for the lord's own eating. This alone suiting the liquorish palate of the monk, and though admonish-

\* George Rippon, esq. North Shields, who has materially aided in this matter.



ed and informed for whom it was intended, he cut off the head, reckoned by epicures the most savoury part of the creature, and putting it into his bag, made the best of his way toward the monastery. A while after De la Val and his fellows returned from the chace, and being informed of the theft, which he looked upon as a personal insult, he remounted his horse and set out in pursuit of the offender, when, by dint of swift riding, he overtook the monk about a mile east of Preston, and so belaboured him with his staff, called a hunting gad, that he was hardly able to crawl to his cell. This monk, dying within a year and a day, although, as the story goes, the beating was not the cause of his death, his brethren made it a handle to charge De la Val with his murder; who, before he could get him absolved was obliged to make over to the monastery, as an expiation of the deed, the manor of Elsig, hard by Newcastle, with divers other valuable estates; and, by way of amends, to set up a monument on the spot where he had so properly chastised the gluttonous monk,\* inscribing thereon,

**“O Horror to Kill a man For a Pigg’s Head.”**

©

As Grose judiciously observes, “the story, like many others of similar character, is very defective in several parts,—no date is affixed; and though the monument is shewn in confirmation, yet, it seems difficult to account for this monk being so far from his monastery,—as going abroad, especially alone, was strictly prohibited by their rules; and this not being a mendicant order, he could not be going on the quest: the only method of reconciling it is to suppose that this *worthy* personage was a lay brother, and servant to the house—perhaps the steward. It however,” adds our author “shews how dangerous it was to injure the meanest retainer to a religious house; a peril, very ludicrously but justly expressed in the following old English adage which I have somewhere met with: **Of perchaunce one offend a freeres dogge, streight clameth the whole brotherhood, an heresy, an heresy!**”

Presuming however on Grose’s reconciliation of the circumstance, so far as the mere *legend* is concerned, we see no great reason for doubt, as it seems quite consonant with the character which the family (to which the tale alludes) have borne from a very early period of their history. One or two points nevertheless need special remark:

\* It may be worth while mentioning that several aged residents near the spot, (among whom may be numbered Joseph Mc Glashan a dweller in Preston, who died in 1841, aged 85) state that Delaval was conveyed to York, tried, and pardoned by the crown—and that the monks chagrined at the result of the affair, erected this stone with its inscription (so full of undisguised disgust) in order to give *some* vent to their mortification.

Elswick, which is stated to have been the summer residence of the Priors of Tynemouth, occurs as a possession of the house so early as the Norman age, and none of the charters we have seen, describe the manor as being granted under any extraordinary circumstances. If however we could find reason to waive this discrepancy, the event then might be assigned to the middle of the eleventh century, a date it must be admitted, highly improbable, the more so if we assume the lettering on the pedestal to be the record of the murder, for then we must necessarily consider the event to have taken place at a much later period.\*

It is further remarkable that in all instances where the monument (professedly the memento of the legend) is mentioned, it is always called a "Rood" or "Cross," or in any case is there the slightest allusion to its popular signification: there occurs a grant from Nicholas the son of Ralph to William Hindley of half an acre of ground in a field of Tynemouth, which lay between the ground of the said William and that of one William Cuherd, and on the north side of the "Cross of Seaton." This document, from the style of the handwriting, which is bold and fine, seems to belong to the beginning of the thirteenth century.† Again, A. D. 1320 this place occurs as "**Le Crocs Flat**" and also as "**Rodestane More**." In the same deed we find mention of "**The Gallows of Rodestane**," from which it has been concluded that the Prior of Tynemouth had a place of execution in the immediate vicinity. This writing informs us that one Henry Faukes of West Backworth granted to the prior and convent of Tynemouth, wayleave through his grounds for leading slate from their quarries in West Backworth, to cover their houses with; and released to them all right he had in a certain part of the moor called Rodestane Moor on the west side of Preston, containing sixty acres, and extending in length from the way which led to Billing Mill, and thence to Murton, and the culture called the "Blake Chesters," in the field of East Chirton, and thence to the north street which led from Tynemouth to the Rodestane Gallows.‡ "Thus" Hodgson remarks § "I have no doubt the Cross was set up like the cippi or shafts of the Romans, as a boundary between the lands of Tynemouth and Monkseaton, or else as an index or guide to travelers; for it stood where the way from Morpeth through Earsdon, branched off one way to Tinmouth, and the other to Preston and

\* The writer in the Universal Magazine says in the reign of Mary, but this it is believed has no good foundation.

† Original in the possession of Wm. Jno. Charlton, esq., of Hesleyside—printed in the Arch. Æl.

‡ Brand. Hodgson. § Arch. Æliana.



North Shields." Another authority \* renders it possible that the monument may have been a boundary cross of the peace or sanctuary of S. Oswin of Tinmouth—perhaps it has served the double purpose of index and boundary. Even so late as 1757, when a "Plan of the Manour of Tinmouth and Tinmouthshire, &c.† was surveyed by Isaac Thompson, the place was called "**Cross Close Pasture**," and contained nine acres, three roods, and ten perches,—a measurement probably of the piece of land in which it originally stood.

From the foregoing evidences we trust we have incontestably shewn the object of our investigation to have been a *cross*—the **Cross of Seaton**—but the question still remains to be considered as to its connection with the legend of the monk, although from what has been said it cannot have escaped the reader's observation that our drift has been to leave but little room for conclusion in favour of the latter. We are aware that the fact of the stone being *engraven* with the inscription—that the stone carries with it, what under other circumstances or in other cases would afford incontestable evidence as to the meaning and history of the object which bore such record—we are aware of this, and it will at once be seen how much sooner we might have disposed of the subject had popular tradition *alone* connected the fate of the monk with the object of our investigation—but it is otherwise, and our course will be to offer certain reasons for the reader's consideration why such connection is improbable. In the first place we have positive evidence that the cross was in existence in the beginning of the thirteenth century, if not earlier, and that, though the lettering on the stone (now all but illegible) is evidently

O horrid dede  
To kill a man for a pig's hede.†

old, it is considered as much more recent than the cross itself—indeed Hodgson § calls it *quite modern*. Then again the subject matter of the ornamentation on the shaft contains nothing relevant to the legend or does it exhibit any points whatever separable from our ideas

\* W. S. Gibson, esq. † In Brand's time, preserved at Northumberland house.

‡ Sir C. Sharp in a letter to the editor says, "Those look very like modern and clumsy letters—there certainly is a floating tradition of another inscription which had a tinge of poetry in it, and sounds very oracular,

'O horrid dede

To kill a man for a pig's hede.'"

This apparently puzzling circumstance would lead us to suppose that the present inscription was cut on the stone on the obliteration, through time, of a former: it must be observed however that this circumstance still allows our other remarks to hold good.

§ In Arch. Æl.



of a cross. Passing over the probability or the improbability of a *cross* having been erected to commemorate a *murder*—(for as crosses were erected for manifold purposes, this consideration might be open to dispute) we proceed by supposing, for the nonce, that if the stone had been intended to hand down to posterity the knowledge of a murder, or something designated as such, would not the sculptor have contrived to place the inscription (the sole and manifest object of making a record at all) on some part of the shaft specially designed for its reception—and not to endanger its preservation by placing it upon the plain flat surface of the pedestal, where, more exposed to the vicissitudes of the weather, accident, and wear, than any part of the shaft, it must at once have occurred to the sculptor of the monument as the most unsuitable place that could be imagined. It is further worthy of note that the shaft is a perfect mass of intricate ornament—hardly an inch of unworked stone being noticeable in any part, indeed the workman seems to have sought to fill up every portion of the stone with the design. Now this very want of room on the shaft itself, would induce the party who has carved the inscription, to place it upon the pedestal, solely because there was no room for it elsewhere: this would not have been the case if the inscription and the cross were coeval—it would then have been provided for on the face of the shaft.

Hitherto we have been labouring (it is hoped not unsuccessfully) in shewing the cross to be unconnected with the legend, at least that it was not *erected in commemoration* of the event therein related: we are still in difficulty how to account for the presence of the inscription; in this, however, the reader cannot be more at a loss than ourselves, and very probably his imagination may prove as fertile in conjuring up a host of circumstances which he may think more or less likely to explain the matter. Tradition, as has been justly remarked, “though in general true in the main is seldom correct in details,” and the tale of the monk, perchance, while possessing an adumbration of truth, has in the course of time become confused, interpolated, and perhaps its meaning extended by frequent repetition from generation to generation. Admitting this, we proceed to give the only feasible conjecture that has occurred to us: imagine for a moment that the monk, laden with the savoury morsel he has stolen from the spit of Seaton, is wending his homeward way along the antient road of which we have spoken, and the fair towers of Tinemouth rising up before him give note of the vicinage of a place whereat he may regale himself to his heart’s content—when, turning suddenly round he beholds a pursuer whose purpose our friar at once divines, and rushing onward, throws himself on the protection of the cross, where

the incensed knight may have wreaked his vengeance, regardless or forgetful of the sanctity of the spot. Just in the manner of those who fly for sanctuary to the gates of a cathedral, may this monk have fled to the cross, counting on safety where he found stripes.

In this case it is not difficult to conceive that the monks, always jealous of their order and privileges, would feel exceeding wroth at the indignity perpetrated on their brother, and resent the insult and injury by the burst of pious horror on the stone, and the much more effective mode of appeasing their ire by the handing over of lands: as to the precise period of the transaction we cannot offer even a conjecture. There is yet another view of the subject: we have before alluded to the uncertainty of *details* as handed down in tradition, and spoken of the likelihood of the Cross having been erected as a boundary of the sanctuary of S. Oswin. Now there are those, Grose amongst the number, who will deny the presumption that a monk had anything to do with the affair at all; to suit such an opinion it seems far from improbable that the obloquy which was formerly heaped on everything appertaining to the "antient faith," had in like manner been applied in this case—an olden legend of a thievish vagabond flying from the pursuit of the injured to the sanctuary of Tinemouth, and receiving the chastisement due to his offence and perhaps more, might easily be made the vehicle of senseless vituperation and abuse, by the introduction of the figure of a gluttonous monk committing all sorts of iniquities and follies under cover of the privileges of his order.

Be this as it may, we are induced to believe that the monument called the Monk Stone was originally and solely a cross—the Cross of Seaton, and that at some subsequent period a murder has taken place at the spot, the remembrance of which the monks, or the common people, as the case may be, sought to hand down to posterity by carving thereon

**"O Horor to Kill a man For a Pigg's Head."**

GEO. B. RICHARDSON.

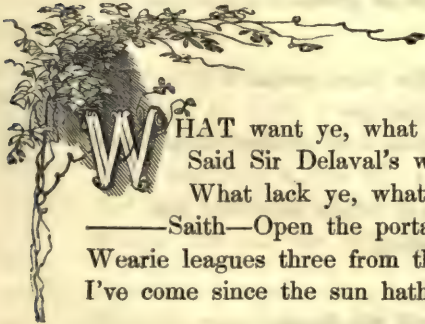


On the foregoing legend have been founded the two ballads which are now presented to the reader—the first from the pen of Robert Owen, esq., formerly of North Shields, and the second from that of a valued contributor to our work. To say that they are amplifications of the legend is supererogatory, but it is necessary so state that the notes which accompanied the former in its primary publication have been dispensed with as needless. 'Sir Delaval' was first printed in Hone's Table Book in a style stuffed full of epithet quaint—so much so as to render it nearly unintelligible to the general reader, if even it escape the charge of being over done in its labouring after an anti-



quoted orthography. It was printed in more modern style in the "London University Magazine" and in the "Story Teller." Our copy is a modernised version of the ballad as originally printed by Hone.

*Sir Delaval and the Monk.*



WHAT want ye, what want ye thou holy friar,  
Said Sir Delaval's warder brave;  
What lack ye, what lack ye, thou jolly friar?  
——Saith——Open the portal, knave!  
Wearie leagues three from the Priorie  
I've come since the sun hath smil'd on the sea.

Now nay! now nay! thou holy friar,  
I may not let ye in;  
Sir Delaval's mood is not for the rood,  
And he cares not to shrive his sin;  
And should he return with his hound and horn,  
He will gar thy holiness rin.

For Christ his sake! now say not nay,  
But open the portal to me;  
And I will donne a rich benison  
For thy gentlesse and courtesie;  
By mass and by rood! if this boon is withstood  
Thou shalt perish by sorcerie.

Then quicklie the portal was open'd wide,  
Sir Delaval's hall was made free,  
And the table was spread for the friar with speed,  
And he feasted right plentifullie.  
Did a friar wicht ever lack of might  
When he tooke cheap hostellerie?

And the friar he ate, and the friar he drank,  
Till the cellarman wondered full sore,  
And he wish'd him at home at St. Oswin's tomb,  
With his relicks and missal lore:  
But the friar did eat of the venison meat,  
And the friar he drunk the more!



Now this day was a day of wassail kept,  
Sir Delaval's birth day, I ween,  
And many a knight and ladye bright,  
In Sir Delaval's castle was seen;  
But since the sun on the blue sea shone,  
They'd hunted the woods so green.

And rich and rare was the feast prepar'd  
For the knights and ladyes gay;  
And the field and the flood both yielded their brood,  
To grace the festal day:  
And the wines from Spain which long had lain  
And spices from far Cathay.

But first and fairest of all the feast,  
By Sir Delaval priz'd most dear,  
A fat boar roasted in seemly guise,  
To grace his lordly cheer:  
The reek from the fire sore hunger'd the friar,  
In spite of refecting gear.

And thus thought the friar as he sate,  
This Boar is right savourie!  
I wot 'tis no sin its head to win  
If I mote right cunninglie;  
This godless knight is a church-hating wicht,  
To filch him, no knaverie.

With that he took his leathern poke,  
And whetted his knife so sheen,  
And he patiently sat at the kitchen grate  
Till no villeins were thither seen;  
Then with meikle drede cut off the boar's hede,  
As tho' it never had been.

Then the friar he nimbly footed the sward,  
And bent him to holy pile;  
For once within its sacred shrine,  
He'd laugh and joke at his guile;  
But hie thee fast with thy utmost haste,  
For thy gate is many a mile.

Now Christ ye save ! when the villeins saw,  
The boar without his hede,  
They wist and grie that witcherie  
Had done the fearsome deed :  
In sore distraught the friar they sought,  
To help them in their need.

They sought and sought, and long they sought.  
No friar, no hede, could find,  
For friar and hede far o'er the meade,  
Were scudding it like the wind :  
But haste, but haste ! thou jolly friar,  
Where bolt and bar will bind.

The sun was high in his journey's flight,  
And homeward the fisher boat rowed,  
When the deep sounding horn told Sir Delaval's return,  
With his knights and ladyes proud :  
The bagpipes did sound, and the jest went round,  
And revelrie merrie and loud.

But meikle, but meikle was the rage,  
Of the host and the companie,  
When the tale was told of the deed so bold,  
Which was laid to witcherie ;  
And how in distraught, the monk they sought,  
The monk of the Priorie.

Now rightlie I trow, Sir Delaval knew,  
When told of the friar knave ;  
By my knighthood I vow he shall dearly rue,  
This trick he thought so brave ;  
And away flew the knight like an eagle's flight,  
O'er the sands of the northern wave.

And fast and fast Sir Delaval rode  
Till the Priorie gate was in view,  
And the knight was aware of a friar tall,  
With a look both tired and grue,  
Who with rapid span o'er the green-sward ran,  
The wrath of the knight to eschew.

But stay ! but stay ! thou friar knave,  
But stay and shew to me,  
What thou hast in that leathern poke,  
Which thou mayest carry so hie !—  
Now, Christ ye save ! said the friar knave,  
Fire-wood for the Priorie.

Thou liest ! thou liest ! thou knavish priest,  
Thou liest unto me !—  
The knight he took the leathern poke,  
And his boar's hede did espie,  
And still the reek from the scorched cheek,  
Did seem right savourie.

Gods'wot ! but had ye seen the friar,  
With his skin of livid hue,  
When the knight drew out the reeking snout,  
And flourished his hunting thew ;  
Gramercie, gramercie ! Sir Knight on me,  
As the Virgin will 'mercy shew !"

But the knight he banged the friar about,  
And beat his hide full sore ;  
And he beat him as he rolled on the sward,  
Till the friar did loudly roar :  
No mote he spare the friar mare,  
Than Mahound on eastern shore.

Now take ye that ye dog of a monk !  
Now take ye that from me ;—  
And away rode the knight, in great delight,  
At his feat of flagellrie :  
And the sands did resound to his war-steed's bound,  
As he rode near the margined sea.

But who's that hies from the Priorie gate,  
With a cross so holie and tall,  
And of monks a crowd all yelping loud,  
At what might the friar befall,  
For they saw the deed from the Priorie hede,  
And heard him piteous call ?



The friar he lay in sore distraught,  
All writhing in grim dismay,  
Each lashed wound spread blood on the ground,  
And tinged the daisy gay :  
Woe fall the deede ! and there lay the hede,  
Both reeking as well might they.

No word he spake, no cry could make  
When the prior came breathless nigh ;  
But the tears yran from the holy man,  
As he heavéd many a sigh :  
Then the prior was rede of the savourie hede,  
That near the monk did lie.

Then they bore the monk to the Priorie gate,  
In dolorous step and slow ;  
They vengeance vowed, in curses loud,  
On the horseman wicht I trow ;  
The welkin rang with their yammerings lang,  
As they came the Priorie to.

A leech of skill, with meikle care,  
And herbs and conjurie,  
Soon gave the monk his wonted spunk,  
For his quippes and knaverie ;  
When he told how the knight, Sir Delaval hight,  
Had done the batterie.

But woe for this knight of high degree,  
And greet as well he may !  
For the friar I wot he battered and bruised  
Took ill, as the churchmen say,  
And is surely deade withouten remede,  
Within year and eke a day.

Farewell to youre lands, Sir Delaval bold,  
Farewell to youre castles three,  
They're gone from thy heir, tho' grievest thou sair,  
They're gone to the Priorie ;  
And thou must thole a woollen stole,  
And lack thy libertie.

Three long long years in dolefull guise,  
In Tynemouth Abbey pray,  
And many a mass to heavenward pass  
For the friar that thou didst slay ;  
Thou mayest look o'er the sea, and wish to be free,  
But the prior of Tynemouth sayeth naye.

When thou hast spent three long long years  
To the holy land thou must hie,  
Thy falchion wield on the battle field,  
'Gainst the Paynim chivalrie ;  
Three crescents bright, must thou win in fight,  
Ere thou winn'st thy dear countrie.

And on the spot where the ruthless deed  
Ystained the meadow greene,  
All fair to see in masonrie,  
As tall as anie oaken treene,  
Thou must set a stone, with a legend thereon,  
That a murder there had been.

The masses most grieved Sir Delaval sore,  
But pray he must and may,  
He thummelled his bead, and beat his head  
Through the night and through the day,  
Till the three years o'er he leapt to the shore,  
And cried—To the battle away !

He doffed his stole of woollen coarse,  
And donned in knightly pride  
His blade and cuirass, and said no more mass,  
While he crossed the billowy tide :  
No candle ! no rood ! but the fighting mood  
Was the mood of the border side.

Soon, soon, midst the foes of the holy land,  
Where the lances thickly grew,  
Was sir Delaval seen, with his brand so keen  
On his steed so strong and true ;  
The Pagans they fell, and passed to hell,  
And he many a Saracen slew.

Gallantly rode sir Delaval on,  
Where lethal wounds were given,  
And the onsets brave, like a sweeping wave,  
Roll'd the warriors of Christ to heaven :  
But for each holy knight yslaine in fight,  
A hundred false hearts were riven.

And he soon from the ranks of Saladin bore  
Three crescents of silver sheen,  
No Pagan knight might withstand his might,  
Who fought for wife and wean ;  
Saint George ! cried the knight, and England's might !  
Or a bed 'neath the hillock green !

Now brave Sir Delaval's penance was done,  
He homeward sought his way,  
From the battle plain, across the main,  
To fair England's welcome bay ;  
To see his lone bride to the north he hied,  
Withouten stop or stay.

\* \* \* \* \*

Once more is merrie the border land,  
Hark ! through the midnight gale  
The bagpipes again play a wassail strain,  
Round round flies the joyous tale :  
Many a joke of the friar's poke  
Is passed o'er hill and dale.

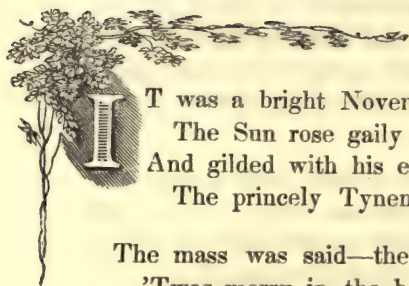
The Ladye Delaval once more smiled,  
And sang to her wean on her knee,  
And prayed her knight in fond delight  
While he held her lovinglie :  
Nor grieved he more of his dolours sore,  
Tho' stripped of land and fee.

At Warkworth castle which proudly looks  
O'er the stormy northern main,  
The Percy greeted the Border knight,  
With his merriest minstrel strain :  
Thronged was the hall with nobles all,  
To welcome the knight again.



Now at this day while years roll on,  
 And the knight doth coldly lie,  
 A stone doth stand on the silent land,  
 To tellen the strangers nigh,  
 That a horrid deede for a pig his hede,  
 Did thence to heavenward cry.

## The Monk of Tynemouth and the Lord of Delaval.



T was a bright November day,  
 The Sun rose gaily from the sea,—  
 And gilded with his eastern ray  
 The princely Tynemouth priory.

The mass was said—the prayers were o'er—  
 'Twas merry in the happy hall—  
 But one lone monk strolled by the shore  
 That leads to lordly Delaval.

Condemned to fast by penance vile,  
 He heeded not the gladdening bell,  
 That sounded through the holy pile,  
 And called each brother from his cell.

He knew that princely pork and game  
 Would to the feast that day be brought;  
 He pondered on ascetic fame,  
 And sometimes on the *merry thought*.

The way was dull—the air was chill—  
 He watched the hungry sea birds dig—  
 He sighed o'er rapine's ruthless will,  
 And sometimes for the roasted pig.

He came at length to Delaval—

The Baron bold had hunting gone—  
But would with friends dine in his hall  
About the time of setting sun.

It happened now that in that hall,  
A peerless pig was by the fire,  
Which, waiting for Lord Delaval,  
Was roasted by express desire.

The precious perfume filled the air—  
The crackling coat was brown and deep—  
It lay just like an infant there,  
Its little limbs composed to sleep.

The monk gazed on with blank despair,  
The spot was with temptation big,  
He cursed the hour he wandered there,  
Cursed every thing—except the pig.

And first he thought to run away,  
And bravely foil the Devil's work—  
And then he thought, if run he may,  
He might as well run with the pork.

He stood amazed—his beads he told—  
With eyes fixed on that infant dear—  
He might have prayed till it was cold—  
But lo! some sudden thoughts appear.

He seized a knife—began to cleave,  
And that sweet pig in twain to rend,  
And doubting still which part to leave,  
He took the lesser but the nobler end.

And now walked off the wary man,  
But as the outer gate he passed,  
He saw far off what made him run,  
As if the race should be his last.

Lord Delaval was come—and when  
He trod within his lordly hall,  
They told him o'er and o'er again,  
They thought the monk had done it all.

Lord Delaval was baron bold,  
 And used to words of high command—  
 “By faith,” cried he, “that monk shall hold  
 “His own head in his greedy hand.”

Forthwith remounted he his horse,  
 And urged him on to Tynemouth town;  
 And followed by as strong a force,  
 As might have knock'd all Tynemouth down.

Now pressed the monk for Tynemouth's halls,  
 Where prince nor baron dared to tread—  
 Now near he saw those welcome walls,  
 And closer hugged the pig's dear head.

But when he saw the coming crew,  
 As fierce and fast they bounded on,  
 He cursed the pig's head as he flew,  
 And then he cursed his own.

Now such a hunt was seldom seen—  
 Such crying, crushing, worrying work—  
 The Baron would have laughed at such a scene,  
 But then he thought about his pork.

On—on they come, man—horse—and hound,  
 With sounds enough to wake the dead—  
 As if the famished monk had found  
 Not pig's, but John the Baptist's head.

At length Lord Delaval espied the Monk,  
 When such a cry passed through the train,  
 One might have thought they all were drunk,  
 Or madness dire had fired their brain.

His faltering limbs had failed the monk—  
 And when he heard that horrid cry,  
 His shivered soul within him sunk,  
 He could have lain him down to die.

Then soon rode up the Baron, fierce  
 With look that might have hushed the sea—  
 “By faith, but here's a hunting course  
 “For such a hungry wolf as thee.



"I care not for thy Ave Mary,  
 "I care not for thy cowl a fig;  
 "No knave of all thy priory  
 "Shall sneak and steal my roasted pig."

He raised his heavy staff of oak,—  
 Down came the blow upon the head—  
 The monk reeled 'neath the ruthless stroke,  
 Then sank upon Death's grassy bed

He spake no more—one wandering stare  
 He gave tow'rds Tynemouth's lovely bay—  
 He crossed—he murmured forth a prayer—  
 And breathed his injured soul away.

Lord Delaval went home to dine  
 And drink with all his gallant train,  
 And as they quaffed the rosy wine,  
 The rumour spread the monk was slain.

His holy hands the Prior wrung,  
 Upon his knees himself he flung,  
 And cried aloud "O horrid dede!  
 To kill a man for a pig's hede."

The clustering monks caught up the strain,  
 "Oh horrid dede!—Oh horrid dede!  
 "To kill a man!—to kill a man!  
 "For a pig's hede!—for a pig's hede."

Then hall and aisle and cell again  
 And oft repeat the horrid deed—  
 And died and echoed still the strain,  
 "To kill a man for a pig's hede."

The holy prior gave a vow,  
 And pledged aloud his holy trust,  
 For this Lord Delaval should bow  
 His proud head to the dust!

The time passed on—'twas Christmas day—  
 Then shone with pomp the Abbey proud;  
 The monks came forth in bright array,  
 Amongst the vast and wondering crowd.

The church was clothed in evergreen,  
Which thousand tapers glanced upon—  
Soft music swayed the gorgeous scene,  
And incense sought the raptured throng.

But hark ! what comes ? what stir is this ?  
A coffin with its dismal pall !  
What dark man follows there ? It is,  
It is the proud Lord Delaval !

Clothed in a robe both coarse and dark,  
With humbled head and naked feet,  
He passed 'mid eager crowds who mark  
His penance for the horrid deed.

He knelt before the holy Prior,  
One hasty glance he cast about—  
His dark eye glowed like flaming fire,  
As though his soul would e'en burst out.

He gave broad lands upon the Tyne,  
Upon the bier his gold he laid—  
He kissed fair Tynemouth's holy shrine,  
And craved forgiveness for the deed.

The dreaded penance thus was done—  
And where the holy brother fell,  
The goodly prior placed a stone  
Which speaks a moral to the tale :

That those who keep a fasting-day  
Should stray not where sweet viands lurk—  
*And shame indeed it is to slay*  
*A Man for one small bit of Pork.*

W. B.



## Craigie's Cross : a Northumbrian Incident.



**O**n a beautiful sunshiny day in the beginning of Autumn, I found myself traversing that wild and dreary tract of country which lies between Corbridge on the Tyne and Woodburn on the Reed. Before me spread the old Roman Watling street, running in its arrow like course over hill and dale—swerving not to the right or the left—undaunted, untrammelled, by any physical difficulty, whether in the form of deep set valley, running water, boggy tract, or ridgy, precipitous hill—in short overcoming any hindrance which may present itself, rather than deviate from its straightforward course. Such a road may be pleasant enough for those who can plod along in the cherished hope of meeting with something new or notable beyond the summit of the distant hill, or the certainty with which he may pursue his journey, but commend me to a green lane twisting and turning with all the varied form of the gnarled branch of the sturdy oak, bordered and shaded with green trees, the air filled with the songs of many birds and the hum of insect life. Such a road as this—hiding its length by its irregularity, ever presenting but a section of its extent, beguiles the traveller on his weary way :—but I am forgetting myself—no sooner had I ascended the summit of the hill which lay before me than another presented itself clad in the same gloomy russet hue, the same interminable white trackway being its only relief.

Tired at length, I paused to look around me, scanning the silent moor with anxious gaze in order if possible to discern the vicinity of a place of rest, my eye fell on the rude figure of a death's head in a piece of wall within a few yards of the spot whereon I stood. Finding the day beginning to wane I pushed onward and soon came in sight of the hamlet of Tone Pits and its simple hostel seated on a slight eminence by the roadside. On entering the place I was welcomed by the host and placing before me simple viands with which to recruit my tired frame, I took an opportunity of mentioning the circumstance to the man and received from him a sufficiently melancholy and tragical relation connected with the simple record on the moor.

“You must know, sir,” said my entertainer “that there were no carts in our part of the country about sixty years ago ; all the corn and other goods to be consumed, were brought on the backs of Shelties—little shaggy ponies, sir, not much bigger than a calf. They had



no bridle except a piece of rope halter—no saddle, only a pad, which was a piece of coarse cloth stuffed with straw and fitted to the animal's back—and many a thousand bushels of oats have been carried from one place to another in this way, sir. It is as nigh fifty years as I can guess, that old Johnnie Craigie of the Whitesidelaw in the South Tyne, went to Cowden in Reedwater to bring oats;—he had twelve ponies, and carried with him, his son, who was an idiot born. The lad was counted harmless and was besides very useful—being a capital hand among horses. Well, they went to Cowden where they met with many others on the same errand. The oats were soon bought and the money as quickly paid, and then the whiskey drinking commenced, which did not end as soon or so well. Terrible hands for drinking whiskey in those days, sir,” pursued my host in a moralizing manner, shaking his head, and at the same time taking a long pull at a pot of the beverage at his side, as if merely to shew that the custom had been handed down unimpaired, “terrible hands,” resumed he, “I’ve known my father stay a month and heard of others staying from seed-time to harvest. Well, Old Craigie drank whiskey until he was well nigh full and what was worse than that they gave it to his idiot lad, who was not drunk with it, but staring mad: His looks almost frightened the whole company to death, so that instead of detaining Old Craigie (as was many a time the case with others) the people of the house very gladly seconded his proposal to depart, when much to the relief of the rest of the guests, he left on the afternoon of the following day. After proceeding a few miles on their journey the lad began to be very mischievous, turning the horses off the road upon the moor, and upsetting the sacks off their backs. For a time, the old father kept putting things to rights, but at last his patience was exhausted and when the lad was in the act of throwing off a sack, the old man struck him a smart blow across his fingers with the stock of his whip. In a moment, maddened with pain and opposition, the wretch, implanted with the fury of a dæmon, suddenly siezing the whip, wrenched it from his father, and with one blow felled him to the ground: a girl attending some sheep which were pasturing around witnessed the whole affair. Of all the deeds ever transacted perhaps this was one of the most appalling: The lad jumped upon his father and kicked him until he was tired—then withdrew to a distance and watched him attentively—ran again and inflicted another shower of blows. Then there lay on one side a heap of stones intended for the repair of the road—these he took up, and selecting the sharpest, pelted the body with such unerring aim and effect, that the body might as lief have been a heap of road scrapings as that it could be said to bear any resemblance to humanity. This

done, the lad mounted one of the ponies, scoured over the moor, and reaching home, informed his mother of the deed.

Meanwhile assistance arrived, but too late—there lay in a bloody mass all that was mortal of poor Craigie—his brains and grey hairs besmeared and matted among the stones, whilst I myself a little boy at the time, picked up five of his fingers, which had been knocked off by the stroke of the stones. The lad on his arrival at home, went to bed, and lay until he was secured and sent to a lunatic asylum in Newcastle, where he died. When the common was enclosed, the masons employed in erecting the wall, built a cross into the wall at the place, which being destroyed by some accident or other, the rude death's head you have seen, was made to supply its place. Often have I heard it said, that at night the form of old Craigie might be seen stealing quietly about the fatal spot, but I'm not one, sir, that believes in such stories."

WILLIAM PATTISON.

## Smoking Spiritualized.

BY RALPH ERSKINE, V. D. M.



THE Rev. Ralph Erskine, the pious author of "Smoking Spiritualized," was born at Monilaws, in the county of Northumberland, on the 15th of March 1685. He was brother to the Rev. Ebenezer Erskine, minister of the gospel at Stirling, and son of the Rev. Henry Erskine, who was one of the thirty-three children of Ralph Erskine of Shieldfield, a family of considerable repute in the county of Merse, and originally descended from the ancient house of Mar. He was educated at the College in Edinburgh, and obtained his license to preach from the Presbytery of Dumferline on the 8th June, 1709.

Receiving an unanimous invitation from the Church at Dumferline in May 1711, he accepted the call, and was ordained over them in August the same year.

In July 1714, he married Margaret Dewar, the daughter of the Laird of Lassodie, by whom he had five sons, and five daughters, all of whom died in the prime of life.

In 1732, he married Margaret, daughter of Mr. Simson of Edinburgh, by whom he had four sons, one of whom, with his wife, survived him.

He published a great number of sermons,—a Paraphrase on the Canticles,—a volume of Scripture Songs, a "Treatise on Mental

Images, or Faith no Fancy ; " but his sonnets were not published till after his decease.

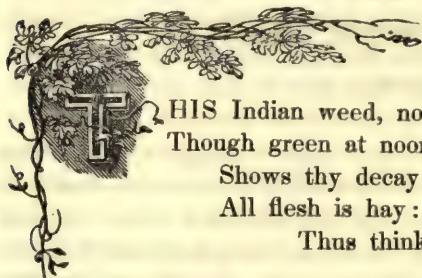
On the 29th October 1752, he was seized with a nervous fever, which terminated his life on the 6th of November, after an illness of only eight days, in the sixty-eighth year of his age.

The "*Smoking Spiritualized*" is, at the present day, a standard publication with our modern ballad-printers, but their copies are, one and all, exceedingly corrupt. Erskine no doubt wrote this curious poem as an antidote to a class of broadsides at one time very common, and still to be found in country inns, in which scripture is profanely paraphrased, and made to encourage tippling ; such as—

"Give him strong drink  
Until he wink,  
That's sinking in despair."

Our copy is from Dixon's "Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs, of the Peasantry of England." Percy Society's publications, London : 1846.

#### PART I.



HIS Indian weed, now withered quite,  
Though green at noon, cut down at night,  
Shows thy decay ;  
All flesh is hay :  
Thus think and smoke tobacco.

The pipe so lily-like and weak,  
Does thus thy mortal state bespeak ;  
Thou art e'en such,—  
Gone with a touch.  
Thus think and smoke tobacco.

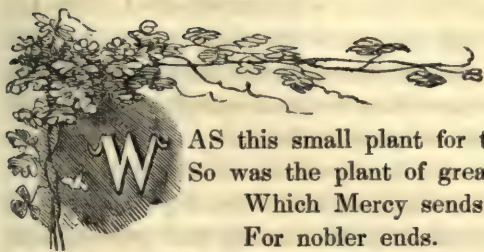
And when the smoke ascends on high,  
Then thou beholdest the vanity  
Of worldly stuff,  
Gone with a puff.  
Thus think and smoke tobacco.

And when the pipe grows foul within,  
Think on thy soul defil'd with sin ;  
For then the fire  
It does require.  
Thus think and smoke tobacco.



And seest the ashes cast away,  
 Then to thyself thou mayest say,  
     That to the dust  
 Return thou must.  
     Thus think and smoke tobacco.

## PART II.



AS this small plant for thee cut down?  
 So was the plant of great renown,  
     Which Mercy sends  
 For nobler ends.

Thus think and smoke tobacco.

Doth juice medicinal proceed  
 From such a naughty foreign weed?  
     Then what's the power  
 Of Jesse's flower?  
     Thus think and smoke tobacco.

The promise, like the pipe, inlays,  
 And by the mouth of faith conveys,  
     What virtue flows  
 From Sharon's rose.  
     Thus think and smoke tobacco.

In vain the unlighted pipe you blow  
 Your pains in outward means are so,  
     'Till heavenly fire  
 Your heart inspire.  
     Thus think and smoke tobacco.

The smoke, like burning incense, towers,  
 So should a praying heart of yours,  
     With ardent cries,  
 Surmount the skies.  
     Thus think and smoke tobacco.

## Silky: A Legend of Denton Hall.



"Who's that? De Flores?—Bless me! It slides by;  
Some ill things haunt the house!"

*The Changeling, Act. V., Scene I.*



HAVE borne my misfortunes (once said an amiable lady of my acquaintance, now far from young) all the better, because I had, for years before they came upon me, when I was placed in the midst of affluence—and to ordinary observers seemed, as it were, beyond the reach of fate and fortune—a forewarning and presentiment that this must be." I dare say I smiled somewhat, though the tone of my mind was at the moment the reverse of jocund, at an expression which, though made with great seriousness, sounded to me as fanciful;—but this only led to a repetition of the words, and (added the speaker) "this foreboding was caused by a circumstance so extraordinary, that I hardly know how to relate it to one so sceptical in all that relates to such possible communications as you are." I begged to say that whatever my opinions might be on such possibilities, and they were of course formed with great caution, and with no admixture of levity as to such themes, such a recital would be to me (coming from the source it did) of high interest. This assurance had the desired effect, and I was favoured with the following statement, which I need not say, I have never been in the danger of forgetting, so earnest was the tone in which it was given:

"When about eighteen years of age (began the speaker), I went on a visit to the north of England to some friends of the name of Thomas, who lived within a short ride of the town of Newcastle, in Northumberland. They were persons of not great, but of considerable wealth, and inhabited at that period the old hall of Denton, a place of great antiquity, which, at one time, had been the mansion of the lord of the manor on which it stood, but which, in the mutations of centuries, had dwindled down to be a place of quite secondary importance, and had for some reason or other, I was told, for a great many years been uninhabited. It was built in the Elizabethan style of architecture, but with that excessive solidity which is the characteristic of all houses of great antiquity near the border. Many of the windows, especially near the ground, resembled those narrow slits which distinguish the fortress, rather than apertures to admit light

and air; and to this being added the massiveness of the chimnies, some of which projected more like embattled towers than conveyances for heat and smoke, the *tout ensemble* was more that of a castle than a manor-house. There were traces of a moat which had once run round the house, but which now was partly a sort of terrace, and partly an orchard. On the outside of the orchard-walls stood several venerable old oaks, on which the rooks had built from time immemorial. The house commanded no extensive view. It stood in a valley, chiefly composed of pasture fields, through which a small brook winded its way to the river at some miles distant, amid undulating and lofty hills. A farm-house or two were the only dwellings in sight, and the whole wore an air of deserted grandeur that was peculiarly striking.

The family in which I now was, were both hospitable and gay, as gaiety and hospitality then were, in the far north, before railways had brought London tastes and manners, or even turnpike-roads had seen their best. They visited and were visited by such families as were seated in the neighbourhood; and the entertainments of those days, though both the style and hours were different from those that now prevail, had much in them to interest the feelings, as well as to administer to the pleasures of those to whom the saloon and the supper-room are matters of moment. A day or two after my arrival, and when all around was yet new to me, I had accompanied my friends to a ball given by a gentleman in the neighbourhood, and returned heartily fatigued, though, I confess, much delighted, at an hour which in those days was deemed late, though hardly so now, by those who are used to metropolitan manners. At this time I need not blush, nor you smile, when I confess to you that my feelings had, perhaps for the first time, assumed a hue, to which they had been before unaccustomed. Suffice it to say, that I, on that evening met, for the second time, one with whose destinies my own were doomed to become connected, and that his attentions to me from that period became too marked and decided to be either evaded or misunderstood.

We had returned, as I said, late, and I think I was sitting upon an antique carved chair, near to the fire, in the room where I slept, busied in arranging my hair, and probably thinking over some of the events of a scene doomed to be so important to me. Whether I had dropped into a half slumber, as most persons endeavour to persuade me, I cannot pretend to say—but on looking up, for I had my face bent towards the fire—there seemed sitting on a similar high-backed chair on the other side of the ancient, tiled fire place, an old lady, whose air and dress were so remarkable that to this hour they seem as fresh in my memory as they were the day after the vision, or whatever the wise may please to call it. She appeared to be dressed in a flower-



ed satin gown, of a cut then out of date. It was peaked and long waisted, and not dissimilar to dresses, in this aspect, which have since that time been revived as new, though certainly copied from the man-teaux of our female ancestors. The fabric of the satin had that extreme of glossy stiffness which old fabrics of this kind exhibit. She wore a stomacher. On her wrinkled fingers appeared some rings of great size and seeming value, but what was most remarkable, she wore also a satin hood of a peculiar shape. I can hardly describe it. It was of a glossy satin, like the gown, but of a darker pattern, and seemed to be stiffened either by whalebone or some other material for that purpose. Her age seemed considerable, and the face, though not unpleasant, was somewhat hard and severe, and indented with those minute wrinkles which are given so wonderfully in Denner's heads of old women. I confess that so entirely was my attention engrossed by what was passing in my mind, and so little aware was I of how many members of the family I was in, might be, up to that time, not seen or noticed by me, that though I felt mightily confused I was not startled (in the emphatic sense) by the apparition. In fact, I deemed it to be some old lady, perhaps a housekeeper or dependent in the family, and therefore, though rather astonished, was by no means frightened by my visitant, supposing me to be awake, which I am convinced was the case, though few persons believe me on this point.

My own impression is that I stared somewhat rudely, in the wonder of the moment, at the hard but lady-like features of my aged visitor—but she left me small time to think, addressing me, as she did, in that familiar style and half-whisper, which age often delights in when addressing the young, but with that constant and restless motion of the hand which aged persons, when excited, often exhibit. “Well, young lady! (said my mysterious companion) and so you’ve been at yon hall to night! (alluding to the seat of the gentleman whom I had been visiting) and highly ye’ve been delighted there! Yet if ye could see, as I can see, or could know as I can know, troth! I guess your pleasure would abate! Ah! let those who know not the past, admire the present! ’Tis well for you, young lady, peradventure, ye see not with my eyes,” and at the moment, sure enough, her eyes, which were small, grey, and in no way remarkable, twinkled with a light so severe and strange that the effect was unpleasant in the extreme. “Ah! (she continued) but ye enjoyed the bravery there. ’Tis well for you and them that ye can count not the cost! Time was when hospitality could be kept in England, and the guest not ruin the master of the feast—but that’s all vanished now—“pride and poverty,”—“pride and poverty,” young lady, are an ill-matched pair; Heaven kens!” My tongue, which had at first al-

most faltered in its office, now found utterance ; and without any definite ideas why or wherefore, by a kind of instinct I addressed my strange visitant in her own manner and humour. “ And are we then so much poorer than in days of yore ? ” were the words that I spoke, but whether as a sort of low interjection or whispered query I was hardly conscious. My visitor, however, seemed half to startle at the sound of my voice as at something unaccustomed, and went on, rather answering my question by implication than directly, “ Ay ! pride and poverty, young lady I said the words ; and even so it is (she rejoined). Think ye I know not poverty when I see it ? Though ’twas far enough when the rush was on the floor, but the tapestry on the wall ; when the oaken table groaned under the red venison and the forest boar ; when the home-brewed reamed in the silver-tipped horn, and the red wine ran from the silver goblet ; when the coat of the lord was worth more than the saddle cloth of the steed, though both were laced in gold and studded with pearline. ’Twas not all hollowness then (she exclaimed, ceasing somewhat her hollow whispering tone)—the land was then the Lord’s : and that which *seemed, was*—the child, young lady, was not then mortgaged in the cradle, and (mark ye) the bride, when she kneeled at the altar, gave herself not up, body and soul, to be the bondswoman of the Jew and not the help-mate of her spouse ! “ The Jew ! ” I exclaimed in surprise, for then I understood not the allusion. “ Ay ! young lady ! the Jew,” (was the rejoinder). “ ’Tis plain ye know not who rules. How should ye know, poor young thing ? (these last words were almost inaudible.) ’Tis all hollow yonder ! all hollow ; all hollow !—to the very glitter of the side-board all false ! all false ! all hollow !—away with such make-believe finery ! (and here again the hollow voice rose a little, and the dim grey eye glistened). Ye mortgage the very oaks of your ancestors ; I saw the planting of them ; and now ’tis all painting, gilding, varnishing, and veneering. Houses, call ye them ? “ Whited sepulchres,” young lady ; “ whited sepulchres.” Think ye that he who was so brave to-night, knight of the shire though he be, helps the King to rule or has any hand in tangling the meshes that once were for villains only—when law was made by good men, and the lawyer pleaded for the weak against the strong ? I tell ye ’tis falsehood all. The serf has changed places : and the lords of the soil are lords in name—but bond-slaves in deed. I tell ye (and here her voice assumed a startling energy) ye tread on ashes—’tis on ashes ye tread. Beware ! Trust them not ! They are Dead Sea fruits ; fair without, but the core is bitter ashes. What are your tinsellings, your gildings, and your flauntings ? Your merchants aping aristocracy ; and one as hollow as the other ; while the yeo-



man is sinking, and bankruptcy is on the mart to countenance ruin in the hall! What is it all? (she repeated); 'tis the hectic of decline and not the bloom of health; the convulsive spasm of the fever, not the activity of lusty manhood and strength;—again I rede ye, young lady, beware! Trust not all that seems to glister. Fair though it seems, 'tis but the product of disease—even as is that pearl in your hair, young lady, that glitters in the mirror yonder, not more specious than is all—ay! *all* ye have seen to night!”

As my strange visitor pronounced these words, I instinctively, or as driven by some sudden impulse, turned my gaze to a large old-fashioned mirror that leaned from the wall of the chamber. 'Twas but for a moment. But when I again turned my head, my visitant was no longer there! I heard plainly, as I turned, the distinct rustle of the silk, as if she had risen and was leaving the room. I seemed distinctly to hear this, together with the quick, short, easy footstep, with which females of rank at that period were taught to glide rather than to walk; this I seemed to hear, but of what appeared the antique old lady I saw no more! I confess that the suddenness and strangeness of this event for a moment sent the blood back to my heart. I felt very faint, and could I have found voice I should, I think, have screamed—but that was, for the moment, beyond my power. A few seconds recovered me. My impression was, that my strange visitant must have suddenly left the room without my being quite aware. By a sort of impulse I rushed to the door, outside of which I now heard the footsteps of some of the family, when, to my utter astonishment, I found it was—locked! I now recollected that I myself locked it before sitting down.

It is almost needless to say, that though somewhat ashamed to give utterance to what I really believed as to this matter, the strange adventure of the night was made a subject of conversation at the breakfast table next morning. On the words leaving my lips, I saw my host and hostess exchange looks with each other, and soon found that the tale I had to tell was not received with the air which generally meets such relations. I was not repelled by an angry or ill-bred incredulity, or treated as one of diseased fancy, to whom silence is indirectly recommended as the alternative of being laughed at. In short, receive it as you will, I was given to understand—for this was not attempted to be denied—that I was not the first who had been alarmed in a manner, if not exactly similar, yet just as mysterious; that visitors, like myself, had actually given way to these terrors so far as to quit the house in consequence; and that servants were sometimes not to be prevented from sharing in the same contagion. At the same time they told me this, my host and hostess de-



clared that custom and continued residence had long exempted all regular inmates of the mansion from any alarms or terrors. The visitations, whatever they were, seemed to be confined to new comers, and to them it was only a matter of rare and by no means of frequent occurrence. In the neighbourhood I found this strange story was well known; that the house was regularly set down as "haunted," all the country round, and that the spirit, or goblin, or whatever it was that was embodied in these appearances, was familiarly known by the name of "Silky."

At a distance, those to whom I have related my night's adventure, have one and all been sceptical; and accounted for the whole by supposing me to have been either half a-sleep, from fatigue and excitement, or in a state resembling somnambulism. All I can say is, that my own impressions are directly contrary to this supposition; and that I feel as sure that I saw the figure that sat before me with my bodily eyes, as I am sure I now see you with them. Without affecting to deny that I was somewhat shocked by the adventure, I must repeat that I suffered no unreasonable alarm, nor suffered my fancy to overcome my better spirit of womanhood. I certainly slept no more in that room; and in that to which I removed had one of the daughters of my hostess as a companion; but I have never from that hour to this been convinced that I did not actually encounter something more than is natural—if not an actual being in some other state of existence. My ears have not been deceived, if my eyes were—which, I repeat, I cannot believe. Those warnings so strongly shadowed forth have been too true. I have sadly proved how false are appearances, and how hollow is much that passes for riches and prosperity in modern England. The gentleman at whose house I that night was a guest has long since filled an untimely grave! In that splendid hall, since that time, sordid strangers have lorded it—and I myself have long ceased to think of such scenes as I partook of that evening—the envied object of the attentions of one whose virtues have survived the splendid inheritance to which he seemed destined.

Whether this be a tale of delusion and superstition, or something more than that, it is at all events not without a legend for its foundation. There is some obscure and dark rumour of secrets strangely obtained and enviously betrayed by a rival sister, ending in deprivation of reason and death; and that the betrayer still walks by times in the deserted hall which she rendered tenantless, always prophetic of disaster to those she encounters. So has it been with me certainly; and more than me, if those who say it say true. It is many—many years since I saw the scene of this adventure; but I have heard that since that time the same mysterious visitings have been more than

once renewed ; that midnight curtains have been drawn by an arm clad in rustling silks ; and the same form clad in dark brocade been seen gliding along the dark corridors of that ancient, grey, and time worn mansion, ever prophetic of death or misfortune.

THOMAS DOUBLEDAY.



East end of the Priory Church of Tynemouth.

## The Morning Star.

WRITTEN AT TYNEMOUTH, NORTHUMBERLAND.



SEVERAL years ago the following beautiful lines appeared in the Durham Advertiser and soon went the round of the press. They are now to be found in "The Lyre," published by Sharpe, London, 1830, and in several other equally popular collections of fugitive poetry. The author has chosen to remain anonymous and all attempts to discover his or her name have been ineffectual. They were written in the Spring of 1818, on the arrival of news that the Morning Star (a vessel from the port of Tyne, belonging to Messrs. Gibbon, Glynn and Fothergill, and commanded by the son of the latter) had, while going

up the Cattedgat, foundered at sea, and all hands perished. In the original the ship is named "*The Northern Star*," an obvious mistake, as the shipping records of the port do not contain any such name, we have therefore taken the liberty of altering the poem to this extent.



# THE MORNING STAR

Sailed o'er the Bar,  
Bound to the Baltic Sea:

In the morning grey  
She stretched away—  
'Twas a weary day to me.

'And many an hour,  
In sleet and shower,  
By the lighthouse rock I stray,  
And watch till dark  
For the winged bark  
Of him that's far away.

'The Castle's bound  
I wander round,  
Among the grassy graves,\*  
But all I hear  
Is the north wind drear,  
And all I see,—the waves!'

Oh roam not there,  
Thou mourner fair,  
Nor pour the fruitless tear!  
Thy plaint of woe  
Is all too low—  
The dead they cannot hear.

THE MORNING STAR  
Is set afar,  
Set in the Baltic Sea;  
And the billows spread  
O'er the sandy bed,  
That holds thy love from thee!

\* The precincts of the *Castle* are used as the parochial burying ground. The Editor of the *Lyre* not being aware of this fact, considered '*castle's*' a blunder of the press, and substituted the word *churchyard's*.



## The Ghostly Bridal of Featherstonhalgh.



he Forest of Featherstanhalgh in the western extremity of Northumberland, extensive, wild, and undisturbed "by sounding axe," once sheltered a race of people, mighty and of great valour, and embosomed within its leafy precincts, the old fortalice of Featherstanhalgh. With Helias de Featherstanhale it first makes its appearance in history, and it continued to be held in the male line for twelve generations, when their name and interest in it disappeared in Abigail, the only surviving daughter of the last of the line. Amid this woody tract, at the bottom of deep glens shrouded in impenetrable gloom, scant of human tread and but seldom cheered with a ray of sunlight, run many gushing streams, whose winter ravings have raised them to such a pitch that in their headlong fury they have cast great stones from out their rocky bed and uprooted many mighty trees, whose age no one could tell. But is there nought save gloom? aye truly, the grassy slopes sparkle in the light and the gay flowers of many rare herbs bedeck the rich green and throw up bright glances to the sun. And in the leafy shades, and dewy nooks, slumber the flocks and herds, while the winged denizens of the woods in ceaseless note sing out their guileless existence, as they flutter round the aged holly trees and ivied trunks of antient oak, elm, and birch, whose sturdy arms have borne the blast of centuries and seen men rejoicing in their strength and then pine and decay; and sheltered the home of a long line of honourable men long since passed away, and yet outlive them all.

Many years ago, two countrymen who had been at a merrymaking many miles distant, were wending their homeward way towards the neighbourhood of Featherston. Shortly after midnight, they entered the woody defile of Pinkyn Cleugh, where for nearly two miles they found the path shaded by dense wood which overhung and interlaced so as almost to exclude the beams of the moon, which now broke from behind a thick bank of clouds, and imparted a silvery softness to the surrounding scene. This spot had long lain under the imputation of being haunted, and certainly our travellers viewed with caution not unmixed with dread, the strange, fantastic, and even unearthly shapes which ordinary and natural objects assumed when the bright gleams of the moon glinted through the thick foliage overhead, and singling

out some trunk, or gnarled mishapen root, every now and then created a silvery ghastly relief upon what was else duskiuess and gloom. Anxiously and cautiously they proceeded on their devious journey, when one of them turning suddenly around, beheld, emerging from the gloom, a ghostly cavalcade. They had scarcely time to step aside when a party of mail-clad warriors and courtly dames swept noiselessly past. Their dresses were of antique fashion and the knights were heavily armed. Our travellers belated and stricken with silent awe, followed them with their eyes, until they arrived at a place where in former days a path had led through the woods to the castle—a communication long since disused. Here the party made a sudden turn and passing uninterruptedly through a high and massive wall, their dark forms were shortly lost in the dense and gloomy forest stretching many miles around. Marvelling at so mysterious and inexplicable a spectacle, our rustics hurried onward to the spot where the party had disappeared, but here to their utter astonishment not a trace of a passage through the masonry was visible, not a stone displaced; whilst the forest itself was as still and as silent as the grave. Fear succeeded to wonder, and they hurried off to their respective pallets inspired with an overpowering sense of awe. On relating the story to their fellow-villagers we may easily imagine the consternation and interest excited by the event, but when they repaired in a body to the spot in daylight, and found not a trace of passage—the sandy road untrodden, the wall entire, and the thick underwood and its bed of matted grass which lay beyond, entirely free from the slightest appearance of having been disturbed—the unbelief of the crew knew no bounds, and the ghost-seers had to undergo a due share of ridicule from their sceptical friends, who attributed the whole matter to some creation of their drunken fancy: but while some laughed and jibed, old men shook their heads and sagely weighed the analogy which the relation bore to the fearsome and blood-chilling tales of others who had seen the like; how they had believed and repeated it to their dying day, and died without being believed.



Many hundreds of years ago, there lived a bold baron of Featherstanhalgh, whose affections were centered in a blooming daughter, whose hand he sought to unite with that of a husband of his own choosing. This was a man of equal birth and fortune, but the maiden pleaded an earlier and irrepressible attachment, and her father listened and became the more inexorable. The youth whom she had loved so long and so well, although clad in all the outward guise of gentle birth, yet laboured under a doubt, and strange reports were abroad as to his means of



supporting the dignity and mien he assumed. All enquiry as to his birth and family were met either with abrupt and stern reproof, or with equivocating statement. He had long been banished from the castle, and the aged father rejoiced when the day arrived when his son in law received a fatherly benediction. On the day of their nuptials a gay and numerous band issued from the gateway of the castle and set forth on a ride around the wide domains, promising to return ere nightfall, in order to partake of a sumptuous banquet prepared in honour of the occasion.

The day waned and the banquet was spread in the spacious hall of Featherstanhalgh—the old baron filled the chair of state and joy beamed from every countenance. Swarms of menials thronged the place and the gay minstrels waited but the arrival of the guests to give birth to inspiring harmony. Retiring day was succeeded by the gloom of twilight, which in turn gave place to the shades of night—but they came not. Consternation seized all—the baron fretted and traversed the tesseled pavement with impatient and perturbed step. Dark vapours seemed to arise, and filling the hall with a thin misty breath, chilled to the bone: agonized with gloomy forebodings he despatched messenger after messenger, who traversed the forest in every direction, but they returned as they went. At length it began to be whispered that the party must have been surprised by some lawless band of marauders who oft prowled in the forest in search of plunder. Night wore on and the baron became infected by similar fears, and clasping his hands convulsively together, fervently and frequently invoked the aid of the higher powers.

Midnight had passed, a deep sleep composed the baron's harrassed frame: suddenly the sound of many hoofs broke upon the stillness of night. The noise became more distinct, they neared, they came beneath the frowning gateway, they halted, and again all was silent as the tomb. There was no challenge of warder, no sound of falling drawbridge, or jar of opening gate;—but of a sudden the door at the foot of the great hall opened noiselessly and thereat entered the bridal party. Foremost came the bridegroom and his bride; then followed the rest of the troop: all took their seats in silence and never a word passed between them and their host. The baron aroused from his stupefaction, now turned towards his guests and soon found that no earthly company graced his board. The visage of each was distorted with the throes of death, and the ashy pallor of many a one was relieved by a streak of blood; a fearful icy shudder ran through his frame and he arose and crossed himself in agony and affright: a sound as of a mighty rushing wind, chilling the very life spring, passed through the hall, and the unearthly bridal party straightway disap-



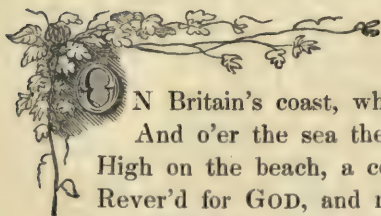
peared. The menials when they awoke from the trance into which they had fallen, found their master stretched swooning on the floor of his hall.

The bridal party on their return had been surprised in the gorge of Pinkyn Cleugh by a band of freebooters, headed by the discarded lover of the youthful bride, when the whole of the party, after a protracted and desperate resistance, were cut down—a fatal shaft glancing aside, pierced the fair one and numbered her with the slain. The bandit, enraged at her loss and maddened with grief, put an end to his existence. His heart's blood, says the fragment of a wild ballad which still floats in the district, ran into a hollow stone, and the black ravens drank it out, filling the forest with vile croakings over their infernal banquet. This relic, called the Ravens'-stone is still shewn in a wood near the castle, and it is said that the ghostly bridal party traverse the road as surely as the anniversary of their foul massacre year by year returns, disappearing at the scene of their murder; but others state that they still hold their unhallowed banquet in the hall of the castle as they have done for centuries overpast.

## Farthing. Gile.

### A POEM.

BY THE REV. RICHARD WALLIS, OF SEAHAM.



ON Britain's coast, where northern blasts prevail,  
 And o'er the sea the wave-worn vessels sail,  
 High on the beach, a country church appears,  
 Rever'd for GOD, and much rever'd for years:  
 Ancient it is, as Saxon chizzel shews;  
 For o'er the doors remain the zigzag rows  
 Of Runic date. Hard by the Rector lives,  
 Thankful for all his bounteous Maker gives;  
 Thoughtful for nought, while church-men mitres seek,  
 But how to please his parish once a week.  
 His friendly steeple, to the sailor's heart,  
 Gives greater joy than piles of Doric art;  
 At sight of it, the vessels gliding by  
 Hoist ev'ry sail, and every effort try

To gain the HARBOUR\*, where the Sailors find  
Their money welcome, and their sweethearts kind.

Thou, modest pile, receiv'st the parting glance  
Of those who trade to Holland or to France ;  
Some take their leave, ne'er more to come again,  
Devoted victims of th' inclement main !  
Some, stript of all, and only with their lives,  
Return to thee, their children and their wives.  
Yet THOU stand'st safe, whatever storms betide,  
At once the landmen and the seamen's guide.

The Church and Rector's house at first are seen,  
But why, alas ! forget the chearful Green ?  
The Green, where many sportive gambols chear  
The drooping Autumn and reviving year.  
There stands the Cottage, where poor GILES presides,  
The aged watcher of the ebbing tides :  
He, solitary thing ! seeks on the beach,  
What some in smoother ways attempt to reach ;  
And some in rugged paths, as well as he,  
Vainly search on to all eternity.

Why dives the Indian headlong thro' the deep ?  
Why roves the Arab o'er the pathless steep ?  
What gains the ear of Statesmen and of Kings ?  
And bids the Miser shun all meaner things ?  
But thou, almighty GOLD, whose matchless wiles  
Allure us all, as well as FARTHING GILES†.

For THOU, at sun-rise, call'st him to the strand,  
E'en now, in fancy, grasping in his hand  
Some precious casket, which a cruel wave  
Doom'd, with its master, to a wat'ry grave :  
Or, when the sun-beam on some pebble shines,  
The glitt'ring spark must come from foreign mines ;  
And, as he hastes to seize his darling prize,  
Oft lifts his palsy'd hand to clear his eyes.  
Soon does he snatch it from its grav'ly bed,  
Then finds the cheat, and pensive hangs his head.

All is not gold that glisters, GILES is sure,  
Nor they most happy, who no toils endure ;  
The state that shines in ease, and looks so bright,

\* SUNDERLAND.

† A poor old man, who lives at Seaham, near Sunderland. He has rendered himself remarkable by a large collection of Farthings, and is generally to be seen upon the Sands.

Yields, like the pebble, but a borrow'd light.  
 Hardships and dangers give to life a zest,  
 Break the dull circle form'd by constant rest.

GILES stops not here, but thinks, tho' this was stone,  
 The next may prove an Indian Monarch's zone,  
 Beset with rubies; such as Cortes wore,  
 The spoil of princes, on the Mexic' shore.  
 For this, behold him clamber o'er the rock,  
 And grasp a rag—a shipwreck'd sailor's stock.  
 No sooner one dear flatt'ring hope is past,  
 Than comes another stronger than the last.  
 So does one wave another's place supply,  
 And youth gain vigour, while the aged die.

GILES has his feelings, tho' a hardy man,  
 And now, benumb'd with cold, returns to FAN,  
 An aged helpmate, bending o'er the fire,  
 Who helps to build his airy castles higher.  
 With toil wore out, and spirits now grown faint,  
 He lowly says, "'Twould surely vex a saint,  
 That I'm grown old, and can no jewel catch,"  
 "Remember, GILES, our Neighbour found a watch\*:  
 Still, still proceed, still early leave thy cot;  
 The cloth about thy head I'll kindly knot,  
 Which from thy breast may banish all thy fears  
 Of chilling blasts, and warm thy aged ears;  
 And, after all, if Fortune still denies  
 To let us rise, as other mortals rise,  
 (For all her favors court, as well as we,  
 By toils on land, or harder toils by sea),  
 We'll to the Bag†, which thou holdst wond'rous fast,  
 And claim its kind assistance at the last."

"Enough," cry'd Giles, "I'll still my course pursue,  
 And what I find I'll freely bring to you:  
 If jewels fail me, sure I am of wood  
 To warm the hearth, and dress our daily food.  
 Wrecks of huge size oft float within my view,  
 But these are Milbank's or the Bishop's due.  
 Ne'er will I wrong the Bishop or the Squire;  
 Justice be mine, and all my thoughts inspire!  
 As to the RECTOR, if he minds the poor,

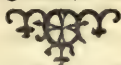
\* A man at Ryehope, some years ago, had the good fortune to find a gold watch.

† The BAG of FARTHING.



Ne'er shall the wonted Yule-clog\* miss his door :  
 I, with my faithful PRINCY by my side,  
 Will save this yearly tribute from the tide.  
 "I'll to the Cag, I found the other day,  
 As o'er the Sands I bent my weary way,  
 Haste, then, with me, our daily course is run,  
 To drink the RECTOR'S health and new born son ;  
 And, after that, we'll venture on another,  
 To wish a good recov'ry to the MOTHER.  
 Long may they live, in lengthen'd bliss, to share  
 The heart-felt comforts of a SON and HEIR."

**The Deposition of St. Cuthberht, Bishop.  
 From the Homilies of the  
 Anglo-Saxon Church.**



FROM THE PUBLICATIONS OF THE ÆLFRIC SOCIETY.



**C**UTHBERHT, the holy bishop, shining with many merits and high honours, reigning in the kingdom of heaven, with the Almighty Creator, in eternal joy, is glorified.

Beda, the wise doctor of the English nation, has written the life of this saint in the order of events, with wonderful praises, both in a simple narrative and in a poetic composition. Beda has truly informed us, that the blessed Cuthberht, when he was a child of eight years, ran, as his thoughtless age urged him, playing with his coevals : but Almighty God would correct the thoughtlessness of his chosen Cuthberht, by the admonition of an opportune teacher, and sent to him a child of three years, that it might wisely reprove his witless play with serious words. Verily the aforesaid child of three years asked the gamesome Cuthberht, "Why dost thou devote thyself to this idle play, thou who art hallowed of God with heavenly dignity ? It becometh not a bishop to be in deeds like men of the people. Cease, dear friend, from so unbecoming a play, and attach thyself to God, who hath chosen thee to be a bishop of his people, to whom thou shalt open the entrance of the kingdom of heaven." But Cuthberht still ran on with his play, till his monitor with bitter tears sadly weeping, suddenly stilled the play of all the

\* Every Christmas Eve GILES lays two clogs at the RECTOR'S door.

children. Whereupon all the childish company would comfort the sadness of that one child, but they all with their comfort could not assuage its sadness, before Cuthberht gladdened it with kind kisses, and himself afterwards, according to the child's admonition, continued ever in profound seriousness.

After this the blessed Cuthberht's knee was lamed with a hard swelling, so that he supported his gait with crutches. As he one day sat under the sunbeam, apart from others, and bathed his leg, there came riding to him a venerable horseman sitting on a snow-white horse, and he himself was clad in white garments; and he courteously greeted the saint with peaceful words, praying that he would, if convenient, give a day-repast. Cuthberht thereupon frankly said, "I would now prepare your refecton myself, if I could walk. My diseased knee is sorely afflicted, so that no medicament may aught relieve it, though it be frequently laid on it." The stranger then alighted, and grasped his knee with his healing hands, and bade him take wheaten flour, and boil it in milk, and bind the swollen limb with the hot preparation; and after these words bestrode his horse, departing by the way which he came thither. Thereupon Cuthberht bathed his knee according to the angel's instruction, and forthwith in health possessed his power of walking, and was sensible that God had visited him through his angel, who in time of old had powerfully relieved the blind Tobias, through his archangel Gabriel.

Afterwards the holy Cuthberht, while watching with shepherds in the field, saw the heavens open, and angels leading the soul of bishop Aidan with great glory into the heavenly joy. On a time also Cuthberht was journeying through the country, preaching God's faith, when on account of a storm he turned into a shepherd's cottage, which stood desolate in the wilderness over which he was travelling, and tied his horse within it. Then while he was singing his prayers, the horse tore the thatch from the roof of the cottage, and there fell down, as from the roof, a warm loaf with its accompaniment; he thereupon thanked God for the repast, and therewith refected himself.

The blessed Cuthberht after this wholly forsook all worldly things, and with holy observances subjected himself to the monastic life; and soon after he was a monk, he was appointed superintendent of the guests, so that he took care of the strangers' lodging, and ministered to the monastic guests. Then on a certain time on a winter's day, an angel of God came to him in the guise of a stranger, and Cuthberht received him with all hospitality. He then went out for the service of the guest, but found no guest when he came in, but there lay three heavenly loaves, shining with the lily's brightness, and exhaling the rose's fragrance, and in taste sweeter than bees' honey.



Then the holy Cuthberht looked everywhere in the snow whither the stranger had passed in his way, but when he saw no foot-traces in the snow, he knew that the stranger was an angel and not a man, who had brought him the heavenly food, and recked not of the earthly.

The beforesaid holy man was wont to go at night to the sea, and stand in the salt ocean up to his neck, singing his prayers. Then one night another monk awaited his coming, and at a slow pace followed his footsteps, till they both came to the sea. Then Cuthberht did as was his wont, sang his prayers in the sea-wave, standing up to the neck, and afterwards bowed his knees in the sand, with palms outstretched to the heavenly firmament. Lo then came two seals from the sea-ground, and they with their fur dried his feet, and with their breath warmed his limbs, and afterwards by a sign begged his blessing, lying at his feet on the fallow sand. Then Cuthberht sent the marine animals to the sea with a sincere blessing, and at morning tide sought the mynster. Then the monk became greatly terrified, and ill at early morn prostrated himself at the knees of the saint, praying that he would wholly drive away his ailment, and paternally compassionate his curiosity. The saint forthwith answered, "I will privily compassionate thy error, if thou with silence wilt conceal that sight, until my soul shall have journeyed hence, called from the present life to heaven." Cuthberht then by prayer healed the sickness of his observer, and forgave him the guilt of his walk of curiosity. Many wonders were wrought by the holy Cuthberht, but we will for shortness pass some in silence, lest this narrative appear too long to you.

But Cuthberht, as was his wont, went preaching the faith, that he might teach the ignorant people the way of life, when an eagle flew before him on his journey, and he began asking his companion, who for that day should give them food? Then said his companion, that he had long been considering where they should ask for sustenance, as they had gone the journey without provisions. Then Cuthberht said to him, "Lo Almighty God can very easily provide food for us through this eagle, who of yore fed Elijah through the swart raven, before he journeyed to heaven." They then went on journeying, and lo, the eagle sat on the shore, having flown thither with a fish which he had just caught. Thereupon the saint said to his companion, "Run to the eagle, and take from him a part of the fish which he has caught, for our refection. Praise be to the Almighty, who would feed us through this bird. But give a part to the eagle in reward of his labour."

After the repast they went on their way, and Cuthberht beautifully preached to the people, that they should be guarded against the wiles



of the devil, lest with leasing he should corrupt their faith, and draw their minds from the preaching. The people then begun suddenly to rush forth in the midst of this admonition, being greatly deceived, so that they too little heeded the precepts. For the deceptive fiend had greatly deluded them, as if there really were a house burning there, crackling with brands, though illusively. Then the people would extinguish the fire, if any water might diminish it ; but the presence of the saint easily quenched the delusion of the devil, whom they erringly had followed, and but little heeded the word of life. The people then ashamed returned to the instruction that they had before left, praying their teacher's kind pity for having before too little heeded his precepts, when he related the peril before them.

But Cuthberht at another time saved alone a burning house from the fire's damage, with holy prayers, and drove away the blast of wind, who had ere very often extinguished the envenomed darts of devilish temptation directed against himself, through the protection of the righteous Lord. He would oftentimes fearlessly preach to the people in a distant land. Verily the Almighty had given him a sweet eloquence for people's instruction, and men could not hide their minds from him, but humbly confessed their secrets to him, and durst not do otherwise, and by his direction privily made atonement.

A pious man also had great intimacy with the holy Cuthberht, and frequently enjoyed his instruction. It befell his wife worse than he needed, so that she was greatly afflicted by madness. Thereupon the pious man came to the blessed Cuthberht, and he was at that time set as provost in the monastery which is at Lindisfarne. But he could not for shame openly say to him that his pious wife lay in a state of madness ; but begged that he would send a brother to perform her last offices, before she were taken from life. But Cuthberht knew all about the woman, and would himself immediately visit her ; because she had previously lived piously, although misfortune had so befallen her. Then the man began sadly to weep, deploring his misfortune. But Cuthberht by his words comforted him, and said that the devil, who would injure her, should on his visit forsake her, and flee away in great fright, and the woman in her senses, well speaking, come to meet him, and receive his bridle. It happened, according to the teacher's words, that the woman in her senses greeted him by words, prayed that she might prepare him meat, and informed him how the devil had secretly left her, and, greatly fearing, had taken flight, while the saint was journeying thither.

The holy Cuthberht afterwards performed mighty wonders while dwelling in the mynster. He then began to devise in his mind how he might flee from the people's praise, lest he should be too famous in

the world and a stranger to heavenly praise. He would, therefore, lead a solitary anchorite life, and live wholly in obscurity. Whereupon he went to Farne in the flowing wave. The island is all beaten by the salt ocean, in the middle of the sea ; and all within, before that time, was very full of swart ghosts, so that men could not cultivate the soil for the threats of the swart devils ; but they at last all fled and entirely vacated the island to the noble champion ; and he there dwelt alone, regardless of their envy, through Almighty God. But that island was wholly deprived of the blessing of water in its barren rocks, but the holy man forthwith bade the hardness be hollowed, in the middle of the floor of his fair dwelling, and the pleasant water then quickly sprang up, sweet in taste, for the man's use, who on a time wonderfully turned water to winelike flavour, when God so willed it.

The saint then ordered seed to be brought him ; he would in the waste cultivate earth's fruits, if it so should grant Almighty God, that he with his feet might feed himself. He then sowed wheat on prepared land, but it could not spring up to fruit, nor was it even growing with grass. Then he bade barley be brought him for seed, and after the season sowed the earth. It waxed abundantly and well ripened. Then would the ravens rob him at his labours, if they durst. Then said the saint to the hard-nibbed ones, " If the Almighty have allowed you this, partake of the fruits, and ask not me. But if he have not granted it you, depart, bloodthirsty birds, to your own home from this island." Whereupon the ravens instantly fled all together, over the salt sea, and the saint then enjoyed his labour.

After that two other swart ravens came journeying, and tore [the thatch of] his house with their hard bills, and bare it to their nest, as a shelter for their young ones. These also the blessed man drove from the place with a word : but one of those birds, flying back, came after three days exceedingly sad, and flew to his feet, earnestly praying that he might live in that land ever harmless, and his mate with him. Whereupon the holy man granted him this, and they joyfully sought that land, and brought to the teacher a gift as reward, swine's fat to oil his shoes ; and they afterwards abode there harmless.

Then the saint would build a house for his use, with the aid of his brothers. He, therefore, begged of them a log, that he might support the house with it on the sea side. The brothers promised him that they would bring the tree when they again came to him. They came, indeed, as they had said, but were, notwithstanding, unmindful of the tree ; but Almighty God was mindful of it, and sent him the log himself with the sea flood ; and the flood cast it where he himself thought of erecting the house on the salt shore. There the saint





LINDISFARNE.

dwelt many years, living very rigidly an anchoret's life, and pious men frequently visited him, and by his instructions rectified their lives.

Then came to him an abbess who was named Ælflæd, a sister of king Ecgfrith; she would by his admonitions fortify her mind. Amid their discourse she began to beseech the holy man to inform her how long her brother Ecgfrith might possess his kingdom. Whereupon the saint answered her with ambiguous speech, and said, "As naught is counted one year's pleasure, where swart death is impending." Then she understood that her brother might not enjoy his life over that one year, and straightways sadly weeping, asked him, "O dear friend, tell me who shall succeed to his kingdom, since he has no brother nor leaves he a child." Then said the holy man again to the maiden, "The Almighty Creator has preserved a chosen one for king of this nation, and he will be as dear to thee as is now the other." The maiden yet ventured to speak to him again, and said, "Diversely cogitate the hearts of men; some desire honour of this world, some satisfy their shameful lusts, and they all afterwards are poor. Thou despisest high dignity, and to thee it is more desirable to sit in this mean hovel than as a high bishop in hall." Then the prophet said, that he was not worthy of so great a state, nor of the lofty seat, but, nevertheless, no man could flee from the power of God in any recess of heaven, or of earth, or, thirdly, of sea. "I believe, however, if



the Almighty commanded me to be of that degree, that I should again seek this island after the course of two years, and enjoy this country. I beseech thee, Ælflæd, that thou mention not our discourse to any one during my life."

After these words a gemôt was holden, and Ecgrith sat therein, and Theodore, the archbishop of this island, with many other venerable councillors; and they all unanimously chose the blessed Cuthberht for bishop. They then immediately sent letters with that message to the blessed man, but they could not bring him from his mynster. Then the king himself, Ecgrith, rowed to the island, and bishop Trumwine with other pious men, and they earnestly besought the holy man, bent their knees, and with tears prayed him, until they drew him weeping from the waste to the synod together with them, and he at their command undertook the dignity, as it had long ago been said by the mouth of the child, and by that of the great bishop Boisil, who with true prophecy had said to him the course of his life.

In the same year also, Ecgrith, the noble king, was slain in his unfortunate expedition, when he too rashly, against the Lord's will, resolved to make war on the Picts, and his base-born brother afterwards reigned, who for the sake of wisdom had gone to the Scots, that he might increase in learning in a foreign land. Then was fulfilled the beforesaid speech, as the holy man had said it to the maiden of her brother, before he was a bishop. The holy Cuthberht then, suffragan bishop of the church of Lindisfarne, with all diligence took care of his people, in imitation of the blessed apostles, and with continual prayers shielded them against the devil, and with salutary admonitions excited them to heaven; and he so lived as he himself taught, and always confirmed his preachings with examples, and also well embellished them with miracles, and constantly sweetened them with true love, and tempered them with great patience, and was very devout in every speech. He would not change his usual diet, nor his garments that he had in the wilderness, but held to the severities of his hard diet among lay people during his life. He was very wealthy for the poor and needy, and always very indigent for himself.

He also wrought many miracles during the time that he was a bishop. With holy water he healed a woman, the wife of an ealdorman, from a miserable disease, and she being soon well ministered to him. Again, at the same time, he anointed with oil a maiden lying in longsome pain through a tedious head-ache, and she was forthwith better. A pious man also was sorely afflicted, and lay at the point of death, given over by his friends: one of them, however, had holy bread, which the blessed man had previously blessed, and he straightways dipt it in water, and poured into the mouth of his sick kinsman,

and straightways stilled the sickness. At another time also a sick boy was suddenly borne before the sage, when he was on a journey of instruction through the country. The bearers then earnestly craved his blessing, and he straightways raised up the boy, so that he went sound on foot who had been borne thither on a bier. A poor mother bore with difficulty her half-dead child, very sad, on the same way which the sage was going. He then had pity on the sorrowful mother, and kindly kissed her son, saying that her child should be well, and all her family enjoy health : and the words of the prophet were fulfilled.

Ælflæd afterwards, the noble maiden, invited to her the holy teacher. While sitting at table, greatly moved he looked towards heaven, and cast away his knife. The blessed female then asked him why he so quickly left his meal ? Then said the bishop, with excited mind, "Lo, just now I saw angels bearing a blessed soul from thy bôcland to high heaven with holy song, and his name will be forthwith known to thee at early morn, when I offer to God the vital gift in the faithful church." It was then published abroad, as the prophet had said, that her herdsman, in discharge of his duty, had ascended an oak, and was feeding his cattle with its woody crown, and he fell hardly, and departed from the world, with glory to God, through kindness to his herd. Who may ever relate all the mighty miracles of this holy man, how often he easily healed the sick, and constantly drove away the swart spirits, and the departure of men marked for death sagaciously foretold, wise through prophecy in the spirit of wisdom ?

There dwelt in a hermitage a priest very orthodox, according to his precepts, and visited him every year, called Hereberht, of pensive mind. Cuthberht then soon spake with him apart, saying he should then fully ask what he needed, ere his last day, and said that he might not again see him in human life, from that present day. Hereberht was then very sad, and fell at his feet with flowing tears, praying that he might journey with him to heavenly glory from this toil, as he had in life obeyed his precepts. The bishop hereupon bowed his knees at this prayer with cheerful mind, and immediately afterwards comforted the priest, saying that the Almighty Ruler had granted them that they might journey together from these tribulations to everlasting joy. Hereberht then returned home, and lying on his sick-bed awaited the other's end with afflicted limbs. Cuthberht the holy then with all speed hastened to the hermitage where he had before been seated ; through the monition of the Mighty Lord, he would in that land end his life, where he had living long before passed his days ; and in that land he was then confined to his



bed, very rapidly hastening on his departure hence to God, in the third year of his bishophood ; and on this day went to the Lord, and Hereberht with him, the holy priest, as they in life had before been informed, through the Spirit of God, with good will. His body was buried in the church of Lindisfarne, where very many wonders were wrought through the merits of his blessed life. It afterwards pleased the suffragan bishop Eadberht himself, his successor, that he would have his body placed there, in the eleventh year after his [Cuthberht's] death. Then the holy corpse was found lying in the earth whole and sound, as if he were sleeping, pliant in the limbs, so as he had been laid.

Be glory and praise to the bounteous Lord, who so munificently honours his chosen, after mortal life living with him to all eternity. Amen.



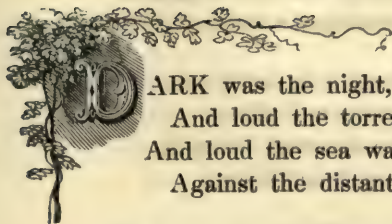
The Removal of S. Cuthbert's Relics.



# The Hermit of Markworth.

BY THOMAS PERCY, BISHOP OF DROMORE.

## FIT I.



ARK was the night, and wild the storm,  
And loud the torrent's roar;  
And loud the sea was heard to dash  
Against the distant shore.

Musing on man's weak hapless state,  
The lonely hermit lay,  
When, lo! he heard a female voice  
Lament in sore dismay.

With hospitable haste he rose,  
And waked his sleeping fire,  
And snatching up a lighted brand,  
Forth hied the reverend sire.

All sad beneath a neighbouring tree  
A beauteous maid he found,  
Who beat her breast, and with her tears  
Bedewed the mossy ground.

O weep not, lady, weep not so,  
Nor let vain fears alarm;  
My little cell shall shelter thee,  
And keep the safe from harm.

It is not for myself I weep,  
Nor for myself I fear,  
But for my dear and only friend,  
Who lately left me here.

And while some sheltering bower he sought  
Within this lonely wood,  
Ah! sore I fear his wandering feet  
Have slipt in yonder flood.

O ! trust in Heaven, the hermit said  
And to my cell repair ;  
Doubt not but I shall find thy friend,  
And ease thee of thy care.

Then climbing up his rocky stairs,  
He scales the cliff so high,  
And calls aloud, and waves his light,  
To guide the stranger's eye.

Among the thickets long he winds,  
With careful steps and slow,  
At length a voice returned his call,  
Quick answering from below :

O tell me, father, tell me true,  
If you have chanced to see  
A gentle maid I lately left  
Beneath some neighbouring tree ?

But either I have lost the place,  
Or she hath gone astray,  
And much I fear this fatal stream,  
Hath snatched her hence away.

Praise Heaven, my son, the hermit said,  
The lady's safe and well ;  
And soon he joined the wandering youth,  
And brought him to his cell.

Then well was seen these gentle friends  
They loved each other dear ;  
The youth he pressed her to his heart,  
The maid let fall a tear.

Ah ! seldom had their host, I ween,  
Beheld so sweet a pair ;  
The youth was tall, with manly bloom ;  
She slender, soft, and fair.

The youth was clad in forest green  
With bugle-horn so bright ;  
She in a silken robe and scarf,  
Snatched up in hasty flight.

Sit down, my children, says the sage ;  
Sweet rest your limbs require :  
Then heaps fresh fuel on the hearth,  
And mends his little fire.

Partake, he said, my simple store,  
Dried fruits, and milk, and curds ;  
And spreading all upon the board,  
Invites with kindly words.

Thanks, father, for thy bounteous fare,  
The youthful couple say ;  
Then freely ate, and made good cheer,  
And talked their cares away.

Now say, my children (for perchance  
My counsel may avail),  
What strange adventure brought you here,  
Within this lonely dale ?

First tell me, father, said the youth  
(Nor blame my eager tongue),  
What town is near ? What lands are these ?  
And to what lord belong ?

Alas ! my son, the hermit said,  
Why do I live to say  
The rightful lord of these domains  
Is banished far away ?

Ten winters now have shed their snows  
On this my lowly hall,  
Since valiant Hotspur (so the north  
Our youthful lord did call)

Against Fourth Henry Bolingbroke  
Led up his northern powers,  
And stoutly fighting, lost his life  
Near proud Salopia's towers.

One son he left, a lovely boy,  
His country's hope and heir ;  
And, oh ! to save him from his foes,  
It was his grandsire's care.



In Scotland safe he placed the child  
Beyond the reach of strife,  
Not long before the brave old earl  
At Bramham lost his life.

And now the Percy name, so long  
Our northern pride and boast,  
Lies hid, alas ! beneath a cloud ;  
Their honours reft and lost.

No chieftain of that noble house  
Now leads our youth to arms ;  
The bordering Scots despoil our fields,  
And ravage all our farms.

Their halls and castles, once so fair,  
Now moulder in decay ;  
Proud strangers now usurp their lands,  
And bear their wealth away.

Not far from hence, where yon full stream  
Runs winding down the lea,  
Fair Warkworth lifts her lofty towers,  
And overlooks the sea.

Those towers, alas ! now stand forlorn,  
With noisome weeds o'erspread,  
Where feasted lords and courtly dames,  
And where the poor were fed

Meantime, far off, 'mid Scottish hills,  
The Percy lives unknown ;  
On stranger's bounty he depends,  
And may not claim his own.

O might I with these aged eyes  
But live to see him here,  
Then should my soul depart in peace !  
He said, and dropt a tear.

And is the Percy still so loved  
Of all his friends and thee ?  
Then bless me, father, said the youth,  
For I, thy guest, am he.

Silent he gazed, then turned aside  
 To wipe the tears he shed ;  
 And lifting up his hands and eyes,  
 Poured blessings on his head.

Welcome, our dear and much-loved lord,  
 'Thy country's hope and care ;  
 But who may this young lady be,  
 That is so wondrous fair ?

Now, father, listen to my tale,  
 And thou shalt know the truth ;  
 And let thy sage advice direct  
 My inexperienced youth.

In Scotland I've been nobly bred  
 Beneath the Regent's hand,\*  
 In feats of arms, and every lore  
 To fit me for command.

With fond impatience long I burned  
 My native land to see ;  
 At length I won my guardian friend  
 To yield that boon to me.

Then up and down, in hunter's garb,  
 I wandered as in chase,  
 Till, in the noble Neville's house,†  
 I gained a hunter's place.

Sometime with him I lived unknown,  
 Till I'd the hap so rare  
 To please this young and gentle dame,  
 That baron's daughter fair.

Now Percy, said the blushing maid,  
 The truth I must reveal ;  
 Souls great and generous like thine  
 Their noble deeds conceal.

\* Robert Stuart, Duke of Albany.

† Ralph Neville, first Earl of Westmoreland, whose principal residence was at Raby Castle, in the bishopric of Durham.

It happened on a summer's day,  
Led by the fragrant breeze,  
I wandered forth to take the air  
Among the greenwood trees.

Sudden a band of rugged Scots,  
That near in ambush lay,  
Moss-troopers from the border-side,  
There seized me for their prey.

My shrieks had all been spent in vain ;  
But Heaven, that saw my grief,  
Brought this brave youth within my call,  
Who flew to my relief.

With nothing but his hunting-spear,  
And dagger in his hand,  
He sprung like lightning on my foes,  
And caused them soon to stand.

He fought till more assistance came ;  
The Scots were overthrown ;  
Thus freed me, captive, from their bands,  
To make me more his own.

O happy day ! the youth replied ;  
Blest were the wounds I bare !  
From that fond hour she deigned to smile,  
And listen to my prayer.

And when she knew my name and birth,  
She vowed to be my bride ;  
But oh ! we feared (alas, the while)  
Her princely mother's pride :

Sister of haughty Bolingbroke,  
Our house's ancient foe,  
To me I thought a banished wight  
Could ne'er such favour show.

Despairing then to gain consent,  
At length to fly with me  
I won this lovely timorous maid ;  
To Scotland bound are we.

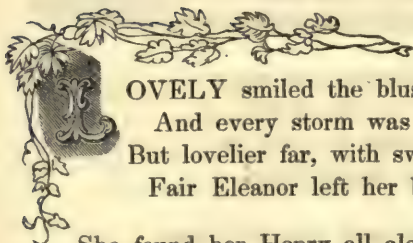


This evening, as the night drew on,  
 Fearing we were pursued,  
 We turned down the right-hand path,  
 And gained this lonely wood;

Then lighting from our weary steeds  
 To shun the pelting shower,  
 We met thy kind conducting hand,  
 And reached this friendly bower.

Now rest ye both, the hermit said;  
 Awhile your cares forego:  
 Nor, lady, scorn my humble bed—  
 We'll pass the night below.

## FIT II.



LOVELY smiled the blushing morn,  
 And every storm was fled;  
 But lovelier far, with sweeter smile,  
 Fair Eleanor left her bed.

She found her Henry all alone,  
 And cheered him with her sight:  
 The youth, consulting with his friend,  
 Had watched the livelong night.

What sweet surprise o'erpowered her breast,  
 Her cheeks what blushes dyed,  
 When fondly he besought her there  
 To yield to be his bride!

Within this lonely hermitage  
 There is a chapel meet;  
 Then grant, dear maid, my fond request,  
 And make my bliss complete.

O Henry, when thou deign'st to sue,  
 Can I thy suit withstand?  
 When thou, loved youth, hast won my heart,  
 Can I refuse my hand?

For thee I left a father's smiles  
And mother's tender care;  
And whether weal or wo betide,  
Thy lot I mean to share.

And wilt thou, then, O generous maid,  
Such matchless favour show,  
To share with me, a banished wight,  
My peril, pain, or wo?

Now Heaven, I trust, hath joys inst ore  
To crown thy constant breast;  
For, know, fond hope assures my heart  
That we shall soon be blest.

Not far from hence stands Coquet Isle,  
Surrounded by the sea;  
There dwells a holy friar, well known  
To all thy friends and thee:

'Tis father Bertram, so revered  
For every worthy deed:  
To Raby Castle he shall go,  
And for us kindly plead.

To fetch this good and holy man  
Our reverend host is gone;  
And soon, I trust, his pious hands  
Will join us both in one.

Thus they in sweet and tender talk  
The lingering hours beguile:  
At length they see the hoary sage  
Come from the neighbouring isle.

With pious joy and wonder mixed  
He greets the noble pair,  
And glad consents to join their hands  
With many a fervent prayer.

Then straight to Raby's distant walls  
He kindly wends his way;  
Meantime in love and dalliance sweet  
They spend the livelong day.

And now, attended by their host,  
 The hermitage they viewed,  
 Deep-hewn within a craggy cliff,  
 And overhung with wood.



And near a flight of shapely steps,  
 All cut with nicest skill,  
 And piercing through a stony arch,  
 Ran winding up the hill.

There, decked with many a flower and herb,  
 His little garden stands ;  
 With fruitful trees in shady rows,  
 All planted by his hands.

Then, scooped within the solid rock,  
 Three sacred vaults he shows :  
 The chief a chapel, neatly arched,  
 On branching columns rose.

Each proper ornament was there  
 That should a chapel grace :  
 The lattice for confession framed,  
 And holy-water vase.

O'er either door a sacred text  
 Invites to godly fear ;  
 And in a little scutcheon hung  
 The cross, and crown, and spear.



Up to the altar's ample breadth  
 Two easy steps ascend ;  
 And near, a glimmering solemn light  
 Two well-wrought windows lend.

Beside the altar rose a tomb,  
 All in the living stone,  
 On which a young and beauteous maid  
 In goodly sculpture shone.

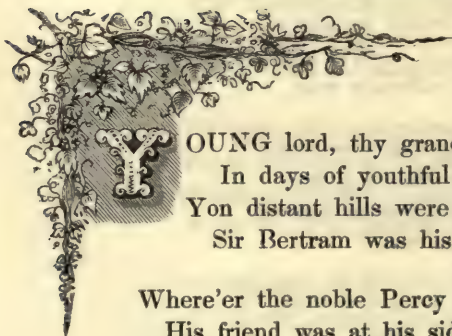
A kneeling angel, fairly carved,  
 Leaned hovering o'er her breast ;  
 A weeping warrior at her feet ;  
 And near to these her crest.

The cliff, the vault, but chief the tomb,  
 Attract the wondering pair :  
 Eager they ask, What hapless dame  
 Lies sculptured here so fair ?

The hermit sighed, the hermit wept,  
 For sorrow scarce could speak ;  
 At length he wiped the trickling tears  
 That all bedewed his cheek :

Alas ! my children, human life  
 Is but a vale of wo ;  
 And very mournful is the tale  
 Which ye so fain would know.

### The Hermit's Tale.



YOUNG lord, thy grandsire had a friend  
 In days of youthful fame ;  
 Yon distant hills were his domains ;  
 Sir Bertram was his name.

Where'er the noble Percy fought,  
 His friend was at his side ;  
 And many a skirmish with the Scots  
 Their early valour tried.

Young Bertram loved a beauteous maid,  
As fair as fair might be ;  
The dew-drop on the lily's cheek  
Was not so fair as she.

Fair Widdrington the maiden's name,  
Yon towers her dwelling-place ;  
Her sire an old Northumbrian chief,  
Devoted to thy race.

Many a lord, and many a knight,  
To this fair damsel came ;  
But Bertram was her only choice ;  
For him she felt a flame.

Lord Percy pleaded for his friend ;  
Her father soon consents ;  
None but the beauteous maid herself  
His wishes now prevents.

But she with studied fond delays  
Defers the blissful hour,  
And loves to try his constancy,  
And prove her maiden power.

That heart, she said, is lightly prized  
Which is so lightly won,  
And long shall rue that easy maid,  
Who yields her love too soon.

Lord Percy made a solemn feast  
In Alnwick's princely hall,  
And there came lords, and there came knights,  
His chiefs and barons all.

With wassail, mirth, and revelry,  
The castle rung around :  
Lord Percy called for song and harp,  
And pipes of martial sound.

The minstrels of thy noble house,  
All clad in robes of blue,  
With silver crescents on their arms,  
Attend in order due.

The great achievements of thy race  
They sung : their high command :  
“ How valiant Mainfred o’er the seas  
First led his northern band.

Brave Galfred next to Normandy  
With venturous Rollo came ;  
And from his Norman castles won,  
Assumed the Percy name.

They sung how in the conqueror’s fleet  
Lord William shipped his powers,  
And gained a fair young Saxon bride  
With all her lands and towers.

Then journeying to the Holy Land,  
There bravely fought and died :  
But first the silver crescent wan,  
Some Paynim Soldan’s pride.

They sung how Agnes, beauteous heir,  
The queen’s own brother wed,  
Lord Josceline, sprung from Charlemagne,  
In princely Brabant bred.

How he the Percy name revived,  
And how his noble line  
Still foremost in their country’s cause  
With godlike ardour shine.”

With loud acclaims the listening crowd  
Applaud the master’s song,  
And deeds of arms and war became  
The theme of every tongue.

Now high heroic acts they tell,  
Their perils past recall :  
When lo ! a damsel young and fair  
Stepped forward through the hall.

She Bertram courteously addressed ;  
And kneeling on her knee—  
Sir knight, the lady of thy love  
Hath sent this gift to thee.



Then forth she drew a glittering helme,  
Well-plated many a fold,  
The casque was wrought of tempered steel,  
The crest of burnished gold.

Sir knight, thy lady sends thee this,  
And yields to be thy bride,  
When thou hast proved this maiden gift  
Where sharpest blows are tried.

Young Bertram took the shining helme,  
And thrice he kissed the same :  
Trust me, I'll prove this precious casque  
With deeds of noblest fame.

Lord Percy and his barons bold  
Then fix upon a day  
To scour the marches, late oppressed,  
And Scottish wrongs repay.

The knights assembled on the hills,  
A thousand horse and more :  
Brave Widdrington, though sunk in years,  
The Percy standard bore.

Tweed's limpid current soon they pass,  
And range the borders round :  
Down the green slopes of Teviotdale  
Their bugle-horns resound.

As when a lion in his den  
Hath heard the hunter's cries,  
And rushing forth to meet his foes,  
So did the Douglas rise.

Attendant on their chief's command  
A thousand warriors wait :  
And now the fatal hour drew on  
Of cruel keen debate.

A chosen troop of Scottish youths  
Advance before the rest ;  
Lord Percy marked their gallant mien,  
And thus his friend addressed.

Now, Bertram, prove thy lady's helme,  
Attack yon forward band;  
Dead or alive, I'll rescue thee,  
Or perish by their hand.

Young Bertram bowed, with glad assent,  
And spurred his eager steed,  
And calling on his lady's name,  
Rushed forth with whirlwind speed.

As when a grove of sapling oaks  
The livid lightning rends,  
So fiercely 'mid the opposing ranks  
Sir Bertram's sword descends.

This way and that he drives the steel,  
And keenly pierces through;  
And many a tall and comely knight  
With furious force he slew.

Now closing fast on every side,  
They hem Sir Bertram round;  
But dauntless he repels their rage,  
And deals forth many a wound.

The vigour of his single arm  
Had well-nigh won the field,  
When ponderous fell a Scottish axe,  
And clove his lifted shield.

Another blow his temples took,  
And reft his helme in twain—  
That beauteous helme, his lady's gift!—  
His blood bedewed the plain.

Lord Percy saw his champion fall  
Amid the unequal fight;  
And now, my noble friends, he said,  
Let's save this gallant knight.

Then rushing in, with stretched-out shield  
He o'er the warrior hung,  
As some fierce eagle spreads her wing,  
To guard her callow young.

Three times they strove to seize their prey,  
Three times they quick retire :  
What force could stand his furious strokes,  
Or meet his martial fire ?

Now, gathering round on every part,  
The battle raged amain ;  
And many a lady wept her lord,  
That hour untimely slain.

Percy and Douglas, great in arms,  
There all their courage showed ;  
And all the field was strewed with dead,  
And all with crimson flowed.

At length the glory of the day,  
The Scots reluctant yield,  
And, after wondrous valour shown,  
They slowly quit the field.

All pale, extended on their shields,  
And weltering in his gore,  
Lord Percy's knights their bleeding friend  
To Wark's fair castle bore.



The Castle of WARK on Tweed.



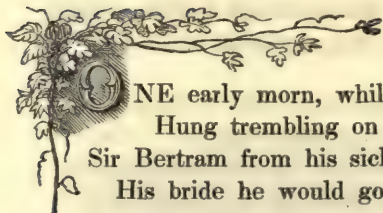
Well hast thou earned my daughter's love,  
 Her father kindly said ;  
 And she herself shall dress thy wounds,  
 And tend thee in thy bed.

A message went, no daughter came ;  
 Fair Isabel ne'er appears ;  
 Beshrew me, said the aged chief,  
 Young maidens have their fears.

Cheer up, my son, thou shalt her see  
 So soon as thou canst ride,  
 And she shall nurse thee in her bower,  
 And she shall be thy bride.

Sir Bertram at her name revived ;  
 He blessed the soothing sound ;  
 Fond hope supplied the nurse's care,  
 And healed his ghastly wound.

## FIT III.



NE early morn, while dewy drops  
 Hung trembling on the tree,  
 Sir Bertram from his sick-bed rose,  
 His bride he would go see.

A brother he had in prime of youth,  
 Of courage firm and keen,  
 And he would tend him on the way,  
 Because his wounds were green.

All day o'er moss and moor they rode,  
 By many a lonely tower ;  
 And 'twas the dew-fall of the night  
 Ere they drew near her bower.

Most drear and dark the castle seemed,  
 That wont to shine so bright ;  
 And long and loud Sir Bertram called  
 Ere he beheld a light.

At length her aged nurse arose,  
With voice so shrill and clear :  
What wight is this that calls so loud,  
And knocks so boldly here ?

'Tis Bertram calls, thy lady's love,  
Come from his bed of care :  
All day I've ridden o'er moor and moss,  
To see thy lady fair.

Now out, alas ! (she loudly shrieked)  
Alas ! how may this be ?  
For six long days are gone and past  
Since she set out to thee.

Sad terror seized Sir Bertram's heart,  
And oft he deeply sighed ;  
When now the drawbridge was let down,  
And gates set open wide.

Six days, young knight, are past and gone  
Since she set out to thee,  
And sure, if no sad harm had hap'd  
Long since thou would'st her see.

For when she heard thy grievous chance,  
She tore her hair and cried,  
Alas ! I've slain the comeliest knight  
All through my folly and pride !

And now to atone for my sad fault,  
And his dear health regain,  
I'll go myself, and nurse my love,  
And soothe his bed of pain.

Then mounted she her milk-white steed  
One morn by break of day,  
And two tall yeomen went with her  
To guard her on the way.

Sad terror smote Sir Bertram's heart,  
And grief o'erwhelmed his mind :  
Trust me, said he, I ne'er will rest  
Till I thy lady find.

That night he spent in sorrow and care ;  
And with sad boding heart,  
Or e'er the dawning of the day,  
His brother and he depart.

Now, brother, we'll our ways divide,  
O'er Scottish hills to range ;  
Do thou go north, and I'll go west,  
And all our dress we'll change.

Some Scottish carle hath seized my love  
And borne her to his den,  
And ne'er will I tread English ground  
Till she's restored again.

The brothers straight their paths divide,  
O'er Scotttsh hills to range ;  
And hide themselves in quaint disguise,  
And oft their dress they change.

Sir Bertram, clad in gown of gray,  
Most like a palmer poor,  
To halls and castles wanders round,  
And begs from door to door.

Sometimes a minstrel's garb he wears,  
With pipes so sweet and shrill ;  
And wends to every tower and town,  
O'er every dale and hill.

One day as he sat under a thorn,  
All sunk in deep despair,  
An aged pilgrim passed him by,  
Who marked his face of care.

All minstrels yet that e'er I saw,  
Are full of game and glee,  
But thou art sad and wo-begone ;  
I marvel whence it be !

Father, I serve an aged lord,  
Whose grief afflicts my mind !  
His only child is stolen away,  
And fain I would her find.



Cheer up, my son ; perchance (he said)  
Some tidings I may bear ;  
For oft when human hopes have failed,  
Then heavenly comfort's near.

Behind yon hills, so steep and high,  
Down in the lowly glen,  
There stands a castle fair and strong,  
Far from the abode of men.

As late I chanced to crave an alms,  
About this evening hour,  
Methought I heard a lady's voice  
Lamenting in the tower.

And when I asked what harm had hap'd,  
What lady sick there lay ?  
They rudely drove me from the gate,  
And bade me wend away.

These tidings caught Sir Bertram's ear ;  
He thanked him for his tale ;  
And soon he hasted o'er the hills,  
And soon he reached the vale.

Then drawing near those lonely towers,  
Which stood in dale so low,  
And sitting down beside the gate,  
His pipes he 'gan to blow.

Sir porter, is thy lord at home  
To hear a minstrel's song ?  
Or may I crave a lodging here,  
Without offence or wrong ?

My lord, he said, is not at home  
To hear a minstrel's song ;  
And should I lend thee lodging here,  
My life would not be long.

He played again so soft a strain,  
Such power sweet sounds impart,  
He won the churlish porter's ear,  
And moved his stubborn heart.

Minstrel, he said, thou play'st so sweet,  
Fair entrance thou shouldst win;  
But, alas! I'm sworn upon the rood  
To let no stranger in.

Yet, minstrel, in yon rising cliff  
Thou'lt find a sheltering cave;  
And here thou shalt my supper share,  
And there thy lodging have.

All day he sits beside the gate,  
And pipes both loud and clear:  
All night he watches round the walls,  
In hopes his love to hear.

The first night, as he silent watched,  
All at the midnight hour,  
He plainly heard his lady's voice  
Lamenting in the tower.

The second night the moon shone clear,  
And gilt the spangled dew;  
He saw his lady through the grate,  
But 'twas a transient view.

The third night, wearied out, he slept  
Till near the morning tide,  
When, starting up, he seized his sword,  
And to the castle hied.

When lo! he saw a ladder of ropes  
Depending from the wall;  
And o'er the moat was newly laid  
A poplar strong and tall.

And soon he saw his love descend,  
Wrapt in a tartan plaid,  
Assisted by a sturdy youth,  
In Highland garb y-clad.

Amazed, confounded at the sight,  
He lay unseen and still;  
And soon he saw them cross the stream,  
And mount the neighbouring hill.

Unheard, unknown to all within,  
The youthful couple fly;  
But what can 'scape the lover's ken,  
Or shun his piercing eye?

With silent step he follows close  
Behind the flying pair,  
And saw her hang upon his arm  
With fond familiar air.

Thanks, gentle youth, she often said;  
My thanks thou well hast won:  
For me what wiles hast thou contrived!  
For me what dangers run!

And ever shall my grateful heart  
Thy services repay:  
Sir Bertram would no further hear,  
But cried, Vile traitor, stay!

Vile traitor! yield that lady up!  
And quick his sword he drew:  
'The stranger turned in sudden rage,  
And at Sir Bertram flew.

With mortal hate their vig'rous arms  
Gave many a vengeful blow:  
But Bertram's stronger hand prevailed,  
And laid the stranger low.

Die, traitor, die! A deadly thrust  
Attends each furious word;  
Ah! then fair Isabel knew his voice,  
And rushed beneath his sword.

Oh stop, she cried; oh stop thy arm!  
Thou dost thy brother slay!  
And here the hermit paused and wept:  
His tongue no more could say.

At length he cried, Ye lovely pair,  
How shall I tell the rest?  
Ere I could stop my piercing sword,  
It fell, and stabbed her breast.



Wert thou thyself that hapless youth ?

Ah ! cruel fate ! they said.

The hermit wept, and so did they,

They sighed ; he hung his head.

Oh blind and jealous rage, he cried,

What evils from thee flow ?

The hermit paused ; they silent mourned :

He wept, and they were wo.

Ah ! when I heard my brother's name,

And saw my lady bleed,

I raved, I wept, I cursed my arm,

That wrought the fatal deed.

In vain I clasped her to my breast,

And closed the ghastly wound ;

In vain I pressed his bleeding corpse,

And raised it from the ground.

My brother, alas ! spake ne'er more ;

His precious life was flown ;

She kindly strove to soothe my pain,

Regardless of her own.

Bertram, she said, be comforted,

And live to think on me :

May we in heaven that union prove,

Which here was not to be.

Bertram, she said, I still was true ;

Thou only hadst my heart :

May we hereafter meet in bliss !

We now, alas ! must part.

For thee I left my father's hall,

And flew to thy relief ;

When, lo ! near Cheviot's fatal hills

I met a Scottish chief :

Lord Malcolm's son, whose proffered love

I had refused with scorn ;

He slew my guards, and seized on me

Upon that fatal morn.

And in these dreary hated walls  
He kept me close confined,  
And fondly sued and warmly pressed  
To win me to his mind.

Each rising morn increased my pain,  
Each night increased my fear;  
When wandering in this northern garb,  
Thy brother found me here.

He quickly formed his brave design  
To set me captive free;  
And on the moor his horses wait,  
Tied to a neighbouring tree.

Then haste, my love, escape away,  
And for thyself provide,  
And sometimes fondly think on her  
Who should have been thy bride.

Thus pouring comfort on my soul  
Even with her latest breath,  
She gave one parting fond embrace,  
And closed her eyes in death.

In wild amaze, in speechless wo,  
Devoid of sense I lay:  
Then sudden all in frantic mood  
I meant myself to slay.

And rising up in furious haste,  
I seized the bloody brand;  
A sturdy arm here interposed,  
And wrenched it from my hand.

A crowd, that from the castle came,  
Had missed their lovely ward,  
And seizing me, to prison bare,  
And deep in dungeon barred.

It chanced that on that very morn  
Their chief was prisoner ta'en;  
Lord Percy had us soon exchanged,  
And strove to soothe my pain.

And soon those honoured dear remains  
To England were conveyed,  
And there within their silent tombs  
With holy rites were laid.

For me, I loathed my wretched life,  
And long to end it thought ;  
Till time, and books, and holy men,  
Had better counsels taught.

They raised my heart to that pure source  
Whence heavenly comfort flows :  
They taught me to despise the world,  
And calmly bear its woes.

No more the slave of human pride,  
Vain hope, and sordid care,  
I meekly vowed to spend my life  
In penitence and prayer.

The bold Sir Bertram now no more  
Impetuous, haughty, wild,  
But poor and humble benedict,  
Now lowly, patient, mild.

My lands I gave to feed the poor,  
And sacred altars raise,  
And here, a lonely anchoret,  
I came to end my days.

This sweet sequestered vale I chose,  
These rocks and hanging grove ;  
For oft beside that murmuring stream  
My love was wont to rove.

My noble friend approved my choice ;  
This blest retreat he gave ;  
And here I carved her beauteous form,  
And scooped this holy cave.

Full fifty winters, all forlorn,  
My life I've lingered here ;  
And daily o'er this sculptured saint  
I drop the pensive tear.



And thou, dear brother of my heart,  
So faithful and so true,  
The sad remembrance of thy fate  
Still makes my bosom rue !

Yet not unpitied passed my life,  
Forsaken, or forgot,  
The Percy and his noble son  
Would grace my lowly cot.

Oft the great earl, from toils of state  
And cumbrous pomp of power,  
Would gladly seek my little cell  
To spend the tranquil hour.

But length of life is length of wo ;  
I lived to mourn his fall ;  
I lived to mourn his godlike son,  
Their friends and followers all.

But thou the honours of thy race,  
Loved youth, shalt now restore,  
And raise again the Percy name  
More glorious than before.

He ceased, and on the lovely pair  
His choicest blessings laid,  
While they with thanks and pitying tears  
His mournful tale repaid.

And now what present course to take,  
They ask the good old sire,  
And, guided by his sage advice,  
To Scotland they retire.

Meantime their suit much favour found  
At Raby's stately hall,  
Earl Neville and his princely spouse  
Now gladly pardon all.

She, suppliant at her nephew's throne,  
The royal grace implored :  
To all the honours of his race  
The Percy was restored.

The youthful earl still more and more  
 Admired his beauteous dame :  
 Nine noble sons to him she bore,  
 All worthy of their name.



SEE PAGE 346.

## The Murdered Traveller : a Tradition of Weardale.



he lead miners of the dales of the Allen and Wear are paid a certain sum monthly for their current expences, but at the end of the year a general settlement of all demands takes place between the employers and the employed—the latter and their tradesmen—the tradesmen and their merchants—and so on. This day is popularly known as the “Pay,” and a great influx of strangers generally takes place a few days previous, consisting chiefly of commercial travellers and tradesmen from the neighbouring districts. Not many years have passed since it was usual for travellers to engage guides for the purpose of conducting them across the dreary mountain tracts that lie between the different districts, as well to assist in resisting the attacks of highwaymen, who at such

times not unfrequently penetrated these wilds in the hope of plunder free from detection.

About ninety years ago a traveller who had been collecting his accounts at Alston, Nenthead and Allendale, arrived in Weardale where he discharged his guides, as was customary, in order to procure others to conduct him to the Tees. After completing his business, however, he found it impossible to procure guides except by a delay of some days and not relishing so serious a loss of time, he set off alone. At this day the improvements in the construction of roads had not been introduced, and the path in question was only fitted for the passage of carts; crooked, irregular, and rough to a degree: high banks, clothed with tall trees and cut out here and there to allow one vehicle to pass another, rose up on the one hand, while brawling torrents leapt and foamed on the other, and at frequent intervals crossed the stony road and formed deep pools over which never a bridge had been set. Fellow wayfarers had he none, indeed but few ever used the road, houses were still fewer—he was alone, in a strange place, in a gloomy road, and in charge of a large sum of money: onward he rode, amid the darkness of the night, and dread uncertainty. His progress had been noticed by a few, but on his arrival at a place called Park-house-pasture all further trace of him was lost: by what drear road he passed to eternity is unknown, neither can it now be known on this side the grave.

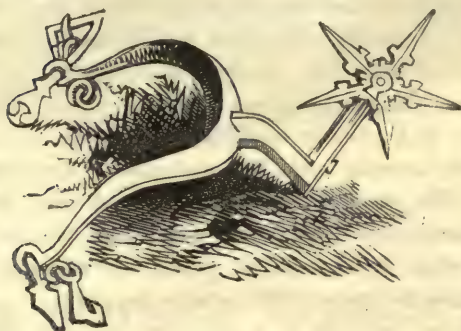
At midnight the occupier of a lone farm house at the head of this field was aroused from his slumbers by loud cries of agony and despair, and the hurried tramp of a horse scouring around the inclosure smote on the ear: twice were the cries borne on the breeze from a spot at the rear of the house and died gradually in the distance. The old man although struck with horror and infirmity was about to sally forth, but his wife and daughter restrained him, and listening awhile, all was still. At daybreak the field was found deeply impressed with the stroke of hoofs, but there was no mark of blood. A little further on however, was a narrow road; there were two gates opposite one another,—these were found tied to prevent egress, for the hedge was too high and thick to afford an outlet for escape: here probably our traveller fell. Suspicion rested upon two or three parties, one of whom is stated to have kept a horse for many days concealed by curtains, and that he, with the assistance of two others were seen to force a horse down an old pit which had long lain unworked. These men became suddenly rich, which was generally attributed to the plunder of the luckless stranger: however, searching inquiries were made by the friends of the deceased without the slightest success, but not many years ago, when the roads were altered, in cutting through this



field, the skeleton of a man was discovered buried in an upright position! straightway the story of the stricken traveller was revived.

Such is the substance of a tale long a fireside talk of the peasantry of this secluded vale, and at the dead of night, a phantom horse with a bleeding rider, careering over the field and disappearing at the old quarry where the hideous relics were found, is sufficient to deter the timid from using the road after nightfall, and enough to chill the blood of the listeners who encircle the blazing hearth.

W. PATTISON.



### The Spur of the Charlton.



THE Spur represented in this page, has been from time immemorial in the possession of the family of Charlton of Hesleyside, with the tradition annexed to it that it was, according to Border usage, the Spur served up in a clean and covered dish by the mistress of the house, to signify that the larder was empty, and fresh contributions on their neighbours cattle were required to furnish it. In fact a practical hint that they must ride to replenish the dish. Sir W. Scott makes frequent mention of this custom, and though song and tale have not preserved the feats and prowess of the English border "*reivers*," as those of their Scottish foes have been immortalized, yet there is no reason to suppose, that their manners and habits being alike, their customs were different. The ancient family of Charlton of Hesleyside descends from Adam de Charlton of Charlton Tower, in Tynedale, who died 1303. The old house or peel at Charlton was

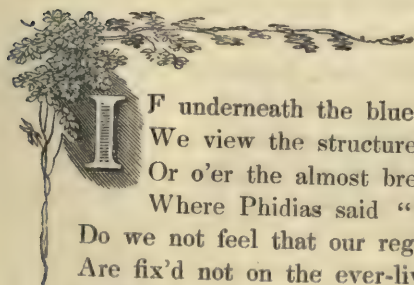
sold in 1730 by E. Charlton, esq. of Hesleyside. From Edward Charlton, who possessed Hesleyside in the reign of Edward III. descended William, who in 1552 was commissioner for the enclosure of the middle marches. His great grandson Edward married the eldest daughter and coheir of Sir Edward Widdrington, bart. of Carlington, and was by King Charles I. created a Baronet in reward for his services to that unfortunate monarch. His estate as well as that of his father in law, was sequestered by the Parliamentary Commissioners. Sir Edward died at Stoneyhurst, Jan. 1675 and leaving only four daughters, the title became extinct. He was succeeded by his nephew William Charlton of Longlee, who married Elizabeth, eldest daughter and coheir of his uncle, Sir Edward, and from whom in a direct line descends the present possessor of Hesleyside.

The spur is about six inches in length; the breadth of the heel from stud to stud 3 inches, and nearer the back of the heel  $2\frac{1}{4}$  inches. The length from either stud to the back of the heel  $3\frac{1}{4}$  inches: from the shoulder to the knee  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inches; and from the knee to the rivet of the rowel  $1\frac{3}{4}$  inches. The rowel is two inches in diameter.—*Communicated by Miss Charlton of Hesleyside.*

## Address.

SPOKEN BY MR GRIFFITHS, AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW THEATRE, NEWCASTLE,

ON MONDAY FEBRUARY, 20. 1836.



I F underneath the blue Italian sky  
We view the structures of the Time gone bye;  
Or o'er the almost breathing marble pause,  
Where Phidias said "let life be,"—and life was;  
Do we not feel that our regards alone  
Are fix'd not on the ever-living stone,  
But that our hearts wax warmer at the name,  
And own the presence of unfading fame?  
So 'mid these walls, tho' all be new around,  
Methinks I step on no unclassic ground;  
To me these portals ope no lone retreats;  
To me these roofs still guard the Muses' seats;  
I tread these boards in confidence,—nor fear

To lack an Actor or a Poet here—  
 Why should I doubt?—Is this so cold a sky  
 That here the verse which lives elsewhere must die?  
 So rude, so icy is our northern breeze,  
 That our hearts warm not, and our bosoms freeze?  
 Or, is Parnassus now to be denied  
 To climes that have produced an Akenside?  
 Why should I doubt? There might be cause of fear,  
 Had genius ne'er before been cradled here;  
 If here young Cooke had never freshly drawn  
 The Jew of Shakspeare, in his early dawn;  
 If Kemble here, scarce known as yet applause,  
 Had never look'd the Roman that he was;  
 Or if his gentler Brother had not quaff'd  
 Romeo's full cup, or in Mercutio laugh'd;  
 If here Virginius had not lived (to die  
 Sublime long after) in Macready's eye;  
 Or had Thalia ne'er, in gay accord,  
 With Munden giggled, or with Liston roar'd;  
 Or, charming us in beauty, sweetly wild,  
 With Duncan gamboll'd, or with Mellon smil'd;  
 Had such things never been—then might I fear  
 Lest Shakspeare's self should meet no welcome here.  
 Not such our climate—Distant tho' we be,  
 Bold as our mountains, as their breezes free,  
 The Muses, driv'n from some more modish sphere,  
 May ask a refuge, and may find it here,  
 Ev'n as the scatter'd arms of ruin'd Rome,  
 'Mid the Venetian Islets found a home,  
 On steep Ragusa shelter'd, and, unmoved  
 In Exile, nursed the Liberty they lov'd;  
 So here, at last, the Drama over-run,  
 May shelter from the Vandal and the Hun;  
 And Poesy, tho' barbarism pursue,  
 A patron and asylum find—in you!  
 Let then the "classic" genius of the age  
 Produce all "Tattersall's" upon the stage;  
 Be Poney-Roscii crown'd with laurels green,  
 Whilst loud Newmarket bets before the scene,  
 Let Jocky-actors dress them for the course,  
 And grooms exclaim "My Kingdom for a Horse;"  
 O'er trampled tho' the Muse amid th' attacks  
 Of Poles, and Pandour Croats, and Cossacks



Far from the clang of hoofs, beneath this dome,  
 Still may our country's Drama find a home.  
 Let not these walls, by classic splendour grac'd,  
 Stand but the Mausoleum of true taste ;  
 Our keener air, fresh from the heather-bell,  
 Oh ! shew the Muse can breathe it free and well ;  
 And prove, beneath a less enervate sky,  
 Where nature lives that Shakspeare cannot die.

THOMAS DOUBLEDAY.

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MEMORIALS OF THE LIFE OF

Henry Atkinson,

BY ROBERT WHITE.

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Be a philosopher ; but, amidst all your philosophy, be still a man. HUME.

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It is somewhat singular that, within the last half-century, no spot in the united kingdom has been more associated with the early life of a number of our eminent mathematicians than Woodburn in Redesdale. In the first place, Cuthbert Atkinson, father of him who forms the subject of this notice, taught school there—a man who, if he did not especially cultivate science in its loftier branches, was endowed with all the ability to do so ; and whose practical good sense, and philosophical turn of mind were sufficient to procure him an honourable position in any rank of society. Then we have Henry Atkinson himself, who, alternately with his father, taught school also at Woodburn and Bavington, a village lying a few miles south east of the former place. Mr. Edward Riddle, head master of the Mathematical school at the Royal Naval Asylum, Greenwich, and author of the best treatise we have on navigation, spent at Woodburn the greater portion of his early days. Again, we have John Riddle, born at Woodburn, a youth of remarkable promise as a Mathematician, but who was cut off, almost before he put his sickle into the harvest of fame which lay before him. After him, Thomas Burn deserves notice, who first saw the light at Woodburn, and who likewise gained a scientific name, but died early, beloved by his friends, and who, to the writer of these remarks, stood in point of affection equal to that of a brother. Then Mr. William Rutherford, of the Royal

Military Academy, Woolwich, may be mentioned, who taught school at Woodburn, and whose fame as a skilful analyst has gone forth over the world. Lastly we may close the list with Mr. Stephen Fenwick, also of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, born at Woodburn, whose ability in science, likewise, renders him an ornament to his profession.

Henry Atkinson, son of Cuthbert Atkinson, already mentioned, was born at Great Bavington in Northumberland on June 28, 1781. About his third year he removed with his father to the Divot Hills, a farm steading near to the former place; and in his sixth year, he again removed with his father to West Harle, where he resided till the period when he began to assist in conducting Bavington School. He was a kind hearted, lively boy, desirous of the company of all classes, and could have enjoyed himself as much, or more in a Gypsy camp than in a palace: indeed, his friends were sometimes afraid that he might be taken away by some of the *Faa Gangs*, of which a number at that period traversed the country. About the eleventh year of his age, during a forenoon, when at school, he was seized with a severe pain in his right knee; and being conveyed home, he lay in bed for several months, not even expected to recover. Gradually, however, his health began to improve; but the limb afterwards continued lame, and very much pain it occasioned him through the future course of his life. When he reached his thirteenth year, his father considering him capable of teaching Bavington School, resigned it to his charge, and opened another at West Woodburn. These two schools were, notwithstanding, superintended by the father and son alternately. Sometimes they changed every seven days, and again each would have remained stationary for two or three weeks. In a short period, Henry became an excellent teacher: he possessed in an eminent degree the faculty of communicating information by the most easy and direct methods; and his lively conduct and agreeable disposition, together with the perfect comprehension he had of all he imparted to his pupils, won their confidence, and made him greatly respected amongst them. He also relished highly the jocund amusements which diversify a country life; and he loved fishing, an art in which he especially excelled, although from the tenor of his mind, we may suppose he cared less about the number and size of trout caught, than the opportunity it afforded him of straying by the wimpling streams, amid the fresh breezes from the hills, and of enjoying Nature in all her purity and loveliness.

About his sixteenth year his father and he quitted the school at Bavington, and opened another at West Belsay, while they continued to change as before, between the latter place and Woodburn. In



1802, Cuthbert Atkinson gave up a small piece of land which he rented at West Harle, retired from Woodburn School, and removed his family to Black Heddon; for besides his wife, and son Henry, he had three daughters, all advancing to womanhood. One of these, Mary by name, now Mrs. Hepple, in union with her brother, commenced to keep school at Stamfordham—she teaching the girls, and Henry superintending the boys. Shortly afterwards Cuthbert Atkinson removed the school from West Belsay to Hetchester Law, and the alternate changes previously made between him and his son, from one place to another, were now discontinued.

When Henry Atkinson removed to Stamfordham, he had made considerable progress in scientific investigation; and being now arrived at maturity, and mixing with good society, he was much esteemed both as a talented man, and one of the most efficient instructors of youth ever known in that neighbourhood. Still persevering in his favourite studies, he remained there upwards of six years; and then, together with his sister removed to the adjoining village of Hawkwell. About six months afterwards, considering that his position in the country afforded slight scope for turning what abilities he possessed to advantage, Henry resigned in favour of his father, who had for some time kept school at Berwick Hill; and he removed to Newcastle, Nov. 14, 1808. In that large town he speedily attained the highest rank in his profession. He was a most able teacher; and although his numerous engagements often left him very brief intervals of leisure, still his scientific skill was of great service in enabling him to pursue the various branches of knowledge with which he was usually engaged. There is no doubt that this change was a fortunate event in his life. In the country, he had no acquaintances, with whom the love and pursuit of knowledge formed a prevailing passion, and few books by which he could acquire the discipline necessary to a pioneer in the higher departments of science. In Newcastle, as he often observed, many opportunities of being more generally known were presented to him: he met well-informed men, and the Literary Society furnished him with volumes of the utmost consequence to him in prosecuting his studies. No other teacher in the town had at that time made much progress in mathematical learning, which he was quick enough to perceive, and act upon with honour to himself. He resolved, as time permitted, to write papers on scientific subjects, and read the same at the meetings of the Literary and Philosophical Society, of which he was elected a member in June, 1809.

The first paper he introduced to the notice of the members of that Institution was entitled "A new method of extracting the Roots of Equations of the higher orders." The discovery was first



made by himself in 1801, and the essay was drawn up and sent to the Senior Secretary, who read it at the monthly meeting in August, 1809. This paper many years afterwards formed the basis on which its author rested his claim of priority in discovering the mode of handling equations, which has been pursued by Holdred Nicholson, and Horner, with such marked success. On the following year, he prepared and read an elaborate essay, "On the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, and on the mode of determining the longitude by these means," which, indicating the attention he had paid to Astronomy, elicited the praise and procured him the unanimous thanks of the Society. In 1811 he produced and read two papers; the one containing, "An ingenious proof of two curious properties of square numbers," which Dr. Hutton spoke of in terms of high approbation, and the other "Demonstrating that no sensible error can arise in the theory of falling Bodies, from assuming Gravity as an uniformly accelerating Force." About the early part of 1813, the Society was further gratified by listening to an elaborate paper from his pen, "On the Comet of 1811," and he produced, at the same time, a model, shewing its path through the heavens. Towards the close of that year, he also drew up and read, "An essay on Proportion." About this time, having perused, in the Manchester Memoirs, a paper by P. Ewart, Esq. "On Forces," he wrote another "On the difference between the followers of Newton and Leibnitz concerning the measure of Forces," which he read to the Society in 1814. In the following year, he produced an essay, "On the possibility, and if possible on the consequences of the Lunar origin of Meteoric Stones." About this period, he embraced a wider field in the course of his enquiries; and, considering Moral Philosophy to be of great importance in promoting the well being of mankind, he read, in 1816, an essay, "On the nature and connexion of Cause and Effect." His worth as a most valuable member of the Society would appear to have been at that time so well known and appreciated that he was, at the following anniversary, chosen one of the Committee.

Metaphysical science now occupied much of his attention; and in 1818, he brought forward an "Essay on Truth"—an admirable paper, which was highly commended by Dr. Gillies, author of the History of Greece, and formed the chief topic of conversation at two meetings of the Society. In 1819, he produced before that body, "A new mode of investigating Equations which obtain among the Times, Distances and Anomalies of Comets moving around the Sun, as their centre of attraction, in parabolic orbits." At this period, Smith's Wealth of Nations, and other treatises on Political Economy formed to him a subject of research, and in the following

year he read "An Essay on the effects produced on the different classes of society by an increase or decrease of the price of Corn". Much of his time, remaining from the hours in which he taught his own school, was now occupied in private tuition; besides, he attended one or two boarding schools in the town for the instruction of young ladies,—all of which retarded him in following out the bent of his mind in scientific and other pursuits. However, in 1824 he produced a paper, "On the utility and probable accuracy of the method of determining the Sun's parallax by observations on the planet Mars, near his opposition;" and shortly afterwards he read another, "On the true principles of calculating the Refractive powers of the atmosphere." In 1826, he drew up and read a lengthy paper, "On Suspension Bridges, and on the possibility of the proposed Bridge between North and South Shields," which occupied two meetings of the society. Of this essay a portion related to some interesting experiments on the strength and elasticity of Iron, which he read to the Scientific and Mechanical Institution, being himself one of the members of its committee. During the spring of the following year he projected, arranged and delivered in the Room of the Literary and Philosophical Society, a course of nine lectures on Astronomy, which he illustrated with a great variety of familiar diagrams, to a numerous and attentive assembly. This course he afterwards compressed into two or three lectures, which he read to the members of the Scientific and Mechanical Institution. These were the last public efforts he was enabled to make in the cause and promotion of Science, his health being at this time in a declining state.

Of the above papers or essays, the one he produced in 1824, "On the utility and probable accuracy of the method of determining the Sun's parallax by observations on the planet Mars, near his opposition," was afterwards presented to the Astronomical Society of London, where it was read on March, 12. of that year, and was printed in the transactions of the Society, Vol. II page 27. The other paper "On the true principles of calculating the Refractive Powers of the Atmosphere," he revised, and greatly enlarged, entitling it "An Essay on Astronomical and other Refraction, with a connected enquiry into the Law of Temperature in different Latitudes, and at different Altitudes." This he also presented to the Astronomical Society, and it was read to the members on January 14, April, 8, and May 13, 1825. It may be found in the Transactions of the Society, Vol. II. page 137; and it called forth, on its appearance, some very high encomiums from several of the most learned men in Europe.

Still the gentlemen who formed the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle, and those of whom the Astronomical Society



of London was composed, were few in number to appreciate the extent and variety of Henry Atkinson's acquirements. He commanded a more popular field of distinction in the Mathematical department of the Diaries—those invaluable repositories, which for a century have shone as beacon-lights to encourage, direct, and reward genius. He obtained the prize in the Gentlemen's Diary for 1819, and his contributions to the work appear chiefly in that, and the two following years. In the Ladies' Diary he laboured much more assiduously: indeed, whoever looks into it from 1810 through each successive year to 1823, will observe that during the said period, he answered nearly the whole of the questions proposed in that Miscellany. Clearness and elegance of arrangement characterize his solutions; and he very deservedly received prizes for the years 1811, 1816 and 1823. From the correspondence which arose out of his connection with the Ladies' Diary I am happy in being able to give the following extract of a letter from Dr. Hutton. The handwriting is feeble and much shaken; but the punctuation is correct, and the substance shows on what intimate terms he, to whom it was addressed, stood with the learned men of his day.

“Bedford Row. Feby. 1, 1817. Dear Sir, I have to thank you for your letter just received with the enclosure; both came safe to hand.—There are no acknowledgments due for the preference given in the Diary to your solutions, as their own merits sufficiently secure and demand the best place and encouragement; and my only regret is that the necessity of sparing a little room for other inferior contributors prevents me reluctantly from suppressing so much of your own. \* \* \* \* I thank you, My Dear Sir, for your kind enquiry as to my health, which, I am sorry to say, has been but very indifferent of late, and that I feel a very sensible decrease of strength and powers; so that it has become a very irksome task to write a few lines, or to give close attention to any subject requiring it; but perhaps it is as well as might be expected at the age of 80 from a constitution originally but very delicate.—Your solution of the prize question of this year is a correct and very neat one, and agrees very nearly with the manner and in the resulting numbers of the ingenious author.

\* \* \* \* \* Wishing you to give my respects to Mr. Turner, Mr. Bruce, and Mr. Russel, when you happen to see them, I am, with much esteem, Dear Sir, Yours very truly, CHAS. HUTTON.”

Throughout the time that Henry Atkinson was connected with the Literary and Philosophical Society, he was regarded as one of its most able and distinguished members. It has been stated that he was chosen one of the Committee in 1817: he continued to be invested with the same honour every successive year till the anniversary of



1828, when the delicate state of his health induced him to withdraw his name from those who were put in nomination. He continued also on the Committee of the Scientific and Mechanical Institution from its commencement till the anniversary preceding his decease.

From the high place he thus occupied in society, it may to some be a matter of surprise that he never attained a position superior to that of conducting a public school. From examination of man's history, there would seem to be bounds in his way through life that he cannot overpass; and this is more especially observable of those who, like Henry Atkinson, have no other source, save the occupation they pursue, to yield them the means of subsistence. In the next place, he loved his profession, and I have heard him say that had he his life to begin again, he would select no other calling than that of a teacher. He was most in his element when actively employed, from which we may infer he never looked upon "inglorious ease," as any means whatever of enjoyment. Lastly, he was a man of inflexible integrity. Noble by nature, he despised all measures of a fawning tendency, which often tell in high quarters, and not unfrequently bring the smiles of Fortune to those who can thus stoop for promotion. No man cherished the principles of honest independence more dearly; and, obeying this impulse, he made the fruit of his labour prove sufficient for all his wants.

Hitherto, I have spoken chiefly of Henry Atkinson in his professional capacity, and as he attracted public notice from the scientific papers he wrote, or by his solutions to questions proposed in the *Diaries*. He married, in 1822, Isabella, sister to Mr. Edward Riddle, already mentioned; and proved to be an affectionate, and excellent husband. When occupied with a subject of study, he set a due value on time, and on dismissing the school in the afternoon, he regularly resorted to his library, having in the winter period candles ready lighted awaiting him there. On accomplishing what he designed, he again mingled with his family, and few men entered with a keener relish into domestic enjoyment. Beloved by his wife, and strongly attached to his children, her attention, and the prattling playfulness shown by them, drew forth in ample measure the kindest feelings of his bosom.

Like other men who take a leading part in art or science, devoting themselves to enlighten their fellow beings, he met occasionally with opposition from those whose opinions differed from his own. When Don Juan, that varied and wonderful emanation of genius, came forth to the world, it was received into the Library of the Literary and Philosophical Society. Shortly afterwards, a cry began to arise about its immorality. They who had sensitive ears caught it

first, and on examination they found the echo corresponded with their own ideas. The first attempt, on their part, was to expel the book from the library. This was resolutely withstood by Henry Atkinson both on the ground of freedom of opinion, and right of membership. Although he disapproved of many passages in *Don Juan*, he showed most forcibly that on expulsion of the work, nearly all those who never dipped into poetry at all, would endeavour from curiosity to read it; besides, a motion of this kind, taken as a precedent, might endanger the welfare, and even the very existence of the Society. It was a subject well suited to his talents, and he handled it admirably. It caught the notice of Blackwood, who in his magazine twitted the *sternly pure* of Newcastle with their endeavours to throw *Don Juan* out of their immaculate library. Great excitement and much bad feeling prevailed on the occasion: at last the buzz died away; and when the poem appeared in Moore's edition of the noble Poet's Works, it passed the ordeal, without a single dissentient voice.

He occasionally contributed to the Newcastle Magazine, and amongst his last papers to the mathematical portion of that periodical, he unfortunately came into collision with a young aspirant to scientific fame, Mr. W. S. B. Woolhouse, whose talents and unrivalled industry have long ago placed him on the summit of that eminence, which so many young men of ability are toiling to ascend. The writer's limited knowledge of science prevents him from saying more than simply alluding to the occurrence, and he is even unable to say who occupied the best side of the question. It was a cause of deep regret to the friends of Henry Atkinson, whose health had then given way; for the difference was prolonged several months, and the exertion he underwent was succeeded by severe suffering. Mr. Woolhouse knew not of his illness, and he has since expressed his regret at exciting any unpleasant feelings in the mind of a man of genius, who was descending to the valley of the shadow of death.

For some years before his decease, the duties incumbent upon him augmented so much that he found it necessary to engage an assistant. The late Thomas Thompson, of this town, an able geometrician, filled the situation for a time, and rendered his employer much service in calculating data for the elaborate paper on Refraction. He was succeeded by John Riddle, of Woodburn, already mentioned, whose attachment to science was not more remarkable, than the gentle sweetness of his disposition. After him came his schoolfellow, Thos. Burn, to whom allusion has also been made, another most deserving young man, who conducted the school and attended to other duties, during the whole course of Mr. Atkinson's illness. It was delightful to see the familiarity with which he treated these youthful devotees of



knowledge, nor less pleasing was it to hear how high he stood in their estimation. Alas ! the uncertainty of life ! They have all passed away, and on looking abroad on the world, I know not where their fellows may be found !

To the very close of life, notwithstanding all his affliction, he was still cheerful, and had a welcome word to every visitor. When not suffering much pain, he loved company ; and expressed his delight to see any friend who had the power to vary, for a brief space, the current of his thoughts—for like all intellectual men he was ever thinking. When two or three were present, if glasses were produced, he drank neither spirits nor wine : a few drops of liquid from a small vial mixed with water, and a biscuit, were all he could take. Even then his conversation was jocund and lively, showing he retained full possession of his mental faculties. His disease had its seat in the lungs : he dated its commencement from the circumstance of taking, on the previous summer, a warm bath at Tynemouth, and returning home in the evening on the outside of a coach. Towards the close of 1828, his friends saw that the hand of Death was upon him, and on the end of January following, he departed this life, in the forty eighth year of his age. His remains were interred near the north west corner of Saint Andrew's Church-yard. Shortly afterwards, a tomb-stone was erected at the spot, bearing the following inscription :—

“In memory of HENRY ATKINSON ; an eminent Mathematician and successful Schoolmaster. His excellent natural talents, and extensive scientific attainments, are known and highly appreciated by the learned throughout Europe. In the intercourse of society his inflexible regard to truth, his general affability and benevolence, and his overflowing kindness of heart to his chosen and confidential friends, secured to him their highest respect and esteem. His Christian principles appeared in his general conduct through life, and during a long course of painful sickness, in his cheerful submission and humble confidence in God. He was born at Great Bavington, June 28, 1781, and died at Newcastle, January 31, 1829.”

In person Henry Atkinson was of an average height, but even more spare in frame than the generality of those who lead a sedentary life. He used a slight support to his right foot when he walked, although his movements shewed he possessed both vigour and agility. Having a fair skin, his complexion was pale, but the face was a good one, for the features, though somewhat thin, harmonized well with each other. His forehead was more high than broad, gently receding beneath locks of dark hair. On meeting him, what struck you most were his fine eyes of a hazel colour, remarkably brilliant, and lighting up a countenance, the prevailing expression of which, I would say, was gentle yet



dignified firmness. If you were intimate with him, on recognising you his look softened down, a smile played about his mouth, and this was succeeded by a word or two of winning, unaffected kindness. When I add that he wore black clothes and a white neckcloth, I have told nearly all I remember of his public appearance.

Few men ever carried the principles of science farther into the business of domestic life than Henry Atkinson. This he performed with so much ease and cordiality as to render it pleasing to behold him. In school, on teaching the boys to write, he not only pointed out to them how to shape and repair their pens, but shewed them likewise the proper method how to sharpen their pen knives. He published a set of round and small hand copy lines, which are now very scarce, and on the cover thereof he printed directions how to hold the pen, and other matters connected with writing, which are more to the purpose than any I ever saw. He himself excelled in penmanship: many specimens of his work in this line are preserved, and they are beautiful. When we consider how often he was unwell, and the small amount of time his vocation afforded him, either for employing his hand on this branch of art, or ascending the higher walks of information, it is wonderful how much he accomplished. I ought also to state that during such lapses of leisure as he enjoyed from public duty, he was so strictly honourable as never to say he was engaged when a friend or stranger waited upon him. This trait was in perfect keeping with his character: his adherence to truth, under all circumstances, was inviolably preserved.

It has been said that sometimes in discussing any casual subject, he had a spice of the pedant in his composition, and was more dictatorial than became the gentleman. I readily admit the charge is not altogether without foundation. This slight deviation from courtesy forms, however, no inconsistency in his character. Observant as he generally was of the rules of politeness, and much as he loved good fellowship, he was still a greater lover of truth; and it was only when his opponent, probably without knowing it, began to argue illogically that the other drew him back to firm ground. In the school, his remarks when levelled against wilful neglect of duty, were often severe: two or three words, sarcastically pointed, drew tears from any one of the softer portion of his pupils.

Taking his social qualities into consideration, I would say that in the presence of a few select friends, Henry Atkinson appeared to the greatest advantage. Altogether free from stiffness or formality, he glided imperceptibly into the spirit of discourse, and without assuming any undue portion thereof, he heightened its interest both by his sound practical sense, and extensive information. At one time he

was leader in a brilliant sally of thought; at another he brought down to the comprehension of the youngest of the party some singular fact in philosophy, and illustrated the same in his own striking but familiar way. With almost every topic of conversation he was acquainted. He read with delight all our popular poets, while every distinguished work of fiction, published in this country, underwent his attentive perusal. In 1814, being in the late Mr. Charnley's shop, Waverley was lying on the counter, and by a single half hour's examination of that work, he declared its superior claim to public patronage. Hence, from his just discrimination of general excellence, to listen to his conversation was an intellectual treat of a high order. Those, especially who had a relish for knowledge, were sure to be gratified; and I may be allowed to say, that of all the men I ever knew, Henry Atkinson, as an instructive friend, occupied a place second to none in my estimation. After his death, his library, consisting of nearly seven hundred volumes of valuable scientific and other standard works, was sold for the benefit of his widow and children.

Another lineament in his character I ought to observe, illustrative of his goodness of heart. Although his income was never great, he contributed regularly to the support of several aged individuals who were distantly related to his family; and he performed this without the world knowing any thing of the matter. He did not regret it either, for previous to his death, he told his sister, Mrs. Hepple, that on reviewing his conduct through life, it afforded him the greatest satisfaction. I am glad to place this upon record, knowing that the acts of the generous and good are too often withheld from the notice of mankind.

Of the various branches of research which occupied his attention, that of the Refractive powers of the atmosphere was one probably best adapted to his genius, and on which he threw a flood of light sufficient to entitle him to the thanks of posterity. He seems to have been aware of this, for a short time before he died, it was a cause to him of regret that he would not likely be spared to complete the second and last paper he had planned on this subject. So near had he the design wrought out, that he considered if he could obtain an interview of about three hours with any good mathematician, he would put him in possession both of data and means by which it might be brought to a successful close. In this he was unfortunately disappointed, and the friends of learning were by his death deprived of much curious information on a department of science comparatively little known to the most profound philosophers of Europe.

Touching the views of religion entertained by Henry Atkinson, he was brought up a member of the Church of England, but sometime



after he removed to Newcastle, he became connected with the Unitarian Chapel in Hanover Square. The Rev. Wm. Turner, late pastor of the said congregation, was, through the long course of his ministry, remarkable as an amiable and intelligent man. Of rare worth, generous, and an advocate of all that adorns humanity, he drew around him a large circle of friends and admirers, noted alike for intellectual qualities, and love of learning. It may be expected that Henry Atkinson was likely to form one of the number: and again, the attachment arising from communion of minds similarly disposed, may account for his adherence to that body. Shortly before his decease, when a near relative was observing to him the passage from this world to the next was a dark one, he replied, "do you contemplate it as I have done, and you will not find it a dark one either." We rest in the hope that he was enabled to lay hold on the inheritance purchased by a Redeemer's blood, for those who by faith believe in His name.

It may interest the reader to know something of Henry Atkinson's family. His eldest daughter Elizabeth, a girl of great promise, died in 1836. His widow Isabella, who fondly cherishes his memory, with his daughter Mary Jane, and son Henry, who is employed in a respectable merchant's office, reside in the immediate neighbourhood of Newcastle. Since his death, his father Cuthbert, and mother Elizabeth, both died at Hawkevell. At the latter place, his only surviving sister, Mrs. Hepple, is still living, a clever and excellent woman, to whom he was deeply attached, and who justly regarded him as one of the best of men. It would seem that a genius for analytical investigation is inherent in the family, for another sister's son, Mr. Thomas Weddle, teacher in Mr. Bruce's academy, Newcastle, deservedly occupies as a mathematician the first place in the north of England. He is but a young man, and if his life be spared, the field he is now exploring will, it is hoped, yield him both emolument and fame.

In conclusion, the example afforded by Henry Atkinson ought to tell upon the conduct of every obscure individual who desires to advance his position in society. Indebted to no favour from either friend or fortune, he began to teach when a mere boy, and by good conduct and steady perseverance, from the time he reached manhood till that of his death, no instructor of youth, in Northumberland or the neighbouring counties, stood on higher ground. Still more his profession, laborious as it was, never exhausted his flow of energy: when the toil of the day was over, he turned to his studies with a resolution that proved his heart was there. His reward certainly was not wealth, but a sufficiency whereon to live, accompanied with the thrilling enjoyment experienced by all who cultivate intellect, and a tranquil consciousness of having, to the best of his power, developed those



faculties given him by his Maker above the brute creation. With a laudable aim in view, and a mind thus regulated, which to the owner is indeed "a kingdom," let no man, in battling with adverse circumstances, "bate a jot of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer right onward." If his leisure minutes and half hours be frugally turned to account, either in acquiring knowledge, or in drawing from his own innumerable resources, he can form at the commencement but a faint idea of what, in the course of years, he may be able to achieve.

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## Alexander and The King of Egypt.

A MOCK PLAY AS IT IS ACTED BY THE MUMMERS EVERY CHRISTMAS.\*

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THE mock play of Alexander and the King of Egypt is of some antiquity, and there are various versions of it under different names, such as "*Prince George*," "*Saint George*," and "*The King of Egypt's Daughter*," &c. &c. It is still performed in many parts of England at Christmas and Easter, and particularly in the county of Lancaster, where, during the merriments of the latter festival, it invariably concludes the sports of the Mummers. The Lancashire version differs from the one given below, as any one curious in these matters may see by procuring a copy; a new edition having just been published by P. Whittle, F.S.A., Friar Gate, Preston, at the reasonable charge of one penny! The Mummers and Maskers of England seem, from very early times, to have performed Dramas, but these were moralities and mysteries. We have no proof whatever, that in Catholic times such plays as "Alexander and the King of Egypt" were performed; and, indeed, it is very unlikely that such an effusion would have been tolerated by either the civil or ecclesiastical authorities, for the Prince George of the drama is no less a personage than the patron saint of England. Immediately after the Reformation we find the common people in the practice of performing plays written in ridicule of the legends, &c., of the Roman Church, and in the mock

\* "Newcastle: Printed in the Year 1788."

For our copy of this relic of bye gone times we are indebted to William Sandys, Esq. F. S. A., one of the Council of the Percy Society, and Author of "*Christmas Carols Ancient and Modern*," &c. &c.

Drama before us we seem to trace one of those burlesque plays. Although Saint George is the Patron Saint of our country, and English Churches have been called after his name in modern times, it is very doubtful whether any such personage ever existed. The early reformers of our Protestant Church did not scruple to represent St. George as a fictitious or allegorical personage, and to some of their immediate followers we probably owe the authorship of a drama intended expressly for the common people, and written with the intent of destroying any reverence that might be lingering amongst them for England's Patron Saint.

J. H. D.

### Alexander and the King of Egypt.

#### ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter ALEXANDER.

ALEXANDER speaks.

SILENCE, brave Gentlemen ; if you will give an Eye  
*Alexander* is my Name, I'll sing the Tragedy ;  
 A ramble here I took, the Country for to see,  
 Three Actors here I've brought so far from *Italy* ;  
 The First I do present, he is a noble King,  
 He's just come from the Wars, good Tidings he doth bring.  
 The next that doth come in, he is a Doctor good,  
 Had it not been for him, I'd surely lost my Blood.  
 Old *Dives* is the next, a Miser, you may see,  
 Who, by lending of his Gold, is come to Poverty,  
 So, Gentlemen, you see four Actors will go round,  
 Stand off a little While, more Pastime shall be found. *Exeunt.*

#### ACT I. SCENE II.

Enter ACTORS.

Room, Room, brave Gallants, give us Room to Sport,  
 For in this Room we have a mind to resort,  
 Resort, and to repeat to you our merry Rhyme,  
 For remember, good Sirs, this, is *Christmas Time* ;  
 The time to cut up Goose Pies now doth appear,  
 So we are come to act our merry Mirth here :  
 At the sounding of the Trumpet, and beating of the Drum,  
 Make Room, brave Gentlemen, and let our Actors come.  
 We are the merry Actors that traverses the Street ;  
 We are the merry Actors that fight for our Meat ;

We are the merry Actors that shew the pleasant Play,  
Step in, thou King of *Egypt*, and clear the Way.

*King of Egypt*.—I am the King of *Egypt*, as plainly doth appear  
And Prince *George* he is my only Son and Heir :  
Step in therefore, my Son, and act thy part with me,  
And shew forth thy Praise before the Company.

*Prince George*.—I am Prince *George*, a Champion brave and bold  
For with my Spear I've won three Crowns of Gold :  
'Twas I that brought the Dragon to the Slaughter,  
And I that gain'd the *Egyptian* Monarch's Daughter.  
In *Egypt's* Fields I Prisoner long was kept,  
But by my Valour I from them soon scap'd :  
I sounded at the Gates of a Divine,  
And out came a Giant of no good Design,  
He gave me a blow, which almost struck me dead,  
But I up with my Sword and did cut off his Head.

*Alexander*.—Hold, *Slasher*, hold, pray do not be so hot,  
For on this Spot thou knowest not who thou's got ;  
'Tis I that's to hash thee and smash thee, as small as Flies,  
And send thee to *Satan* to make minch Pies :  
Minch Pies hot, minch Pies cold,  
I'll send thee to *Satan* e'er thou be three Days old.  
But hold, Prince *George*, before thou go away,  
Either thou or I must die this bloody Day ;  
Some mortal Wounds thou shalt receive by me,  
So let us fight it out most manfully.

*Exeunt.*

#### ACT II. SCENE I.

Alexander and Prince George fight ;—  
the latter is wounded and falls.

King of Egypt speaks.

Curs'd Christian, what is this thou hast done ?  
Thou hast ruin'd me by killing my best Son.

*Alex*.—He gave me a challenge, why should I him deny,  
How high he was but see how low he lies.

*K. of Egypt*.—O *Sambo* ! *Sambo* ! help me now,  
For I never was in more Need ; [I trow]  
For thou to stand with Sword-in hand,  
And to fight at my command.

*Doct*.—Yes, my Liege, I will thee obey,  
And by my Sword I hope to win the Day :  
Yonder stands he who has kill'd my Master's Son,



I'll try if he be sprung from Royal Blood,  
And through his Body make an Ocean Flood :  
Gentlemen, you see my Sword Point is broke,  
Or else I'd run it down that Villain's Throat.

*K. of Egypt.*—Is there never a Doctor to be found,  
That can cure my Son of his Deadly Wound.

*Doct.*—Yes, there is a Doctor to be found,  
That can cure your Son of his deadly Wound.

*K. of Egypt.*—What Diseases can he cure ?

*Doct.*—All Diseases both within and without,  
Especially the Itch, Palsy, and the Gout :

\* \* \* \* \*

I'll give a Coward a Heart, if he be willing,  
Will make him stand without Fear of killing :  
And any Man that's got a scolding Spouse,  
That wearies him with living in his House ;  
I'll ease him of his Complaint, and make her civil,  
Or else will send her headlong to the Devil.  
Ribs, Legs, or Arms, when any's broke, I'm sure  
I presently of them will make a cure ;  
Nay, more than this by far, I will maintain,  
If you should break your Neck I'll cur't again.  
So here's a Doctor rare, who travels much at Home,  
Here take my Pills, I cure all ills, past, present, and to come.  
I in my Time many Thousands have directed,  
And likewise have as many more dissected,  
To cure the Love-sick Maid, like me there's none,  
For with two of my Pills the Job I've done ;  
I take her Home, and rubs her o'er and o'er,  
Then if she dies ne'er believe me more.  
To cure your Son, good Sir, I do fear not,  
With this small Bottle, which by me I've got ;  
The Balsam is the best which it contains.  
Rise up, my good Prince *George*, and fight again. *Exeunt.*

## ACT II SCENE II.

Prince George arises and speaks.

O Horrible ! terrible ! the like was never seen,  
A man drove out of seven Senses into fifteen ;  
And out of fifteen into fourscore,  
O horrible ! terrible ! the like was ne'er before.

*Alex.*—Thou silly Ass that lives by Grass, dost thou abuse a Stranger,

I live in hopes to buy new Ropes, and tie thy Nose to the Manger.

*Pr. Geo.*—Sir unto you I bend.

*Alex.*—Stand off, thou Slave, I think thee not my Friend.

*Pr. Geo.*—A Slave, Sir ! that is for me by far too base a Name, That Word deserves to stab thy Honour's Fame.

*Alex.*—To be stab'd, Sir, is the least of all my Care, Appoint your Time and Place, I'll meet you there.

*Pr. Geo.*—I'll cross the Water at the Hour of Five.

*Alex.*—I'll meet you there, Sir, if I be alive.

*Pr. Geo.*—But stop, Sir—I'd wish to help you to a Wife, both lusty and young,

She can talk both *Dutch*, *French*, and the *Italian* Tongue.

*Alex.*—I'll have none such.

*Pr. Geo.*—Why, don't you love your Learning ?

*Alex.*—Yes, I love my Learning as I do my Life, I love a learned Scholar, but not a learned Wife, Stand off, had I as many Hussians, Shusians, Chairs and Stools, As you have had Sweet-hearts, Boys, Girls, and Fools ; I love a Woman, and a Woman loves me, And when I want a Fool I'll send for thee.

*K. of Egypt.*—Sir, to express thy Beauty, I am not able, For thy Face shines like the very Kitchen Table : Thy Teeth are no whiter than the Charcoal,

\* \* \* \* \*

*Alex.*—Stand off, thou dirty Dog, for by my Sword thou's die. I'll make thy Body full of Holes, and cause thy Buttons flie.

*Exeunt.*

#### ACT III. SCENE I.

King of Egypt fights and is killed.

Enter Prince George.

Oh ! what is here ? Oh ! what is to be done ?  
Our King is slain, the Crown is likewise gone ;  
Take up the Body, bear it hence away,  
For in this Place no longer shall it stay.

#### THE CONCLUSION.

Bounser Buckler, Velvet's dear,  
And *Christmas* comes but once a Year ;  
Though when it comes, it brings good Cheer,  
But farewell *Christmas* once a Year.

Farewel, farewel, adieu ! Friendship and Unity.  
 I hope we have made Sport, and pleas'd the Company :  
 But, Gentlemen, you see we're but young actors four,  
 We've done the best we can, and the best can do no more.

## Knaresdale Hall.



HE Hall of Knaresdale, like many more of its class, stands a monument of departed greatness, and the only tangible remnant of the antient lineal descent of the family of Pratt, now scattered far and wide, which, for some hundreds of years occupied the spot : their deeds of good or evil dwell but in the traditions of the peasantry—unsubstantial limnings of the all but forgotten dead—shadowy glimpses of a distant age.

At an indefinite period, a laird of Knaresdale is said to have married (against her inclination, but with the sanction of her parents) a lady of great wealth and beauty ; disparity of age formed her objection, he being several years her senior. For a long time they led an unhappy existence, but after a period, his wife appeared more reconciled to her new home : this arose, not from any growth of love for her husband, but the entertainment of a criminal passion for a nephew of the laird, who, with a niece, his sister, had been brought up together by their uncle. On this young man the unhappy lady had fixed her affections, and a criminal intercourse was the result, which existed for a considerable period without any suspicion being aroused. At length, however, the sister of her paramour accidentally met with a convincing proof of their guilt, and the consequent disgrace of the whole family. The girl however, determined upon concealing the matter lest her brother should suffer ; but as might be expected, the guilty pair could not rely upon her silence, and came to the resolution of committing a crime the more deadly, to conceal that which they had already committed.

It was a night fitting to the deed : amid the thick and moonless gloom the storm raged wildly in the distant fells, and careering over the thick woods, came at last to the old Hall, and gathering strength and fed by mighty speats of rain, it fell on the aged walls and sturdy roof, and plashing on all sides, and driven by the wind with irresistible fury, the building rocked and groaned, and the casements flew in and



opened, the rain entered, the house was filled with hideous noises—the whistling of the blast and the clashing of many doors, which the evil night had bursten of their locks and hinges: at the height of the storm, the laird was aroused by his wife, who directed his attention to the fearful din of an open door in the rear of the house, and desired him to dispatch his neice to attempt to close it. The laird, well knowing her insufficiency for the task wished to go himself, but his wife again objecting, and, being desirous of pleasing her when it lay in his power, suffered himself to be persuaded, while the poor girl, wrapped in a cloak, left the apartment to perform the mission. Shivering with cold, and pelted with the pitiless rain, the poor girl traversed the dreary passage, and was about to close the door, when her brother, who was on the watch by an old pond whose volume had been materially increased, suddenly seized her, and, almost before she could make an outcry, plunged her into its murky depths. The old man, anxious for the safety of his neice, and alarmed at the length of her stay, reproached himself for his conduct towards her, and left his bed in search of her; but she was nowhere to be seen. On returning, his wife persuaded him that she must have entered the house during his absence, and retired unseen; and the laird, unsuspecting of foul play, was obliged to rest satisfied, and returning again to rest, strove to recruit himself in sleep. Before long he was again awoke by the hideous howling of one of his dogs, and, starting up in an agony, beheld his neice standing by the kitchen fire, wringing the water from her long hair. Her uncle spake, but at the sound of his voice the apparition vanished.

After this period the brother was never more seen, and the lady fell sick of a brain fever, and, in her mysterious ravings, made many inadvertent allusions to the death of her neice which induced a search, and, on dragging the pond the body was found: the lady never recovered, but died in a dreadful condition. The peasantry still believe that at the same hour she is seen to glide from the hall to the pond, and that on the annual return of the fatal night, lock, bolt, or bar, the old door as you will, some unseen agency will burst its iron bonds, and it will stand open, and clash upon its creaking hinges; and woe be to him who hears its fearful din as it breaks upon the stillness of the night, even when there is never a breath to move it.

WILLIAM PATTISON.

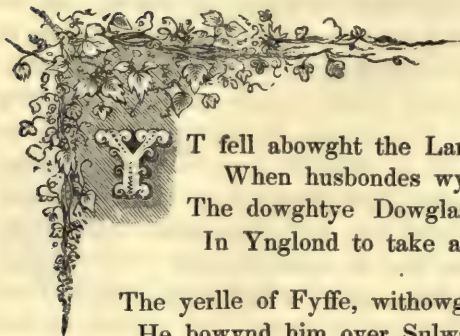
Tow-law, Wolsingham, Nov., 1845.



# The Battle of Otterburn.\*

(NEAR 400 YEARS OLD.)

FROM RITSON'S "NORTHUMBERLAND GARLAND."



T fell abowght the Lamasse tyde,  
When husbondes wyne ther haye,  
The dowghtye Dowglasses bowynd him to ryde,  
In Ynglond to take a praye :

The yerlle of Fyffe, withowghten stryffe,  
He bowynd him over Sulway :  
The grete wolde ever together ryde,  
That raysse they may rewe for aye.

Over 'Ottercap' hyll they cam in,  
And so dowyn by Rodelyffe crage,  
Upon Grene 'Leyton' they lyghted dowyn,  
'Styrande many a' stage :

And boldely brente Northomberlond,  
And haryed many a towyn ;  
They dyd owr Ynglyssh men grete wrange,  
To battell that were not bowyn.

Then spake a berne upon the bent,  
Of comforte that was not colde,  
And sayd, we have brent Northomberlond,  
We have all welth in holde.

Now we have haryed all Bamboroweschyre,  
All the welth in the worlde have wee,  
I rede we ryde to Newe Castell,  
So styll and stalwurthlye.

Upon the morowe, when it was day,  
The standerdes schone fulle bryght ;

\* Fought the 9th of August, 1388.

To the Newe Castell the toke the waye,  
And thether they cam fulle ryght.

Sir Henry Perssy laye at the New Castell,  
I tell yow withowtten drede;  
He had byn a march-man all hys dayes,  
And kept Barwyke upon Twede.

To the Newe Castell when they cam,  
The Skottes they cryde on hyght,  
Syr Hary Perssy, and thow byste within,  
Com to the fylde, and fyght:

For we have brente Northomberlonde,  
The erytage good and ryght;  
Aud syne my logeyng I have take,  
With my brande dubbyd many a knyght.

Sir Harry Perssy cam to the walles,  
The Skottyssh oste for to se;  
And sayd, And thou hast brent Northomberlond,  
Full sore it rewyth me.

Yf thow hast haryed all Bamboroweschyre,  
Thow hast done me grete envye;  
For the trespasse thow hast me done,  
The tone of us schall dye.

Where schall I byde the, sayd the Dowglas,  
Or where wylte thow com to me?  
"At Otterborne in the hygh way,  
Ther mast thow well logeed be.

The roo full rekeless ther sche runnes,  
To make the game and glee:  
The fawken and the fesaunt both,  
Among the holtes on hye.

Ther mast thow have thy welth at wyll,  
Well looged ther mast be;  
Yt schall not be long, or I com the tyll,"  
Sayd syr Harry Perssy.

Ther schall I byde the, sayd the Dowglas,  
By the fayth of my bodye.



Thether schall I com, sayd syr Harry Perssy  
My trowth I plyght to the.

A pype of wyne he gave them over the walles  
For soth, as I yow saye:  
Ther he mayd the Dowglas drynke,  
And all hys ost that daye.

The Dowglas turnyd hym homewarde agayne,  
For soth withowghten naye,  
He took his logeynge at Oterborne  
Upon a Wedynsday:

And ther he pyght his standerd downyn,  
Hys gettyng more and lesse,  
And syne he warned his men to goo  
To chose ther geldynges gresse.

A Skottysshe knyght hoved upon the bent,  
A wache I dare well saye:  
So was he ware on the noble Perssy,  
In the dawning of the daye.

He prycked to his pavyleon dore,  
As fast as he might ronne,  
Awaken, Dowglas, cryed the knyght,  
For hys love that fytted in trone.

Awaken, Dowglas, cryed the knyght,  
For thow maste waken wyth wyne;  
Yender have I spyed the prowde Perssy,  
And seven standardes wyth hym.

Nay, by my trowth, the Dowglas sayed,  
It ys but a fayned taylle:  
He durst not loke on my brede banner,  
For all Ynglonde so haylle.

Was I not yesterdaye at the Newe Castell,  
That stondes so fayre on Tyne?  
For all the men the Perssy had,  
He cowde not garre me ones to dyne.

He stepped owt at his pavelyon dore,  
To loke and it were lesse;

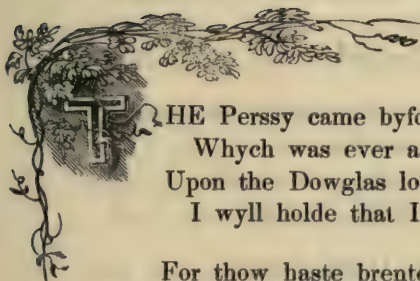
“Araye yow, lordynges, one and all,  
For here bygynnes no peysse.

The yerle of Mentaye, thow art my eme,  
The fowarde I gyve to the :  
The yerlle of Huntlay cawte and kene,  
He schall ‘wyth the be.’

The lord of Bowghan in armure bryght.  
On the other hand he schall be :  
Lorde Jhonstone, and lorde Maxwell,  
They to schall be with me.

Swynton fayre fylde upon your pryde  
To batell make yow bowen :  
Syr Davy Skotte, syr Water Stewarde,  
Syr Jhon of Agurstone.”

### A Fytte



THE Perssy came byfore hys oste,  
Whych was ever a gentyll knyght,  
Upon the Dowglas lowde can he crye,  
I wyll holde that I have hyght :

For thow haste brente Northomberlonde,  
And done me grete envye ;  
For thys trespassse thow hast me done,  
The tone of us schall dye.

The Dowglas answerde hym agayne,  
With grete wurdes upon hye,  
And sayd, I have twenty agaynst ‘thy’ one,  
Byholde and thow maste see.

With that the Perssye was grevyd sore,  
For soth as I yow saye :  
He lyghted dowyn upon hys foote,  
And schoote his horsse clene away.

Every man sawe that he dyd soo,  
That rall was ever in rowght,  
Every man schoote hys horsse hym froo,  
And lyght him rowynde abowght.

Thus syr Hary Perssye toke the fylde,  
For soth, as I yow saye :  
Jesu Cryste in heven on hyght  
Dyd helpe hym well that daye.

But nyne thowzand, ther was no moo ;  
The cronykle wyll not layne :  
Forty thowsande Skottes and fowre  
That day fowght them agayne.

But when the batell byganne to joyne,  
In hast ther cam a knyght,  
The letters fayr furth hath he tayne,  
And thus he sayd full ryght :

My lorde, your father he gretes yow well,  
With many a noble knyght :  
He desyres yow to hyde  
That he may see thys fyght.

The baron of Grastoke ys com owt of the west,  
Wyth hym a noble companye ;  
All they loge at your fathers thys nyght,  
And the battel fayne wolde they see.

For Jesus love, sayd syr Harye Perssy,  
That dyed for yow and me,  
Wende to my lorde my father agayne,  
And saye thou sawe me not with yee.

My trowth ys plyght to yonne Skottysh knyght,  
It nedes me not to layne,  
That I schulde byde hym upon thys bent,  
And I have hys trowth agayne :

And if that I wynde off thys growende,  
For soth onfowghten awaye,  
He wolde me call but a kowarde knyght  
In hys londe another daye.



Yet had I lever to be rynde and rente,  
 By Mary that mykell maye,  
 Then ever my manhood schulde be reprovyd  
 Wyth a Skotte another day.

Wherfore, schote, archars, for my sake,  
 And let scharpe arowes flee :  
 Mynstrells, playe up for your waryson,  
 And well quyt it schall be.

Every man thynke on hys trewe love,  
 And marke hym to the Trenite :  
 For to God I make myne avowe  
 This day wyll I not fle.

The blodye harte in the Dowglas armes,  
 Hys standerde stode on hye ;  
 That every man myght full well knowe,  
 By syde stode starres thre.

The whyte lyon on the Ynglyssh perte,  
 Forsoth as I yow sayne ;  
 The lucettes and the 'cressawntes' both ;  
 The Skottes fowght them agayne.

Upon sent Andrewe lowde can they crye,  
 And thrysse they schowte on ayght,  
 And syne marked them one owr Ynglysshe men,  
 As I have tolde yow ryght.

Sent George the bryght, owr ladyes knyght,  
 To name they were full fayne ;  
 Owr Ynglyssh men they cryde on hyght,  
 And thrysse the schowtte agayne.

Wyth that scharpe arowes bygan to flee,  
 I tell yow in sertayne ;  
 Men of armes byganne to joyne ;  
 Many a dowghty man was ther slayne.

The Perssy and the Dowglas mette,  
 That ather of other was fayne ;  
 They 'swapped' together whyll that the swette,  
 With swordes of fine collayne ;

Tyll the bloode from ther bassonettes ranne,  
 As the roke doth in the rayne.  
 Yelde the to me, sayd the Dowglas,  
 Or elles thow schalt be slayne :

For I see, by thy bryght bassonet,  
 Thow arte sum man of myght ;  
 And so I do by thy burnyshed brande,  
 Thow art an yerle, or elles a knyght.

By my good faythe. sayd the noble Perssye,  
 Now haste thou rede full ryght,  
 Yet wyll I never yelde me to the,  
 Whyll I may stonde and fyght.

They swapped together, whyll that they swette,  
 Wyth swordes scharpe and long ;  
 Ych on other so faste thee beette,  
 Tyll ther helmes cam in peyses downyn.

The Perssy was a man of strength,  
 I tell yow in thys stounde.  
 He smote the Dowglas at the swordes length,  
 That he felle to the growynde.

The sworde was scharpe and sore can byte,  
 I tell yow in sertayne ;  
 To the harte he cowde him smyte,  
 Thus was the Dowglas slayne.

The stonderdes stode styll on 'elke' asyde,  
 With many a grevous grone ;  
 Ther the fowght the day, and all the nyght,  
 And many a dowghty man was slayne.

Ther was no freke that ther wolde flye,  
 But styffely in stowre can stond,  
 Ych one hewyng on other whyll they myght drye,  
 Wyth many a bayllefull bronde.

Ther was slayne upon the Skottes syde,  
 For soth and sertenly,  
 Syr James a Dowglas ther was slayne,  
 That daye that he cowde dye.

The yerlle of Mentaye he was slayne  
Grysely groned uppon the growynd;  
Syr Davy Skotte, syr Water Stewarde,  
Syr 'John' of Agurstonne.

Syr Charles Morrey in that place  
That never a fote wold flee;  
Sir Hugh Maxwell, a lorde he was,  
With the Dowglas dyd he dye.

Ther was slayne upon the Skottes syde,  
For soth as I yow saye,  
Of fowre and forty thowsande Skottes,  
Went but eyghtene awaye.

Ther was slayne upon the Ynglisshe syde  
For soth and sertenlye,  
A gentell knyght, sir John 'Fitzhewe,'  
Yt was the more pety.

Syr James Harebotell ther was slayne,  
For hym ther hartes were sore,  
The gentyll 'Lovell' ther was slayne  
That the Perssys standerd bore.

Ther was slayne upon the Ynglyssh perte,  
For soth as I yow saye;  
Of nyne thowsand Ynglyssh men,  
Fyve hondert cam awaye:

The other were slayne in the fylde,  
Cryste kepe ther sowlles from wo,  
Seyng ther was so few fryndes  
Agaynst so many a foo.

Then on the morne they mayde them beerys  
Of byrch, and haysell graye;  
Many a wydowe with wepyng teyres  
Ther makes they fette awaye.

Thys fraye bygan at Otterborne  
Bytwene the nyghte and the day:  
Ther the Dowglas lost hys lyffe,  
And the Perssye was lede awaye.



Then was ther a Scottyssh prisoner tayne,  
 Syr Hewe Montgomery was hys name,  
 For soth as I yow saye,  
 He borrowed the Perssy home agayne.

Now let us all for the Perssy praye  
 To Jesu most of myght,  
 To bryng hys sowlle to the blysse of heven,  
 For he was a gentyll knyght.

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## Thomas Cooke, M.A.

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HIS very remarkable clerical eccentric was the son of a shoemaker at Hexham, and born in the year 1719. He had his education as King's scholar, at Durham school, and afterwards entered in Queen's college, Oxford, in which he took the degree of M.A. In due time, he was ordained, and not long after, appointed curate of Embleton, in Northumberland. Here a turn for mysteries led him to study mystic writers, and he soon caught the same enthusiastic flame which warmed them; and was looked on as a second Jacob Behmen,\* though he had some notions peculiar to himself. For here he publicly as well as privately, maintained, that the Christian dispensation did not abrogate the Mosaic institutions, and actually supported his doctrine of the necessity of circumcision, by practising it upon himself. It was on this occasion that he assumed the names of Adam Moses Emanuel, and ever after constantly signed himself A. M. E. Cooke; even when he became more cool and temperate, and less under the influence of his former extraordinary notions. While he was curate at Embleton, he also made an attempt to follow the example of Christ in fasting forty days, and, what is astonishing indeed, had resolution and strength to fast seventeen days without a taste of anything whatever, and for twelve days more, to allow himself each day only a trifling crust of bread and a draught

\* Jacob Behmen was a mystic philosopher of Germany, who treated of the creation of the world, the nature of God, of man, of animals, plants, &c. &c. most voluminously, but in so obscure and difficult a style, that even his own disciples could not understand him.

of water. In short, strange were the notions he broached, and so extravagant his behaviour, that he incurred the displeasure and reprobation of his superiors in the church, and was by them soon discharged from his curacy. On this our *Jewish Christian*, in his canonicals, and with a long beard, the growth of which he had for some time encouraged, went to London, being known as "The Bearded Priest," where he commenced author, and published many pieces of unintelligible jargon, in politics and divinity, &c. two plays, and many whimsical projects; amongst others, one for collecting all the markets into one grand subterraneous one, under Fleet-street. It was here he first signalized himself by street-preaching, which he afterwards very frequently practised wherever he went, particularly in Newcastle and in Oxford, where, after hearing the University sermon in St. Mary's, he used to give the text a *second* discussion in the street, in which he generally took excessive liberties with the first. And strange as his sentiments and his expressions were, larded with long, though faithful, extracts from the Classics and the Hebrew Bible, he had always, in the latter place, a numerous, respectable, and attentive audience. However, his jargon when published did not sell, and he was reduced to great distress. In this dilemma he knew not what to do, but at last put into practice another odd notion, that the goods of fortune ought to be shared in common by all God's creatures. Among the curious expedients for satisfying his hunger, formed upon this plan, one was to resort to some well frequented coffee-house in the morning and appropriate to his own use the first buttered muffin and pot of coffee that was brought in. The strangeness of his appearance, or the knowledge of his character, used to screen him from expostulation on the part of the gentleman, for whom the breakfast was intended, nor did he meet with interruption from the waiters till he had finished, and after saying a short grace, was going towards the door without discharging the reckoning. The coffee-house master would then expostulate, while he would prove by *mode and figure*, that the good things of this world were common; the bucks would then form a ring for the disputants, till the one would be obliged to give up the contest, unable to make objections to arguments, brought by the other from the *Talmudists*, and from Hebrew, Greek, and Latin authors. After he had gone on for some time in this eccentric manner in London, the charity of some clergymen got him sent to Bedlam, where he staid for two or three years. When discharged from thence, he travelled over the greatest part of Scotland on foot without a single farthing in his pocket; subsisting as he says in one of his pamphlets, by the contributions of the well-disposed. He then went to Ireland, and, after travelling over the greatest part

of that kingdom on foot, went to Dublin in 1760, where he was kindly entertained for some time, by the society of Trinity college, who compassionating the melancholy case of a clergyman in distress gave him board and lodging gratis. After he had staid in Ireland a few months, and published some very original pieces, which no one could understand but himself, he returned to England, and visited Oxford, where much notice was taken of him by some gentlemen of distinction, particularly by the head of one of the colleges, with whom he lodged. He then returned to London and afterwards formed the intention of visiting the interior parts of North America; a project, which, till within a few years before his death, he wished to put in execution, but never could from the state of his finances. After living in London many years, he came down into the north, and, until a few years before his death, subsisted on a pension allowed him by the "Society of the Sons of the Clergy;" amusing himself with writing odes, letters, epigrams, strictures of one kind or other, and, which were his last undertakings; a plan for the alteration of St. Nicholas' church in Newcastle, and a project for making, what he called, a grand universal church upon true evangelical principles. He died at his lodgings near the Forth, Newcastle, 15 Nov. 1783: his immediate decease is said to have been superinduced by copying Origen too closely.—(*Biog. Dict. Newc. Courant.*)



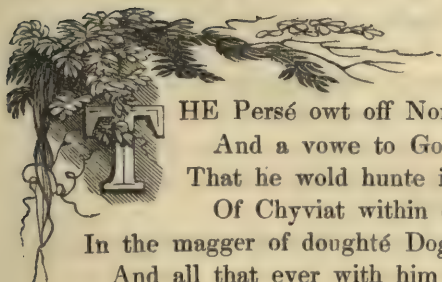
The Forth Tavern, Newcastle.



# The Hunting of the Cheviat,

(ABOVE 300 YEARS OLD.)

FROM RITSON'S NORTHUMBERLAND GARLAND.



HE Persé owt off Northombarlande,  
And a vowe to God mayd he,  
That he wold hunte in the mountayns  
Of Chyviat within dayes thre;  
In the magger of doughté Dogles  
And all that ever with him be.

The fattiste hartes in all Cheviat  
He sayd he wold kyll, and cary them away,  
Be my feth, sayd the dougheti Doglas agayn,  
I wyll let that hontyng yf that I may.

Then the Persé owt of Banborowé cam,  
With him a myghtee meany;  
With fifteen hondrith 'archares' bold, off blood and bone,  
The wear chosen owt of shyars thre.

This begane on a Monday at morn,  
In Cheviat the hillys so he;  
The chyld may rue that ys unborn,  
It was the mor pitté.

The dryvars thorowe the woodes went  
For to reas the dear;  
Bomen byckarte uppone the bent  
With ther browd aras cleare.

Then the wyld thorowe the woodes went  
On every syde shear;  
Grea hondes thorowe the grevis glent  
For to kyll thear dear.

The begane in Chyviat the hyls above  
 Yerly on a sonny'tu day ;  
 Be that it drewe to the oware off none  
 A hondrith fat hartes ded ther lay.

The blewe a mort uppone the bent,  
 The semblyd on sydis shear ;  
 To the quyrry then the Persé went  
 To se the bryttlynge off the deare.

He sayd, It was the Douglas promys  
 This day to met me hear ;  
 But I wyste he wold faylle verament :  
 A great oth the Persé swear.

At the last a squyar of 'Northomberlonde,'  
 Lokyde at his hand full ny,  
 He was war ath the doughetie Doglas commynge,  
 With him a myghtte meany,

Both with spear, byll, and brande :  
 Yt was a myghti fight to se,  
 Hardyar men both off hart nar hande  
 Wear not in Christiantè.

The wear twenty hondrith spear-men good,  
 Withowte any feale ;  
 The wear borne along be the watter a Twyde,  
 Yth bowndes of Tividale.

Leave off the brytlyng of the dear, he sayde,  
 And to your howys lock ye tayk good heed ;  
 For never sithe ye wear on your mothars borne  
 Had ye never so mickle ned.

The dougheti Dogglas on a stede  
 He rode all his men beforne ;  
 His armor glytteryde as dyd a glede ;  
 A bolder barne was never born.

Tell me 'what' men ye ar, he says,  
 Or whos men that ye be :  
 Who gave youe leave to hunte in this  
 Chyviat chays in the spty of me ?

The first mane that ever him an answeare mayd,  
 It was the good lord Persé  
 We wyll not tell the 'what' men we ar, he says,  
 Nor whos men that we be;  
 But we will hount hear in this chays  
 In the spty of thyne and of the.

The fattiste hartes in all Chyviat  
 We have kyld, and cast to carry them away.  
 Be my troth, sayd the doughté 'Dogglas' agayn,  
 Ther for the ton of us shall de this day.

Then sayd the doughtè Doglas  
 Unto the lord Persé:  
 To kyll all these giltles men,  
 Alas! it wear great pitte.

But, Persé, thowe art a lord of lande,  
 I am a yerle callyd within my contré;  
 Let all our men uppone a parti stande;  
 And do the battell off the and of me.

Now Cristes cors on his crowne, sayd the lord Persé,  
 Who soever ther to says nay.  
 Be my troth, doughtté Doglas, he says,  
 Thow shalt never se that day;

Nethar in Ynglonde, Skottlonde, nar France,  
 Nor for no man of a woman born,  
 But and fortune be my chance,  
 I dar met him on man for on.

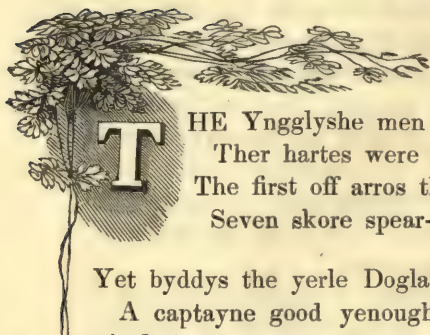
Then bespayke a squyar of Northombarlonde,  
 Ric. Wytharyngton was his nam;  
 It shall never be tolde in Sothe Ynglonde, he says,  
 To kyng Herry the fourth for sham.

I wat youe byn great lordes twaw,  
 I am a poor squyar of lande;  
 I wyll never se my captayne fyght on a fylde,  
 And stande myselffe, and loocke on,  
 But whyll I may my weppone welde  
 I wyll not [fayl] both harte and hande.



That day, that day, that dredfull day,  
 The first fit here I fynde :  
 And youe wyll here any mor athe hountyng athe Chyviat,  
 Yet ys ther mor behynd.

*Fit the Second.*



THE Yngglyshe men hade ther bowysye bent,  
 Ther hartes were good yenoughe ;  
 The first off arros that the shote off,  
 Seven skore spear-men the sloughe.

Yet byddys the yerle Doglas uppon the bent,  
 A captayne good yenoughe,  
 And that was sene verament,  
 For he wrought hom both woo and wouche.

The Dogglas pertyd his ost in thre,  
 Lyk a cheffe cheften off pryde,  
 With fuar speares off myghtte tre,  
 The cum in on every side.

Thrughe our Yngglishe archery  
 Gave many a wounde full wyde ;  
 Many a doughete the garde to dy,  
 Which ganyde them no pryde.

The Yngglyshe men let thear 'bowys' be,  
 And pulde owt brandes that wer bright ;  
 It was a hevy fyght to se  
 Bryght swordes on basnites lyght.

Thorowe ryche male, and myne-ye-ple,  
 Many sterne the stroke done streght :  
 Many a freyke, that was full fre,  
 Ther undar foot dyd lyght.

At last the Duglas and the Persé met,  
 Lyk to captayns of myght and of mayne ;  
 The swapte togethar tyll the both swat  
 With swordes that wear of syn myllan.

Thes worthé freckys for to fyght  
Ther to the wear full fayne,  
Tyll the bloode owte off thear basnetes spreints,  
As ever dyd heal or ran.

‘Holde’ the, Persé, sayd the Doglas,  
And i feth I shall the brynge  
Wher thowe shalte have a yerls wagis  
Of Jamy our ‘Scottish kynge.

Thoue shalte have thy ransom fre,  
I hight the hear this thinge,  
For the manfullyste man yet art thowe,  
That ever I conqueryd in filde fightyng.

Nay, sayd the lorde Persé,  
I tolde it the beforne,  
That I wolde never yeldyde be  
To no man of a woman born.

With that ther cam an arrowe hastely  
Forthe off a myghtté wane,  
Hit hathe strekene the yerle Douglas  
In at the brest bane.

Thoroue lyvar and longs bathe  
The sharpe arrowe ys gane,  
That never after in all his lyffe days  
He spayke mo wordes but ane,  
That was, Fyghte ye, my myrry men, whyllys ye may,  
For my lyff days ben gan.

The Persé leanyde on his brande,  
And sawe the Douglas de;  
He tooke the dede mane be the hande,  
And sayd, Wo ys me for the!

To have savyde thy lyffe I wold have pertyde with  
My landes for years thre;  
For a better man of hart, nare of hande,  
Was not in all the north contré

Off all that se a Skottishe knyght,  
Was callyd sir Hewe the Monggonbyrry,

He sawe the Duglas to the deth was dyght ;  
 He spendyd a spear a trusti tre :

He rod uppon a corfiare  
 Throughe a hondrith archery  
 He never stynttyde, nar never blane,  
 Tyll he cam to the good lord Persé

He set uppone the lorde Persè  
 A dynte that was full soare ;  
 With a suar spear of a myghttè tre  
 Clean thorow the body he the Persé ' bore.'

Athe tothar syde, that a man myght se,  
 A large cloth yard and mare ;  
 Towe bettar captayns wear nat in Cristiante,  
 Then that day slain wear ther.

An archar of Northomberlonde  
 Say slean was the lord Persé,  
 He bar a bende bow in his hand,  
 Was made off trusti tre :

An arow, that a cloth yarde was lang,  
 Toth hard stele hayld he ;  
 A dynt that was both sad and soar,  
 He sat on sir Hewe the Monggonbyrry.

The dynt yt was both sad and sar,  
 That he of Monggonberry sete ;  
 The swane-fethars, that his arrowe bar,  
 With his hart blood the wear wete.

Ther was never a freake wone foot wolde fle,  
 But still in stour dyd stand,  
 Heawyng on yche othar, whyll the myght dre,  
 With many a balfull brande.

This battell begane in Chyviat,  
 An Owar before the none,  
 And when even-song bell was rang,  
 The battell was nat half done.

The tooke on ethar hand,  
 Be the lyght off the mone ;



Many had no strenght for to stande,  
In Chyviat the hillys 'abone.'

Of fifteen hondrith archars of Ynglonde  
Went away but fifti and thre;  
Of twenty hondrith spear-men of Skotlonde,  
But even five and fifti.

But all wear slayne Cheviat within :  
The had no 'strengthe' to stand on hy :  
The chylde may rue that ys unborne,  
It was the mor pitte.

Thear was slayne with the lord Persè,  
Sir John of Agerstone,  
Sir Rogar the hinde Hartly,  
Sir Wylyyam the bolde Hearone.

Sir Jorg the worthè Lovele,  
A knyght of great renowen,  
Sir Raff the ryche Rugbe,  
With dyntes wear beaten dowene.

For Wetharryngton my harte was wo,  
That ever he slayne shulde be ;  
For when both his leggis wear hewyne in to,  
Yet he knyled and fought on hys kny.

Ther was slayne with the dougheti Douglas  
Sir Hewe the Monggonbyrry,  
Sir Davy Lwdale that worthè was,  
His sistars son was he.

Sir Charls a Murré, in that place,  
That never a foot wolde fle ;  
Sir Hewe Maxwell, a lorde he was,  
With the Doglas dyd he dey.

So on the morrowe the mayde them byears  
Off birch, and hafell so 'gray ;'  
Many wedow with wepyng tears,  
Cam to fach ther makys away.

Tivydale may carpe of care,  
Northombarlond may mayke 'great' mon,

For towe such captayns, as slayne wear thear,  
On the march perti shall never be non.

Word ys commen to Eddenburrowe  
To Jamy the Skottishe kyng,  
That dougheti Douglas, lyff tenant of the merches  
He lay sleane Chyviot with in.

His handdes dyd he weal and wryng,  
He says, Alas, and woe ys me!  
Such another captayn Skotland within  
He sayd, yefeth shuld never be.

Worde is commyn to lovly Londone  
Till the fourth Harry our kyng,  
That lord Persè, 'leyff'-tenante of the merchis,  
He lay slayne Chyviat within.

God have merci on his soll, sayd kyng Harry,  
Good lord, yf thy will it be!  
I have a hondrith captayns in Ynglonde, he sayd,  
As good as ever was he.  
But Persé, and I brook my lyffe,  
The deth well quyte shall be.

As our noble kyng made his avowe,  
Lyke a noble prince of renowen,  
For the deth of the lord Persè,  
He dyde the battel of Hombyll-down:

Wher syz and thritté Skottish knyghtes  
On a day wear beaten down:  
Glendale glytteryde on ther armor bryght,  
Over castill, towar and town.

This was the hontynge off the Cheviat:  
That tear begane this spurn:  
Old men, that knowen the grownde well yenoughe,  
Call it the battell of Otterburn.

At Otterburn began this spurne  
Uppon a 'Monnyn' day:  
Ther was the doughhtë Doglas sleane,  
The Persé never went away.

Ther was never a tym on the march partes,  
 Sen the Doglas and the Persè met,  
 But yt was marvele, and the rede blude ronne not,  
 As the reane doys in the stret.

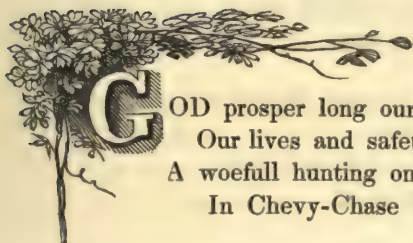
Jhesue Crist our balys bete,  
 And to the blys us brynge !  
 Thus was the hountynge of the Chivyat ;  
 God send us all good endyng !

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THE MORE MODERN

**Ballad of Chevy Chase.**

ABOUT 1600-10.



OD prosper long our noble king,  
 Our lives and safeties all ;  
 A woefull hunting once there did  
 In Chevy-Chase befall ;

To drive the deere with hound and horne,  
 Erle Percy took his way ;  
 The child may rue that is unborne,  
 The hunting of that day.

The stout Erle of Northumberland  
 A vow to God did make,  
 His pleasure in the Scottish woods  
 Three summers days to take ;

The cheefest harts in Chevy-chase  
 To kill and beare away.  
 These tydings to Erle Douglas came,  
 In Scotland where he lay ;

Who sent Erle Percy present word,  
 He would prevent his sport.  
 The English Erle, not fearing that,  
 Did to the woods resort.



With fifteen hundred bow-men bold ;  
All chosen men of might,  
Who knew full well, in time of neede,  
To ayme their shafts arright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,  
To chase the fallow deere ;  
On munday they began to hunt,  
Ere day-light did appeare ;

And long before high noone they had  
An hundred fat buckes slaine ;  
Then having dined, the drovyers went  
To rouze the deare againe.

The bow-men mustered on the hills,  
Well able to endure ;  
Theire backsides all, with speciall care,  
That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,  
The nimble deere to take,  
That with their cryes the hills and dales  
An eccho shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,  
To view the slaughter'd deere ;  
Quoth he, Erle Douglas promised  
This day to meet me heere :

But if I thought he wold not come,  
Noe longer wold I stay.  
With that, a brave young gentleman  
Thus to the Erle did say :

Loe, yonder doth Erle Douglas come,  
His men in armour bright ;  
Full twenty hundred Scottish speares  
All marching in our sight ;

All men of pleasant Tivydale,  
Fast by the river Tweede.  
Then cease your sport, Erle Percy said,  
And take your bowes with speede :

And now with me, my countrymen,  
Your courage forth advance ;  
For there was never champion yett,  
In Scotland or in France,

That ever did on horsebacke come,  
But if my hap it were,  
I durst encounter man for man,  
With him to break a spere.

Erle Douglas, on a milke-white steede,  
Most like a baron bolde,  
Rode foremost of his company,  
Whose armour shone like gold.

Show me, sayd hee, whose men you bee,  
That hunt soe boldly heere ;  
That, without my consent, doe chase,  
And kill my fallow-deere.

The first man that did answer make,  
Was noble Percy hee ;  
Who sayd, Wee list not to declare,  
Nor shew whose men wee bee :

Yet wee will spend our deerest blood,  
Thy cheefest harts to slay.  
Then Douglas swore a solempne oathe,  
And thus in rage did say,

Ere thus I will out-braved bee,  
One of us two shall dye :  
I know thee well, an erle thou art ;  
Lord Percy, so am I.

But trust me, Percy, pittye it were,  
And great offence to kill  
Any of these our guiltless men,  
For they have done no ill.

Let thou and I the battell trye,  
And set our men aside.  
Accurst bee he, Erle Percy sayd,  
By whome this is denyed.

Then stept a gallant squier forth,  
Witherington was his name,  
Who said, I wold not have it told  
To Henry our king for shame,

That ere my captaine fought on foote,  
And I stood looking on.  
Yon be two erles, sayd Witherington,  
And I a squier alone :

Ile doe the best that doe I may,  
While I have strength to stand :  
While I have power to weeld my sword  
Ile fight with hart and hand.

Our English archers bent their bowes,  
Their hearts were good and trew ;  
Att the first flight of arrowes sent,  
Full four-score Scots they slew.

To drive the deere with hound and horne  
Douglas bade on the bent  
Two captaines moved with mickle might  
Their speres to shivers went.

They clos'd full fast on every side,  
Noe slacknes there was found ;  
And many a gallant gentleman  
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ ! it was a griefe to see,  
And likewise for to heare,  
The cries of men lying in their gore,  
And scattered here and there.

At last these two stout erles did meet,  
Like captaines of great might :  
Like lyons wood, they layd on lode,  
And made a cruell fight :

They fought untill they both did sweat,  
With swords of tempered steele ;  
Untill the blood, like drops of rain,  
They tricklin downe did feele.



Yeeld thee, Lord Percy, Douglas sayd ;  
In faith I will thee bringe,  
Where thou shalt high advanced bee  
By James our Scottish king :

Thy ransome I will freely give,  
And this report of thee,  
Thou art the most couragious knight,  
That ever I did see.

No, Douglas, quoth Erle Percy then,  
Thy proffer I doe scorne ;  
I will not yeelde to any Scott  
That ever yett was borne.

With that, there came an arrow keene  
Out of an English bow,  
Which struck Erle Douglas to the heart,  
A deepe and deadlye blow :

Who never spake more words than these,  
Fight on, my merry men all ;  
For why, my life is at an end ;  
Lord Percy sees my fall.

Then leaving life, Erle Percy tooke  
The dead man by the hand ;  
And said, Erle Douglas, for thy life  
Wold I had lost my land.

O Christ ! my verry hart doth bleed  
With sorrow for thy sake ;  
For sure, a more redoubted knight  
Mischance did never take.

A knight amongst the Scotts there was  
Which saw earl Douglas die,  
Who streight in wrath did vow revenge  
Upon the Lord Percy :

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he call'd,  
Who, with a spere most bright,  
Well-mounted on a gallant steed,  
Ran fiercely through the fight ;

And past the English archers all,  
Without all dread or feare;  
And through Erle Percy's body then  
He thrust his hateful spere:

With such a vehement force and might  
He did his body gore,  
The staff ran through the other side  
A large cloth-yard, and more.

So thus did both these nobles dye,  
Whose courage none could staine:  
An English archer then perceiv'd  
The noble erle was slaine:

He had a bow bent in his hand,  
Made of a trusty tree;  
An arrow of a cloth-yard long  
Up to the head drew hee:

Against sir Hugh Mountgomerye,  
So right the shaft he sett,  
The grey-goose-winge that was thereon,  
In his harts-bloode was wett.

This fight did last from breake of day,  
Till setting of the sun;  
For when they rung the evening-bell,  
The battle scarce was done.

With stout Erle Percy, there was slaine  
Sir John of Egerton,  
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and sir John,  
Sir James that bold barron:

And with sir George, and stout Sir James,  
Both knights of good account,  
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slaine,  
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wayle,  
As one in doleful dumps;  
For when his leggs were smitten off,  
He fought upon his stumps.

And with Erle Douglas, there was slaine  
Sir Hugh Mountgomerye,  
Sir Charles Murray, that from the feeld  
One foote wold never flee ;

Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff, too,  
His sisters sonne was hee ;  
Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,  
Yet saved cold not bee.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case  
Did with Erle Douglas dye :  
Of twenty hundred Scottish speres  
Scarce fifty-five did flye.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,  
Went home but fifty-three ;  
The rest were slaine in Chevy-Chase,  
Under the greene woode tree.

Next day did many widowes come,  
Their husbands to bewaile ; \*  
They washt their wounds in brinish teares,  
But all wold not prevayle.

Theyr bodyes, bathed in purple gore,  
They bare with them away :  
They kist them dead a thousand times,  
Ere they were cladd in clay.

This news was brought to Eddenborrow,  
Where Scottlands king did raigne,  
That brave Erle Douglas suddenlye  
Was with an arrow slaine..

O heavy newes ! King James did say,  
Scotland can witnesse bee,  
I have not any captaine more  
Of such account as hee.

Like tydings to King Henry came,  
Within as short a space,  
That Percy of Northumberland  
Was slaine in Chevy-Chase :



Now God be with him, said our king,  
 Sith it will noe better bee ;  
 I trust I have, within my realme,  
 Five hundred as good as hee.

Yett shall not Scotts nor Scotland say,  
 But I will vengeance take :  
 I'll be revenged on them all,  
 For brave Erle Percyes sake.

This vow full well the king perform'd  
 After, at Humble-downe ;  
 In one day, fifty knights were slayne,  
 With lords of great renowne ;

And of the rest, of small account,  
 Did many thousands dye.  
 Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chase,  
 Made by the Erle Percy.

God save our king, and bless this land  
 With plenty, joy, and peace ;  
 And grant henceforth, that foule debate  
 'Twixt noblemen may cease.

NOTE.—We have printed these two inimitable ballads without note or comment, because they have been so well benoted by Percy, Chappell, and others, that there is little or nothing left to do : we have therefore preferred simply to place them in the hands of our readers, recommending them to refer to the works of the above mentioned scribes for the result of their valuable labours. It may however be as well to append the following observations forwarded to us by our correspondent J. H. Dixon, esq :

“ To drive the deer with hound and horn  
 Earl Percy took his way.”

The old English hound or talbot is described by Whitaker in his History of Manchester as the original breed of hunting dogs in this island. The Editor of the Penny Magazine (Feb. 1841) thus describes a specimen which he saw in Lancashire. It was tall and robust with a chest of extraordinary depth and breadth, with pendulous lips and deeply set eyes ; the ears were large and long and hung very low ; the nose was broad and the nostrils large and moist. Its voice was deep, full and sonorous. The general colour was black, passing into tan or sandy-red about the muzzle and along the inside of the limbs. Shakespeare's description of the hound of Theseus, in the “Midsummer Nights' Dream” is true to the letter as referring to this breed with which no doubt he was well acquainted :—

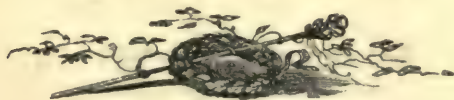
“ My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,  
 So flewed, so sanded ; and their heads are hung  
 With ears that sweep away the morning dew ;  
 Crook-kneed and dew-lapped like Thessalian bulls ;  
 Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,  
 Each under each.”

It was with hounds of this breed that to “ hunt the deer Earl Persie took his way.”

## Lord Prudhoe at Sea.



ORD Prudhoe, when a boy of fourteen or fifteen years of age, and holding the rank of midshipman in the navy, was on board the late Admiral Cochrane's ship on the West India station, when a terrific hurricane destroyed nearly all the houses, plantations, &c., on the island of St. Kitt's. The more wealthy inhabitants of the island set on foot a subscription for the relief of their indigent neighbours, and after a considerable sum had been raised, sent the subscription list on board the fleet. Admiral Cochrane added his name for £100, which sum was also subscribed by the Admiral who was second in command. The list was then passed to the captains of the several ships, who subscribed £50 each; the lieutenants followed with £20 each; and the midshipmen were then called on for their contributions, some of whom subscribed £5, some £1, and some smaller sums, according to the state of their "lockers." When the list was placed in the hands of Lord Prudhoe, then Lord Algernon Percy, his Lordship wrote with a bold hand, "Percy £1000." The list having been returned to the Admiral, he was greatly surprised on beholding this entry, and sent for the young Lord, of whom he inquired if he had the means to pay the amount he had placed opposite his name. His answer was that of a genuine, warm-hearted British tar,—"No, Admiral," said he, "I have not, but the old boy at home will pay it." The answer seemed so characteristic, and the action so noble, that Admiral Cochrane determined to communicate the facts to his Lordship's father, the late excellent Duke of Northumberland, to whom he immediately wrote. When his Grace received the Admiral's letter, he burst into tears, and exclaimed, in reference to his son, "He is worthy the name of Percy—the money shall be paid," and immediately transmitted to the managers of the fund for the relief of the sufferers a cheque on his bankers for one thousand pounds!



# Long Lonkin.

A BORDER BALLAD.



THE following fragment was taken down from the recitation of an old woman of Ovington, co. Northumberland, several years ago. The scene of the occurrence it describes is a ruined tower seated on the corner of an extensive embankment, and surrounded by a moat, on the western side of Whittle Dene, near Ovingham.

From the evidence of popular tradition (for the ballad is so imperfect as to be of itself hardly explanatory enough) it appears to relate the circumstances of a murder committed by a freebooter named Long Lonkin, through the treachery of a servant maid. A deep pool in the dene which runs hard by is called "Long Lonkin's hole," and is stated to have been the death place of the freebooter, but others ascribe his end to a different means. A friend of the lady who contributed our copy of the ballad gave a transcript to Miss Landon, who published it in the "Drawing Room Scrap Book" for 1835, in which, without any authority, she lays the scene of the murder in Cumberland.

In Jamieson's collection of Popular Ballads and Songs (Edinburgh 1806) there is a ballad called "Lamkin," which he says was transmitted for his editorship by "Mrs. Brown, and is much more perfect and uniform than the copy printed in the Edinburgh collection edited by Mr. Herd." From many points of similarity both in the plot, ideas, and even in the diction, there can be little doubt that a copy of our song of "Long Lonkin" has found its way over the border, probably immediately after the occurrences therein related, and has by one means or other, become Scotticised. This is not presuming over much, for there are so many collateral circumstances and sites in the district assigned for our ballad that its locality cannot be doubted, particularly when Jamieson does not profess that it relates to any known place in the sister country.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Lord said to his ladie  
As he mounted his horse,  
Beware of Long Lonkin  
That lies in the moss.



The Lord said to his ladie  
As he rode away,  
Beware of Long Lonkin  
That lies in the clay.

What care I for Lonkin,  
Or any of his gang ;  
My doors are all shut  
And my windows penned in.

There were six little windows  
And they were all shut,  
But one little window  
And that was forgot.

And at that little window  
Long Lonkin crept in

Where's the Lord of the Hall ?  
Says the Lonkin ;  
He's gone up to London.  
Says Orange to him.

Where's the Men of the Hall ?  
Says the Lonkin ;  
They're at the field ploughing,  
Says Orange to him.

Where's the Maids of the Hall ?  
Says the Lonkin ;  
They're at the well washing,  
Says Orange to him.

Where's the Ladies of the Hall ?  
Says the Lonkin ;  
They're up in their chambers,  
Says Orange to him.

How shall we get them down ?  
Says the Lonkin ;  
Prick the babe in the cradle,  
Says Orange to him.

Rock well my cradle  
 And "bee ba" my son,  
 You shall have a new gown  
 When the Lord he comes home.

Still she did prick it  
 And "bee ba" she cried,  
 Come down dearest mistress  
 And still your own child.

Oh! still my child Orange,  
 Still him with a bell;  
 I can't still him, ladie,  
 Till you come down yoursell.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hold the gold basin  
 For your heart's blood to run in,

To hold the gold basin  
 It grieves me full sore:  
 Oh kill me dear Lonkin  
 And let my mother go.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Communicated by Mrs. Blackett, Newcastle.*

## Traits of the Tinkers.



HOEVER has roamed along the green-swarded and shady by-roads of Northumberland, cannot fail to have noticed frequently recurring patches of scorched herbage, and the remains of rude fires and other traces of the temporary dwelling places of some grade of humanity: the brow of yonder hill has just concealed from you the rude equipages of a nomadian sun-burnt race, who with their sturdy wives and robust children have left the sward by your side and are gone in search of another resting place at some miles distance. These sin-

gular people, who are to be found in their encampments during the Spring, Summer, and Autumnal months, are known in this district by the names of "Faws" or "Baileys," and procure a livelihood chiefly by the sale of a coarse kind of pottery, the making of besoms, and the mending of vessels of various metals, and such like handicrafts\*—callings easily and cheaply followed, and well adapted to the habits of a race "idlesse all,"—who "till not, neither do they sow."

The term "Faw" is known to have been derived from the sire-name of a numerous class of people of the name of Fall; but it is less generally known that that of "Bailey," is in like manner attributable to the name of an equally numerous clan who, during the latter part of the seventeenth and commencement of the eighteenth centuries, were to be found encamped on the then undivided tracts of waste land in the parishes of Haltwhistle, and Simonburn, or in hovels in the vicinity of the larger villages. As might be expected, seasons of scarcity, whether as to employment or of the wild products of the soil, the wood or stream, would not fail to produce temporary want, and a wild and lawless race of people like those under our notice would not hesitate to resort to theft in order to raise supplies. Such modes no doubt were frequently resorted to, and it may be readily supposed that in the midst of a wild country, far from the reach of justice and of habits not very well adapted for capture, or which the farmers would wish to rouse by the resentment or punishment of some trifling theft—they in general escaped and continued to live on almost undisturbed; but things at last came to a climax, and in consequence of the enormity of some of their depredations in 1710 and 1711, a large body was apprehended, and with their wives and children, in all twenty-eight persons, were cast into the common gaol at Morpeth, where they lay for some time in the greatest misery and distress. At the Court of quarter sessions held 16th Jan. 1712, a petition was forwarded to the bench of magistrates from William Baley, James Baley, Henry Baley and William Baley the younger, on behalf of themselves, their wives, children and servant-women, setting forth that they were starving both of hunger and of cold,—having "nothing to lye on, these cold winter nights, but y<sup>e</sup> cold floor;" that their children "through their wants" had fallen into sickness, and by reason of their illness "noe bodye will come neare us, but sayes it is enough to bring a plague amongst

\* From which they are also designated "Muggers," "Besom-Makers," and "Tinkers." The various goods which they profess to vend, they convey about the county in their carts, *colourably* for sale, but *virtually* as a cloke for theft; such contrivance giving an appearance of honest dealing, whilst their almost sole support is surreptitiously derived from the farm yards and lone houses in the immediate vicinity of their resting places.



them." The petitioners pray for a speedy trial for themselves, and that their wives and children may be set at liberty, or allowed to go forth of the prison "to get y<sup>e</sup> charity of y<sup>e</sup> country, that they might live, and not dye of hunger and of cold." At the same sessions a memorial was presented to the magistrates from several persons confined for debt in the same prison, setting forth the "deplorable" condition they had been in since it had been seen fit to commit those people called "y<sup>e</sup> Beayleys," that they, the petitioners, had in consequence been treat more like criminals, than otherwise, "having noe liberty, scarce leave to gett a mouthful of fresh aire, which now, as you may heare in y<sup>e</sup> Towne, hath occasioned such a sickness amongst us, that we shall not need for an Act of Parliament to relieve us."

In consequence of this memorial, fourteen of the debtors were removed to the house of the sheriff's bailiff, and there confined at the county's expence: the children of the "Bayleys," with two of the women, appear to have been set at liberty, while those detained were ordered the gaol allowance of two pence per day, which they had not previous to their petition. Soon afterwards these poor wretches attempted to escape and for a time had overpowered the gaoler and his assistants. In this the women and children who were liberated, appear to have been engaged, and, in consequence, the two women were again taken into custody, and a strong night-watch set over the whole, and among the records of the court of quarter sessions there occurs "money expended by Mr. Edward Grey, for y<sup>e</sup> guarding and safe keeping of the Bayleys, since the gaol was broke." These expences—the maintenance of the prisoners and their watchmen,—and the want of room in the gaol, appear to have irritated and alarmed both the grand-jury and the magistrates;—the former made it the subject of an especial presentment, and the latter memorialized the secretary of state that "something might forthwith be done in reference to those persons which the county have been att soe much charge in apprehending, and since that in maintaining in gaol." About the same time application was made by the magistrates of Cumberland for the removal of William Bayley and Robert Carr (Bayley's son-in-law) and Elizabeth his wife, who were charged with being concerned with one Thomas Shaw in the murder of Alexander Anderson, at the Riddings, in the parish of Kirk Andrews. These persons were afterwards removed by Habeas Corpus, and a few months later the residue of the party appear to have been sent to the penal plantations of America.\*—*Contributed by Thomas Bell, esq.*

\* Numerous documents concerning these people occur among the Records of the Court of Quarter Sessions now preserved in the office of the Clerk of the Peace for Northumberland.

At the present day the chief rendezvous of the northern Gypsies is at Yetholm on the Bowmont. A row of houses, on the north side of the stream is entirely occupied by these people, whose principal names here, are Faa, Young, Douglas, and Blythe. The two latter are the most numerous, but they are evidently not of the same race. The Douglasses, the Faas, and the Youngs, are generally dark-complexioned, with black hair; while the Blythes mostly are light-haired and of fair complexion. On Fastern's E'en—Shrove Tuesday—when Tinkler Row sends forth its population to the foot-ball match which is then played, the Douglasses may be distinguished from the other dark-complexioned families, in consequence of most of them being rather in-kneed. The name of Faw or Faa—supposed to be the corrupt pronounciation of Fall—is of great antiquity among the Scotch gypsies. In 1540, a proclamation was issued by James V., requiring all sheriffs and magistrates to assist John Faw, “Lord and Erle of Littill Egipt,” in executing justice upon his “company and folkis, conforme to the laws of Egipt, and in punissing of all thaim that rebellis aganis him:” and in 1554, John Faw, a gypsy chief, probably the same person, obtained a pardon for the murder of Numan Small. In Northumberland the name has become generic for the whole tribe of travelling tinkers and muggers, who, in that county, are much more frequently called Faas than Gypsies.—*Oliver's Rambles in Northumberland.*

## L' ENVOY.



THE Minstrel in his song  
 Sings of the days of old,  
 Of bannered walls, of the gallant throng,  
 Of Lords and Barons bold—  
 Of Knights, in the tented rows  
 Who aimed the deadly lance—  
 And o'er his strain the Minstrel throws  
 The charms of old Romance.

And sweet the wizard lay,  
 That calls up bygone time  
 With cloistered cell and Abbey grey,  
 Slow chaunt and vesper chime.

Lo! the Enthusiast dwells  
With rapture on the tale  
Till in fancy's ear the convent bells  
Waft music on the gale.

List to the Minstrel's song!  
Silent, I ween, is he,  
Of the proud man's scorn, of deadly wrong—  
Of feudal tyranny.  
He laudeth the Hermit's cell  
But tells not in his strain,  
That TRUTH was dimmed as the light that fell  
Thro' its storied window pane.

Who loves the Bardic rhyme  
Let his wild Harp swell the theme!  
*I* see not the glories of olden time  
Nor share in the Minstrel's dream.  
There is quiet in England's dales  
And peace 'neath her greenwood tree—  
Away with the Minstrel's idle tales  
Of a dark days' chivalrie.

END OF VOLUME THREE.









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